

# McCALL'S

TEN CENTS

AUGUST 1926



LADY HAMILTON—Painted by Neysa McMein  
*One of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love stories of the world being painted for McCall's. See Page 18.*



IN THIS ISSUE \*\* A COMPLETE NOVELETTE  
\*\* By ZANE GREY \*\*

# “Saves time, saves work, saves clothes, saves money.”

*This is the verdict of millions of women about CHIPSO, the wonderful new Procter & Gamble household soap.*

“I KNOW that you know how valuable a woman's time is, or you would never have manufactured Chipso. During my fifteen years as a housewife, I have never found anything that could in any way equal Chipso. It has given me the luxury of perfect cleanliness without tedious hours of drudgery, and leaves me health and the time to enjoy it. Since Chipso has been on the market I have never used anything else for washing clothes and dishes, for it is the most wonderful soap I have found. I am grateful to Procter & Gamble for turning out such a large package for such a small price.”

The foregoing paragraph is made up of sentences taken word for word from the letters of four women, but it expresses the thoughts of millions.

Never in all history has there been a response to a household soap like the welcome given to Chipso.

*Why Chipso has revolutionized washday*

How does Chipso help? Why has it been adopted so quickly and enthusiastically?

Why has it completely revolutionized washday and dishwashing?

Because, we believe, Chipso is as nearly a perfect soap for laundry and dishes as can be made! It is quick, safe, easy, economical.

*Quick*—because it does away with old-fashioned chipping and melting of hard soaps. Chipso gives instant suds. It cleanses more rapidly too.

*Safe*—because it has nothing in it to weaken fabrics or fade colors. And it is kind to your hands.

*Easy*—Chipso is easier by *any* washing method —because it cleans clothes without hard rubbing and without repeated rinsings. Though



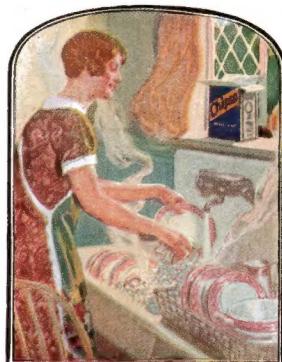
FOR INSTANT SUDS—  
Put dry flakes in tub or dishpan—turn on hot water—  
suds in a second! Then soak the dirt out!

you may boil with Chipso if you wish, most Chipso-users do not boil because they find it unnecessary.

*Economical*—because immense production makes it possible for you to buy a very large quantity of Chipso for a very small price. You can prove this by one look at the big blue-and-orange Chipso box.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

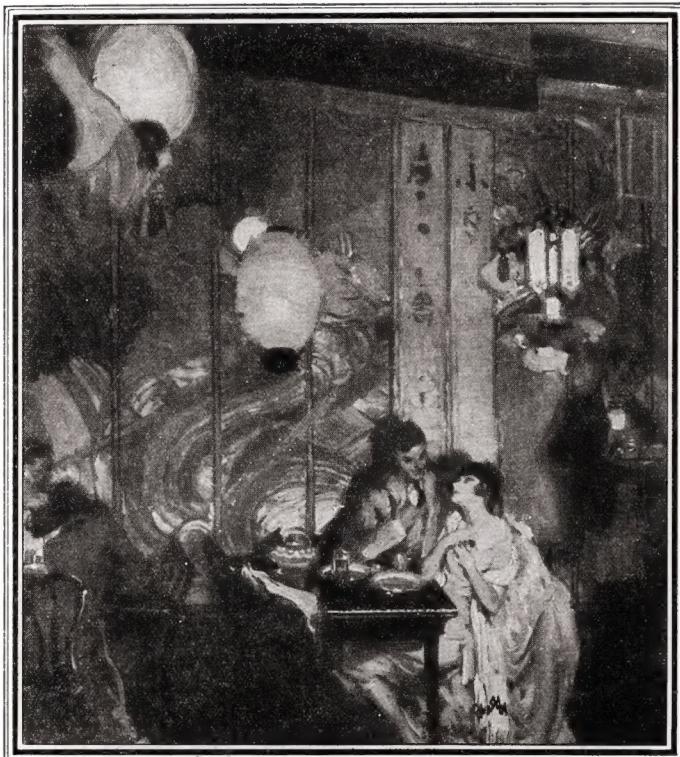
MACHINE WASHING—  
Chipso for quick suds and  
quick cleansing



DISHWASHING — Chipso's quick suds dissolve the grease you used to rub off!



## The most amazing success in the history of household soap



TO BE AFRAID OF SAM SEEMED MONSTROUS. SURELY HE WAS HER HUMBLE ADORER  
A SCENE FROM "THE BLACK KNIGHT" PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY CHARLES DE FEO

## Does Every Woman Really Cherish An Unknown Launcelot In Her Dreams?



DOES every woman cherish in her heart an ideal lover—a dream knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*—who alone holds the key to the secret sanctuary of her heart wherein no lover of actual flesh and blood can ever hope to enter?

Psychologists and poets, together with such novelists as Thackeray and Hardy and Conrad, have sought to plumb the unfathomed recesses of a woman's heart—have tried to solve the elusive secret of that wistfulness of which all men feel the lure and which no man completely understands; and they have given us on paper the imperishable portraits of women, who, loving men on earth and loving them truly, yet owned to a loyalty higher still than this, *a loyalty to the unknown Launcelot of their dreams*.

It is a woman such as this—a woman of fire and of ice, like Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond—wilful, imperious, yet withal tender, too; changeful as an April morning, but innately loyal to the unknown lover of her dreams that ETHEL M. DELL has chosen for the heroine of her latest and finest novel since Charles Rex—THE BLACK KNIGHT

This dramatic and brilliant romance of modern English country life and of the gaily colorful French Riviera, which will be published in five long instalments—of which the first will appear in the SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

In it the readers of McCall's will find the full harvest fruit of this most popular novelist's ripened genius.

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*The eighth of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love-stories of the world.*

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA MCMEIN

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# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

I AM a firm believer in Ramparts. I am not definite in my mind as to precisely where the heavenly ramparts are located, or of what gorgeous and wonderful materials they are constructed; but they are somewhere very high above us, in an inconceivably beautiful and peaceful place. They are for the convenience of those loving spirits, whose interest it is to lean upon them, and look down in compassion and anxiety on the world which they have left. Now it seems to me that these same released spirits are not going to have a truly joyful time on these same ramparts, or anywhere else on the broad plains of Heaven, if the people they have left behind them, the people they have loved and in whom they have believed and trusted, are going to fail them in carrying to successful completion the work they were forced to leave unfinished.

Trying to go to sleep last night, I lay watching the stars twinkling over the endless expanse of sky, and I tried to vision in my mind's eye just which spirits might be looking down upon us, and what they were thinking about the way we who are left behind were carrying on their unfinished work. This led me to thinking about memorials of various kinds, and what we were doing to commemorate our dead. I am a firm believer in memorials when they are useful, and *not* solely ornamental. I certainly do not believe in expensive and elaborate monuments and mausoleums, which accomplish more in the way of decorating a cemetery than anything else. Stained glass windows are beautiful in a church, but they do no real good to the many left behind who are in real need.

But I want to emphasize the fact that the sort of memorial in which I believe is one that does real good, and is of real material assistance to some particular group of people who are in need. I mean such memorials as endowing hospitals of various kinds, or rooms in hospitals, founding colleges, libraries, homes for the aged and crippled, and others of a like nature which are of genuine benefit to those in distress. When I am gone, I hope my family will bury me out in the open, and plant a tree on my grave; I do not want a monument. A refuge for a bird nest is all the marker I want, and let the money for the monument go to little crippled children, who need to be made whole again.

It is the birthright of children to be happy; troubles and worries begin all too soon, and I have noticed that the little cripples usually have happier dispositions than their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and that it takes much less to amuse them. They can manage only simple things. A nurse in a children's ward told me one day that she had a little girl in her care who amused herself for hours with bits of brightly colored ribbons or silk—she said the kiddie liked to feel the smoothness of the fabric, and loved the colors, so the nurse had asked her little friends to give her pieces from their bright ribbons to carry to her little charge! There is considerable difference between a few scraps of ribbon, and the elaborate and expensive toys which are required to amuse the well youngsters, who should require less than the sick ones.

I can give you a very definite example of what I mean. In March, 1923, I was asked for a contribution to be used for the erection of a James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital for children. I thought this singularly appropriate, as no one knew the heart of a child as Riley knew it. As I write I vision, leaning over the Ramparts, the lean, anxious face, the wide mouth, and the tender, whimsical eyes of the

man who is so eagerly watching us, and who is waiting for us to prove whether we are sincere in our protestations of love for him, in our appreciation for the thing he did for us when he made our own childhood come back to us again in volume after volume of the truest, tenderest songs ever sung about childhood.

And I can vision, among a mighty host gathered back of him, the face of my own mother, who brooded over twelve little children, and to whose over-taxed brain and tired hands great relief would have been brought had there been such a place as a children's hospital to which she could have appealed when fevers, and broken bones, and sick bodies came among her little folk. It seems to me that the essence of religion is compressed into one phrase; "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I can think of no other one thing in this whole world for which I would be so deeply and devoutly thankful as the knowledge, that in time of stress, there would be a place and a person who would care for the little ones of my family if their bodies were racked with pain. There are scores of mothers waiting today for such places to carry their children, some who can pay for treatments but more who cannot.

The thoughts of all these spirits, as they watch us from on high, should be an inspiration to us to treat their works, their ideas, and their ambitions with a vast respect. We can do no nobler work than to carry on reverently, sincerely, and faithfully. There must arise in the souls of great musicians thrills of delight, as they hear their cherished musical efforts played by wonderful orchestras for the entertainment and enjoyment of thousands of people. Huge auditoriums are built for this purpose, and it is always the compositions of the old masters that are the most loved.

The dramatic art of the actors and actresses of the old school must be developed and carried on to greater heights, for there is no finer art than theirs, and the stage is our best mirror—the best place for us to find ourselves and to look at life. For the authors of our best plays know life—and there is no greater drama than life. The spirits of such as Bernhardt and Duse, as they pace to and fro along the Ramparts, must be searching in vain for such ability as theirs, and wondering who will follow in their footsteps. And as I single out the quizzical countenance of William Shakespeare, that superb master of playwriting, I cannot help wondering what he thinks of some of New York's "undressed" shows; and what do you suppose he

thinks of the movies? Personally, I think he would enjoy a great many of them, for they are an art in themselves, and there is much human nature bound up in them, both among the actors and the technicians.

Spirits of our departed educators must be delighted with our schools, and with the many and varied methods devised to make study more comprehensive and attractive. I should have been thrilled beyond words when I went to school, if I could have written my writing lessons in my copy book to the accompaniment of music from a victrola; if I could have learned to shade my writing by the accent of the tones and the rhythm of the music, as I saw my little granddaughter doing a short time ago. And if I could have had water color paints to tint my drawings, and clay in many shades to make models of ships, maps, moats, castles, birds and flowers, my delight would have known no bounds. Yes, I think the spirits of our educators must be pleased with our efforts. There still remains much to be done, but our system of education in this country is the greatest in the world.

I imagine our old inventors and scientists must be thrilled most of all—for the inventions and discoveries of today, airplanes, hydroplanes, radios, and their like, are almost past my comprehension. A friend of mine confided to me the other day that a marvelous new machine would soon be on the market; one fashioned something like a victrola, but run by electricity, with records for dancing that play twenty and thirty minutes, and that it sounds just as if an orchestra was in the same room with you! The whole score of an opera is to be put on one record, I am told. This is a remarkable thing—it is educational as well as entertaining, and will give instruction and joy to hundreds for whom theatres are not available. Already one may take foreign languages, and courses of physical training by the means of records; this last is a large item, for our brains and intellect are of little use to us if we have not the physical strength to make the most of our abilities. If Benjamin Franklin ever peers over the parapets, he must be watching Mr. Edison with amazed and pleased eyes; happy that his discovery is being put to such great use, for the electrical

[Turn to page 45]



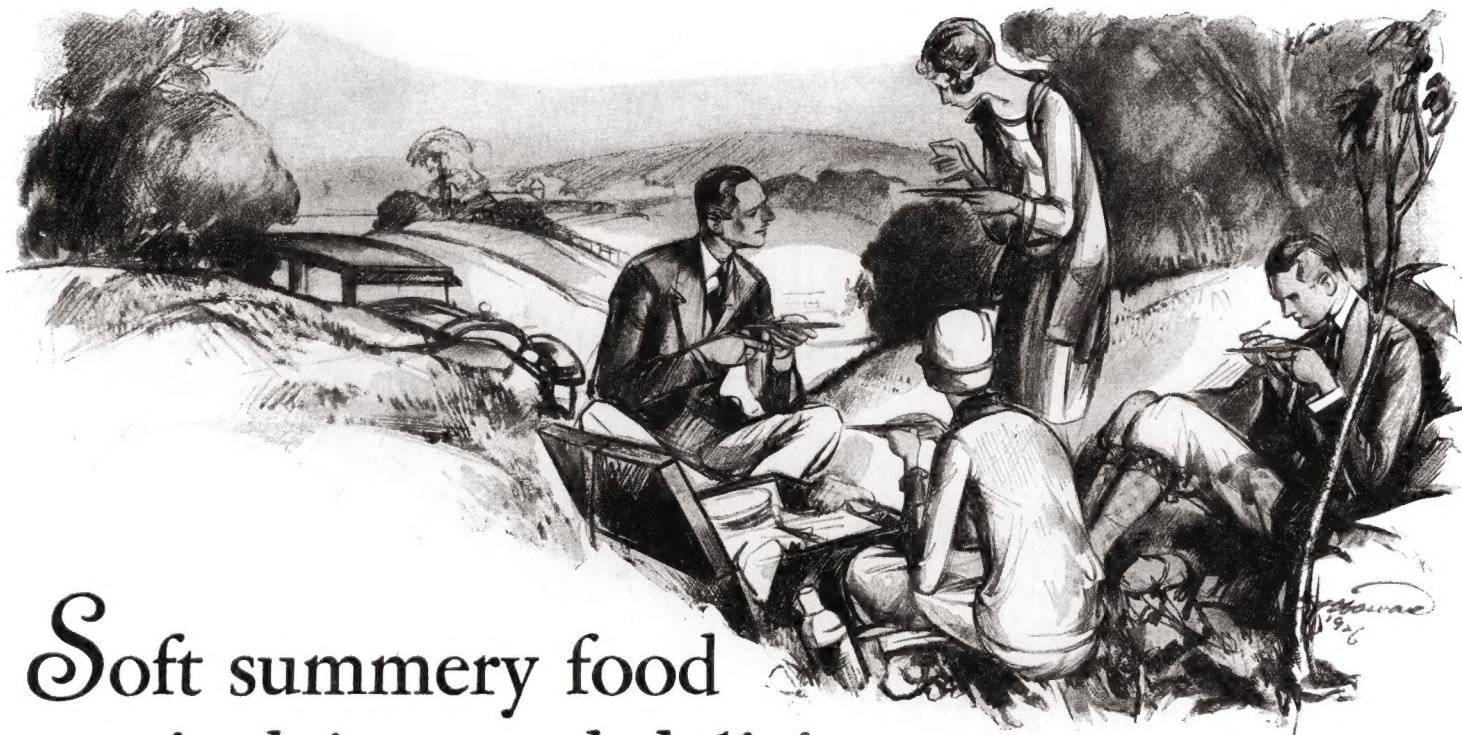
THE THOUGHTS OF ALL THESE SPIRITS, AS THEY WATCH US FROM ON HIGH, SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION

## RAMPARTS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATION BY E. F. WARD





# Soft summery food is dainty and delicious —but it is very harmful to our teeth and gums



WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherbets, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to that long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

#### How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our habits of hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a "pink tooth

brush" warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off further trouble.

#### How massage and Ipana keep the gums firm and healthy

Your dentist will probably tell you that the first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt, recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them. This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

And use Ipana when you brush them. Ipana will improve the massage, for it contains zira-

*If your gums never seem tender—if your tooth brush never "shows pink," you are to be congratulated. Take every care to keep them healthy. Twice daily brush your gums and teeth with Ipana to keep the circulation active and the teeth clean.*



tol, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by many dentists in their treatment of undernourished gums. Our professional men have demonstrated the virtues of Ipana to over 50,000 dentists; in fact, it was professional recommendation that first gave Ipana its start.

#### So ask your dentist—then switch to Ipana for one month!

Your dentist knows what Ipana can do, what benefits it will bring. After he has spoken the good word for it, get a tube from your drug-store. Massage your gums regularly after each cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If they are too tender at first, begin by rubbing with the finger. Soon you will notice the improvement. Your gums will grow firmer, and more resistant to disease. Your mouth will feel cleaner. Your teeth will become more brilliant.

If you care to mail the coupon, we will, of course, gladly send you the trial tube. But ten days is barely long enough to sample Ipana's cleaning power and delicious taste. Certainly the full-size tube will demonstrate clearly all that Ipana can do in bringing your gums to health and your teeth to brilliant beauty.

# IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Dept. E86, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



ACTUAL VISITS  
TO P & G HOMES  
No. 5



## *Saturday - a tomboy in rompers; but you should see her on Sunday!*

She was a rosy-faced youngster of about four with a smudge on her nose. And she was sliding down her own front steps in a pair of blue and white rompers which looked immaculate—from the front.

"Mother's in the garden," she said.

So I went around to ask Mrs. Moore about laundry soap, just as I had asked a great many other women in that small Chicago suburb. I found her in the neatest of little gardens, gay with perennials.

"What kind of laundry soap do I use?" she repeated with a surprised smile. "Well, recently I've begun to use P and G, and I'm delighted with it. You see, I'm particular about Molly's clothes—I wash them myself, so I wanted to find a soap which was quick without being harmful.

"I put clean rompers on Molly every day of the week, but on Sunday she blossoms out in real little girl clothes. You should see how proud she is of them!"



Of course all this makes quite a lot of washing, but I find P and G a wonderful help. I do far less rubbing than I did before and the clothes look nicer.

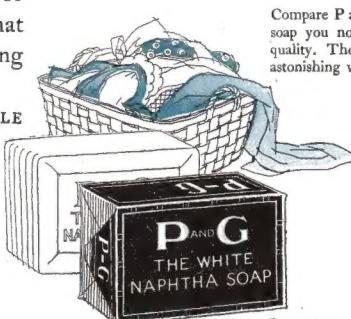
"Colors, I find, stay beautifully clean and fresh—and my white clothes are really a joy! I rarely boil them, yet they are clean and white, and they smell sweet and fresh! It's wonderful, too, to have a soap that you can use with hot or cold water. I use P and G for all my washing and cleaning—dishes, too."

No wonder that Mrs. Moore, and millions of other women who are careful of their clothes, like P and G. No wonder that P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Less work, less rubbing, less boiling! Fresh colors and sweet-smelling clothes whether you use hot, cold or lukewarm water. Don't you think that P and G should be doing your washing and cleaning too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*The largest-selling  
laundry soap in  
America—  
that is why it costs so little*

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.



### *An ironing hint from Mrs. Moore*

"When I have to iron a dress with buttons I always fold a bath towel several times, place it under the buttons and iron the garment on the wrong side. This presses the buttons down into the soft towel and irons the material around the buttons without any trouble."

# McCALL'S

FOR AUGUST MCMXXVI

WITH jingling spurs a tall cowboy stalked out of the post-office to confront his three comrades crossing the wide street from the saloon opposite. "Look heah," he said, shoving a letter under their noses. "Which one of you long-horns has wrote her again?"

From a gay, careless trio his listeners suddenly grew blank, then intensely curious. They stared at the handwriting on the letter. "Tex, I'm a son-of-a-gun if it ain't from Missouri!" ejaculated Andy Smith, his lean, red face bursting into a smile.

"It shore is," declared Nevada.

"From Missouri!" echoed Panhandle Ames.

"Wal?" queried Tex, almost with a snort. The three cowboys jerked up to look from Tex to one another, and then back at Tex.

"It's from her," went on Tex, his voice hushing on the pronoun. "You all know that handwritin'. Now how about this deal? We swore none of us would write again to this heah schoolmarm. Some one of you has double-crossed the outfit." Loud and unified protestations of innocence emanated from his comrades. But it was evident Tex did not trust them, and that they did not trust him or each other. "Say, boys," said Panhandle, suddenly. "I see Beady in there lookin' darn sharp at us. Let's get off in the woods somewhere."

"Back to the bar," replied Nevada. "I reckon we'll all need stimulants."

"Beady!" ejaculated Tex, as they turned across the street. "He could be to blame as much as any of us."

"Shore. It'd be more like Beady," replied Nevada. "But Tex, yore mind ain't workin'. Our lady friend from Missouri has wrote before without gettin' any letter from us."

"How do we know that?" demanded Tex, suspiciously. "Shore the boss' typewriter is a puzzle, but it could hide tracks. Savvy, pard's?"

"Gee, Tex, you need a drink," returned Panhandle, peevishly.

They entered the saloon and strode to the bar, where from all appearances Tex was not the only one to seek artificial strength. Then they repaired to a corner, where they took seats and stared at the letter Tex threw down before them. "From Missouri, all right," averred Panhandle, studying the postmark. "Kansas City, Missouri."

"It's her writin'," added Nevada, in awe. "Shore I'd know that out of a million letters."

"Ain't you goin' to read it to us?" queried Andy Smith. "Mister Frank Owens," replied Tex, reading from the address on the letter. "Springer's Ranch, Beacon, Arizona.... Boys, this heah Frank Owens is all of us."

"Huh! Mebbe he's a darn sight more," added Andy.

"Looks like a low-down trick we're to blame for," resumed Tex, seriously shaking his hawk-like head. "Heah we reads in a Kansas City paper about a school teacher wantin' a job out in dry Arizone. An' we ups an' writes her an' gets her ararin' to come. Then when she writes and tells us she's not over forty—then we quits like yellow coyotes. An' we four anyhow shook hands on never 'writin' her again. Wal,

cowboys were struck dumb. But suddenly Nevada exploded: "My Gawd, fellars, today's the nineteenth!"

"Wal, Springer needs a schoolmarm at the ranch," finally spoke up the practical Andy. "There's half a dozen kids growin' up without any schoolin', not to talk about other ranches. I heard the boss say this himself."

"Who the mischief did it?" demanded Tex, in a rage with himself and his accomplices.

"What's the sense in hollerin' about that now?" returned Nevada. "It's done. She's comin'. She'll be on the Limited. Reckon we've got five hours. It ain't enough. What'll we do?"

"I can get awful drunk in the time," contributed Panhandle, nonchalantly.

"Ahuh! An' leave it all to us," retorted Tex, scornfully. "But we got to stand pat on this heah deal. Don't you know this is Saturday an' thet Springer will be in town?"

"Aw, confound it! We're all goin' to get fired," declared Panhandle. "Serves us right for listenin' to you, Tex. We can all gamble this trick hatched in your head."

"Not my haid more'n yours or anybody," returned Tex, hotly.

"Say, you locod cow-punchers," interposed Nevada. "What'll we do?"

"We'll have to tell Springer."

"But Tex, the boss'd never believe us about not rollin' the letters up. 'He'll fire the whole outfit."

"But he'll have to be told somethin'," returned Panhandle stoutly.

"Shore he will," went on Tex. "I've an idea. It's too late now to turn this poor schoolmarm back. An' somebody'll have to meet her. Somebody's got to borrow a buckboard an' drive her out to the ranch."

"Excuse me!" replied Andy. And Panhandle and Nevada echoed him.

"I'll ride over on my hoss, an' see you all meet the lady," added Andy.

Tex had lost his scowl, but he did not look as if he favorably regarded Andy's idea. "Hang it all!" he burst out, hotly. "Can't some of you gents look at it from her side of the fence? Nice fix for any woman, I say. Somebody ought to get it good for this mess. If I ever find out—"

"Go on with your grand idea," interposed Nevada.

"You all come with me. I'll get a buckboard. I'll meet the lady an' do the talkin'. I'll let her down easy. An' if I can't head her back to Missouri we'll fetch her out to the ranch an' then leave it up to Springer. Only we won't tell her or him or anybody who's the real Frank Owens."

"Tex, that ain't so plumb bad," declared Andy, admiringly.

"What I want to know is who's goin' to do the talkin' to the boss?" queried Panhandle. "It mightn't be so hard to explain now. But after drivin' up to the ranch with a woman! You all know Springer's shy. Young an' rich, like he is, an' a bachelor—he's been fussed over so he's plumb afraid of girls. An' here you're fetchin' a middle-aged schoolmarm who's romantic an' mushy! Shucks! . . . . I say send her home on the next train."

"Pan, you're wise on hosses an' cattle, but you don't know human nature, an' you're daid wrong about the boss,"



"THE FACT IS, THIS HEAH RANCH IS A DIFFERENT PLACE SINCE YOU CAME," WENT ON TEXAS

## FROM MISSOURI

*A Compelling Novelette of Far Western Life Complete in this Issue*

BY ZANE GREY

PAINTINGS BY  
FRANK STREET

DRAWINGS BY  
OSCAR HOWARD



somebody did, an' I reckon you-all think me as big a liar as I think you. But that ain't the point. Heah's another letter to Mister Owens an' I'll bet my saddle it means trouble. Shore I'm plumb afraid to read it."

"Say, give it to me," demanded Andy. "I ain't afraid of any woman."

Tex snatched the letter out of Andy's hand. "Cowboy, you're too poor educated to read letters from ladies," observed Tex. "Gimme a knife, somebody . . . Say, it's all perfumed."

Tex impressively spread out the letter and read laboriously:

Kansas City, Mo.,  
June 15.

Dear Mr. Owens:

Your last letter has explained away much that was vague and perplexing in your other letters. It has inspired me with hope and anticipation. I shall not take time now to express my thanks, but hasten to get ready to go West. I shall leave tomorrow and arrive at Beacon on June 19, at 4:30 P. M. You see I have studied the time-table.

Yours very truly,  
Jane Stacey.

Profound silence followed Tex's perusal of the letter. The

rejoined Tex. "We're in a bad fix, I'll admit. But I lean more to fetchin' the lady up than sendin' her back. Somebody down Beacon way would get wise. Mebbe the schoolmarm might talk. She'd shore have cause. An' suppose Springer hears about it—that some of us or all of us played a low-down trick on a woman. He'd be madder at that than if we fetched her up. Likely he'll try to make amends. The boss may be shy on girls but he's the squarest man in Arizonie. My idea is we'll deny any of us is Frank Owens, an' we'll meet Miss—Miss—what was that there name? . . . Miss Jane Stacey and fetch her up to the ranch, an' let her do the talkin' to Springer."

During the next several hours, while Tex searched the town for a buckboard and team he could borrow, the other cowboys wandered from the saloon to the post-office and back again, and then to the store, the restaurant and all around. The town had gradually filled up with Saturday visitors. "Boys, there's the boss," suddenly broke out Andy, pointing; and he ducked into the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of another saloon. It was half full of cowboys, ranchers, Mexicans, tobacco smoke and noise. Andy's companions had rushed pell-mell after him; and not until they all got inside did they realize that this saloon was a rendezvous for cowboys decidedly not on friendly terms with Springer's outfit. Nevada was the only one of the trio who took the situation nonchalantly.

"Wal, we're in, an' what the mischief do we care for Beady Jones, an' his outfit?" remarked Nevada, quite loud enough to be heard by others beside his friends.

Naturally they lined up at the bar, and this was not a good thing for young men who had an important engagement and who must preserve sobriety. After several rounds of drinks they began to whisper and snicker over the possibility of Tex meeting the boss. "If only it doesn't come off until Tex gets our forty-year-old schoolmarm from Misssouri with him in the buckboard!" exclaimed Panhandle, in huge glee.

"Shore, Tex, the handsome galoot, is most to blame for this mess," added Nevada. "The cowboy won't be above makin' love to Jane, if he thinks we're not around. But, fellars, we want to be there."

"Wouldn't miss seein' the boss meet Tex for a million!" said Andy.

Presently a tall, striking-looking cowboy, with dark face and small bright eyes like black beads, detached himself from a group of noisy companions, and confronted the trio, more particularly Nevada. "Howdy, men," he greeted them, "what you-ail doin' in here?"

He was coolly impertinent, and his action and query noticeably stilled the room. Andy and Panhandle leaned back against the bar. They had been in such situations before and knew who would do the talking for them. "Howdy, Jones," replied Nevada, coolly and carelessly. "We happened to bust in here by accident. Reckon we're usually more particular what kind of company we mix with."

"Ahuh! Springer's outfit is shore a stuck-up one," sneered Jones, in a loud tone. "So stuck-up they won't even ride around drift-fences!"

Nevada slightly changed his position. "Beady, I've had a couple of drinks an' ain't very clear-headed," drawled Nevada. "Would you mind talkin' so I can understand you?"

"Bah! You savvy all right," declared Jones, sarcastically. "I'm tellin' you straight what I've been layin' to tell your yaller-headed Texas pard."

"Now you're speakin' English, Beady. Tex an' me are pals, shore. An' I'll take it kind of you to get this talk out of your system. You seem to be chock full."

"You bet I'm full an' I'm goin' to bust," shouted Jones, whose temper evidently could not abide the slow, cool speech with which he had been answered.

"Wal, before you bust, explain what you mean by Springer's outfit not ridin' around drift-fences."

"Easy. You just cut through wire-fences," retorted Jones.

"Beady, I hate to call you a low-down liar, but that's what you are."

"You're another," yelled Jones. "I seen your Texas Jack cut our drift-fence." Nevada struck out with remarkable swiftness and force. He knocked Jones over upon a card-table, with which he crashed to the floor. Jones was so stunned that he did not recover before some of his comrades

rushed to him, and helped him up. Then, black in the face and cursing savagely, he jerked for his gun. He got it out, but before he could level it, two of his friends seized him, and wrestled with him, talking in earnest alarm. But Jones fought them.

"You blame fool," finally yelled one of them. "He's not packin' a gun. It'd be murder."

That brought Jones to his senses, though certainly not to calmness. "Mister Nevada—next time you hit town you'd better come heeled," he hissed between his teeth.

"Shore. An' that'll be bad for you, Beady," replied Nevada, curtly. Panhandle and Andy drew Nevada out to the street, where they burst into mingled excitement and anger. Their swift strides gravitated toward the saloon across from the post-office. When they emerged sometime later they were arm in arm, and far from steady on their feet. They paraded up the one main street of Beacon, not in the least conspicuous on a Saturday afternoon. As they were neither hilarious nor dangerous, nobody paid any particular attention to them.

I always knew I was the only gentleman in Springer's outfit."

The three cowboys did not act upon Tex's sarcastic suggestion, but they hung back, looking at once excited and sheepish and hugely delighted. The long gray dusty train pulled into the station and stopped. There was only one passenger for Springer—a woman—and she alighted from the coach near where the cowboys stood waiting. She wore a long linen coat and a brown veil that completely hid her face. She was not tall and she was much too slight for the heavy valise the porter handed to her.

Tex strode grandly toward her. "Miss—Miss Stacey, ma'am?" he asked, removing his sombrero.

"Yes," she replied. "Are you Mr. Owens?"

Evidently the voice was not what Tex had expected and it disconcerted him. "No ma'am I—I'm not Mister Owens," he said. "Please let me take your bag . . . I'm Tex Dillon, one of Springer's cowboys. An' I've come to meet you—an' fetch you out to the ranch."

"Thank you, but I—I expected to be met by Mr. Owens," she replied.

"Ma'am, there's been a mistake—I've got to tell you—there ain't any 'Mister Owens,'" blurted out Tex, manfully.

"Oh!" she said, with a little start.

"You see, it was this way," went on the confused cowboy. "One of Springer's cowboys—not me—wrote them letters to you, signin' his name Owens. There ain't no such named cowboy in this county. Your last letter—an' here it is—fell into my hands—all by accident. Ma'am, it sure was. I took my three friends heah—I took them into my confidence. An' we all came down to meet you." She moved her head and evidently looked at the strange trio of cowboys Tex had pointed out as his friends. They came forward then, but not eagerly, and they still held to each other. Their condition, not to consider their immense excitement, could not have been lost even upon a tenderfoot from Missouri.

"Please return my—my letter," she said, turning again to Tex, and she put out a small gloved hand to take it from him. "Then—there is no Mr. Frank Owens?"

"No Ma'am, there

isn't," replied Tex miserably, and waited for her to speak. "Is there—no—no truth in his—is there no school teacher wanted here?" she faltered.

"I think so, Ma'am," he replied. "Springer said he needed one. That's what started the advertisement an' the letters to you. You can see the boss an'—an' explain. I'm sure it will be all right. He's the grandest fellow. He won't stand for no joke on a poor old schoolmarm." In his bewilderment Tex had spoken his thoughts, and that last slip made him look more miserable than ever, and made the boys appear ready to burst.

"Poor old schoolmarm!" echoed Miss Stacey. "Perhaps the deceit has not been wholly on one side." Whereupon she swept aside the enveloping veil to reveal a pale and pretty face. She was young. She had clear gray eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth. Little curls of chestnut hair straggled from under her veil. And she had tiny freckles.

Tex stared at this apparition. "But you—you—the letter says she wasn't over forty," he ejaculated.

"She's not," rejoined Miss Stacey, curtly.

Then there were visible and remarkable indications of a transformation in the attitude of the cowboy. But the approach of a stranger suddenly seemed to paralyze him. This fellow was very tall. He strolled up to them. He was booted and spurred. He had halted before the group and looked expectantly from the boys to the young woman and back again. But on the moment the four cowboys appeared dumb.

"Are—are you Mr. Springer?" asked Miss Stacey.

"Yes," he replied, and he took off his sombrero. He had a dark, frank face and keen eyes.

"I am Jane Stacey," she explained hurriedly. "I'm a school teacher. I answered an advertisement. And I've come from Missouri because of letters I received from a Mr. Frank Owens, of Springer's Ranch. This young man met me. He has not been very—explicit. I gather that there is no Mr. Owens—that I'm the victim of a cowboy joke . . . But he said that Mr. Springer won't stand for a joke on a poor old schoolmarm."

"I sure am glad to meet you, Miss Stacey," responded the rancher, with the easy western courtesy that must have been comforting to her. "Please let me see the letters." She



JANE LOOKED HARD, BUT SHE COULD NOT RECOGNIZE THE RIDER. ONCE SHE IMAGINED IT WAS TEX AND AGAIN ANDY. IT DID NOT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE



Springer, their boss, met them, gazed at them casually, and passed without sign of recognition. If he had studied the boys closely he might have received an impression that they were hugging a secret, as well as each other. In due time the trio presented themselves at the railroad station. Tex was there, nervously striding up and down the platform, now and then looking at his watch. The afternoon train was nearly due. At the hitching-rail below the platform stood a new buckboard and a rather spirited team of horses.

The boys, coming across the wide square, encountered this evidence of Tex's extremity, and struck a posture before it. "Livley shable outfit, by gosh," said Andy.

"This here Tex spendin' his money royal," agreed Nevada.

Then Tex espied them. He stared. Suddenly he jumped straight up. Striding to the edge of the platform, with face as red as a beet, he began to curse them. "Whash masher, ole pard?" asked Andy, who appeared a little less stable than his comrades.

Tex's reply was another volley of expressive profanity. And he ended with: "—you—all yellow quitters to get drunk an' leave me in the lurch. But you gotta get away from heah. I shore won't have you about when that train comes."

"Tex, yore boss is in town lookin' for you," said Nevada.

"Tex, he just ambled past us like we wasn't gennelmen," added Panhandle. "Never sheen us atall."

"No wonder, you drunken cow-punchers," declared Tex, in disgust. "Now I tell you to clear out of heah."

"But pard, we just want shee you meet our Jane from Missouri," replied Andy.

Just then a shrill whistle announced the train. "You can sneak off now," he went on, "an' leave me to face the music."

opened a hand-bag, and searching in it presently held out several letters. Springer never even glanced at his stricken cowboys. He took the letters.

"No, not that one," said Miss Stacey, blushing scarlet. "That's one I wrote to Mr. Owens, but didn't mail. It's—hardly necessary to read that." While Springer read the others she looked at him. Presently he asked for the letter she had taken back. Miss Stacey hesitated, then refused. He looked cool, serious, business-like. Then his keen eyes swept over the four cowboys.

"Tex, are you Mister Frank Owens?" he queried sharply.

"I—shore—ain't," gasped Tex.

Springer asked each of the other boys the same question and received decidedly mauldin but negative answers. Then he turned again to the girl. "Miss Stacey, I regret to say that you are indeed the victim of a low-down cowboy trick," he said. "I'd apologize for such heathen if I knew how. All I can say is I'm sorry."

"Then—then there isn't any school to teach—any place for me—out here?" she asked, and there were tears in her eyes.

"That's another matter," he replied, with a winning smile. "Of course there's a place for you. I've wanted a school teacher for a long time. Some of the men out at the ranch have kids an' they sure need a teacher."

"Oh, I'm—so glad," she murmured, in great relief. "I was afraid I'd have to go—all the way back. You see I'm not so strong as I used to be—and my doctor advised a change of climate—dry western air. I can't go back now."

"You don't look sick," he said, with the keen eyes on her. "You look very well to me."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not very strong," she returned, quickly. "But I must confess I wasn't altogether truthful about my age."

"I was wondering about that," he said, gravely. There seemed just a glint of a twinkle in his eye. "Not over forty."

Again she blushed and this time with confusion. "It wasn't altogether a lie. I was afraid to mention I was only—young. And I wanted to get the position so much . . . I'm a good—a competent teacher, unless the scholars are too grown-up."

"The scholars you'll have at my ranch are children," he replied. "Well, we'd better be starting if we are to get there before dark. It's a long ride. Is this all your baggage?"

Springer led her over to the buckboard and helped her in, then stowed the valise under the back seat. "Here, let me put this robe over you," he said. "It'll be dusty. And when we get up on the ridge it's cold." At this juncture Tex came to life and he started forward. But Andy and Nevada and Panhandle stood motionless, staring at the fresh and now flushed face of the young school teacher. Tex untied the halter of the spirited team and they began to prance. He gathered up the reins as if about to mount the buckboard.

"I've got all the supplies an' the mail, Mr. Springer," he said, cheerfully, "an' I can be startin' at once."

"I'll drive Miss Stacey," replied Springer, dryly.

Tex looked blank for a moment. Then Miss Stacey's clear gray eyes seemed to embarrass him. A tinge of red came into his tanned cheek. "Tex, you can ride my horse home," said the rancher.

"That wild stallion of yours!" expostulated the cowboy. "Now Mr. Springer, I shore am afraid of him." This from the best horseman on the whole range!

Apparently the rancher took Tex seriously. "He sure is wild, Tex, and I know you're a poor hand with a horse. If he throws you, why you'll have your own horse." Miss Stacey turned away her eyes. There was a hint of a smile on her lips. Springer got in beside her and, taking the reins without another glance at his discomfited cowboys, he drove away.

A FEW weeks altered many things at Springer's Ranch.

There was a marvelous change in the dress and deportment of cowboys off duty. There were some clean and happy and interested children. There was a rather taciturn and lonely young rancher who was given to thoughtful dreams and whose keen eyes watched the little adobe schoolhouse under the cottonwoods. And in Jane Stacey's face a rich bloom and tan had begun to warm out the paleness. It was not often that Jane left the schoolhouse without meeting one of Springer's cowboys. She met Tex most frequently and, according to Andy, that fact was because Tex was foreman and could send the boys off to the ends of the range. And this afternoon Jane encountered the foreman. He was clean-shaven, bright and eager, a superb figure. Tex had been lucky enough to have a gun with him one day when a rattle-

snake frightened the school teacher and he had shot the reptile. Miss Stacey had leaned against him in her fright; she had been grateful; she had admired his wonderful skill with a gun and had murmured that a woman always would be safe with such a man. Thereafter Tex packed his gun unmindful of the ridicule of his rivals. "Miss Stacey, come for a little ride, won't you?" he asked, eagerly.

The cowboys had already taught her how to handle a horse and to ride; and if all they said of her appearance and accomplishment were true she was indeed worth watching. "I'm sorry," replied Jane. "I promised Nevada I'd ride with him today."

"I reckon Nevada is miles an' miles up the valley by now," replied Tex. "He won't be back till long after dark."

"But he made an engagement with me," protested the school mistress.

"An' shore he has to work. He's ridin' for Springer, an' I'm foreman of this ranch," said Tex.

"You sent him off on some long chase," averred Jane

find that mired steer."

"Miss Stacey, you're shore not goin' to ride off alone. Savvy that?"

"Who'll keep me from it?" demanded Jane, with spirit.

"I will. Or any of the boys, for that matter. Springer's orders."

Jane started with surprise and then blushed rosy red. Tex, also, appeared confused at his disclosure. "Miss Stacey, I oughtn't have said that. It slipped out. The boss said we needn't tell you, but you were to be watched an' taken care of. It's a wild range. You could get lost or thrown from a horse."

"Mr. Springer is very kind and thoughtful," murmured Jane.

"The fact is, this heah ranch is a different place since you came," went on Tex as if emboldened. "An' this beatin' around the bush doesn't suit me. All the boys have lost their hails over you."

"Indeed? How flattering," replied Jane, with just a hint of mockery. She was fond of all her admirers, but there were four of them she had not yet forgiven.

The tall foreman was not without spirit.

"It's true all right, as you'll find out pretty quick," he replied. "If you had any eyes you'd see that cattle raisin' on this heah ranch is about to halt till somethin' is decided. Why, even Springer himself is sweet on you."

"How dare you!" flashed Jane, suddenly aghast.

"I ain't afraid to tell the truth," declared Tex, stoutly. "He is. The boys all say so. He's grouchier than ever. He's jealous. He watches you—"

"Suppose I told him you had dared to say such things?" interrupted Jane, trembling on the verge of strange emotion.

"Why, he'd be tickled to death. He hasn't got nerve enough to tell you himself."

This cowboy, like all his comrades, was hopeless. She was about to attempt to change the conversation when Tex took her into his arms. She struggled—and fought with all her might. But he succeeded in kissing her cheek and then the tip of her ear. Finally she broke away from him. "Now—" she panted. "You've done it—you've insulted me. Now I'll never ride with you again—even speak to you."

"Shore I didn't insult you," replied Tex. "Jane—won't you marry me?"

"No."

"Won't you be my sweetheart—till you care enough to—to—"

"No."

"But, Jane, you'll forgive me, an' be good friends again?"

"Never!" Jane did not mean all she said. She had come to understand these men of the ranges—their loneliness—their hunger for love. But in spite of her sympathy and affection she needed sometimes to be cold and severe.

"Jane, you owe me a good deal—more than you've any idea," said Tex, seriously. "You'd never have been here but for me," he said, solemnly.

Jane could only stare at him.

"I meant to tell you long ago. But I shore didn't have nerve. Jane, I—I was that there letter writin' fellar. I wrote them letters you got. I am Frank Owens."

"No!" exclaimed Jane. She was startled. That matter of Frank Owens had never been cleared up. It had ceased to rankle within her breast, but it had never been forgotten. She looked up earnestly into the big fellow's face. It was like a mask. But she saw through it. He was lying. He was brazen. Almost she thought she saw a laugh deep in his eyes.

"I shore am that lucky man who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really were Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would—but I don't believe you are he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't!"

Jane shook her head sadly at his monstrous prevarication.

"I don't believe you," she said, and left him standing there.

It might have been mere coincidence that during the next few days both Nevada and Panhandle waylaid and conveyed to her intelligence by divers and pathetic arguments the astounding fact that each was Mr. Frank Owens. More likely, however, was it the unerring instinct of lovers who had sensed the importance and significance of this mysterious correspondent's part in bringing health and happiness into Jane Stacey's life. She listened to them with anger and sadness and amusement at their deceit, and she had the same answer for both: "I don't believe you."

And through these machinations of the cowboys, Jane had begun to have vague and sweet and disturbing suspicions of her own as to the real identity of that mysterious cowboy, Frank Owens. Andy had

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TWICE AGAIN . . . SHE FOUND HERSELF DANCING WITH JONES . . . HE JUST TOOK HER, CARRIED HER OFF BY STORM





A generation or two ago, before ease and urge of travel made distant nations neighbors, the manner in which each took its seaside bath was not only characteristic, but to all of the others, shocking. Europe held up its hands in horror of American "mixed bathing," while America blushed at the almost nakedness within Europe's carefully roped enclosures which segregated but in no way hid the women from the men. At the so-called "naughty" French resorts criticism was perhaps a sop to conscience, as bated attention levelled itself upon the steps of the bathing-machines. Barring the French, the other nations held one belief in common: Ugliness was infallible proof of morality.

I wonder how many can remember our own native bathing scenes of the Blue-Flannel Period of forty years ago?

Few girls swam then. How could they, when loaded down with yards and pounds of water-soaked flannel? The few who surmounted this handicap swam complacently with a gentle breast-stroke and heads held high out of the water, to keep their hair dry. Modern girls swim and dive like seals—all of them! Which is the therefore that they dress seal-fashion too.

At the beach, yesterday, one of the last Blue-Flannel survivors said to me: "Well, really one might as well go bathing with nothing on at all! I'd like to know what you think! I trust you don't approve of young women in those one-piece jersey suits?"

"Young women I do! Old women, decidedly not!"

And that is just the point! "Modesty," says the cynic, "is consciousness of one's own imperfection," which is one of those smart-sounding, half-way truths. Consciousness of imperfection should make one want to hide, but unhappily for the beauty-loving frequenters of beaches, the modesty of unsightliness is no more to be relied upon than the brazenness of beauty. If only the hideous would hide themselves, beaches would be one hundred per-cent beautiful instead of fifty. One cannot understand the mental attitude of a woman of five feet five, weighing a hundred and eighty, allowing even her own eyes to see her in a stockinet bathing-suit instead of choosing one that is unclinchingly stiff. One cannot understand the heavy thighed woman who wears rolled-down stockings!

Just why the rolled-down stocking gives such an effect of naked immorality is something that can't be explained. Perhaps it is because it has a middle-of-the-body suggestion like that of a long sleeve joined only on the shoulder and the under-arm left bare. Arms left entirely bare are beyond objection, as are also frankly bare legs. In defense of the rolling-down custom it must be acknowledged that it does away with the "checked-up" discomfort when swimming with "side" garters. But as an object lesson in ugliness it cannot be exceeded, since an average knee is made to look like a thick white swelling, and a fat knee like a gigantic chesnut-worm. The only bare knee compatible with beauty is one which, like a kilted Highlander's, is lean and weathered brown.

As to what constitutes actual propriety or the contrary, depends not so much upon effect as upon intent. Certain of the most celebrated European beaches, which in description differ in no way from our own, are in reality basically opposed. In France and Italy, sex is always dominant whereas in America it does not necessarily count. At beaches such as Trouville-Deauville or the Lido, not more than twenty-five per-cent of the bathing-costumed go into the water; certainly not five per-cent swim. The morning bathing-hour is the morning exhibition-hour for feminine allure while the orchestra plays jazz and light opera airs; attention is centered upon the sirens and mannequins displaying their wiles and whatever of anatomical beauty they may possess, under the sheltering awning of tents or *capannas*, or



EVERY MORNING ON THE BEACH THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS JAZZ AND LIGHT OPERA AIRS

## BEACH MANNERS

BY EMILY PRICE POST

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH



basking in the sun. Little, if any, interest is taken in the water—at least not further out than wading depth.

Our own beaches may be every bit as colorful; the general first impression is much the same. The difference is in the shifted point of interest. In America, attention is centered not upon the sands, but in the water. The entire hundred per-cent of the dressed-for-bathing go into the water, and of those, at least seventy-five per-cent are swimmers. The life of the American beach is out on the rafts, the spring-boards, the suri-boards, the bubble-boats. The smallest children are "water-babies" wriggling about in doughnut-shaped life-preservers gaily painted to look like ducks or frogs.

As for bathing undress the question of propriety all depends upon the how and wherefore. To say that every feminine bather in America is white flower innocent, and every European flamingly red is of course ridiculous, but the typical seal-swimming young athlete to be found in un-

limited numbers on every one of our beaches is nevertheless, almost unknown and certainly not understood, abroad. In a boy's bathing-suit, for instance, with her arms bare to her shoulder-blades, and her legs bare to her thighs, this typical young American presents an entirely proper appearance, whereas the indolently intentioned girl whose bathing attire includes both stockings and a skirt may be an example of the way a well-bred young woman ought not to look.

It is obvious that the "costume" of the latter was designed solely to display her beauty to daring advantage. Its material is unserviceable, her stockings will scarcely survive one standing in the undertow upon the rather stony beach. The "set" of her bobbed hair is such as may not be touched by water.

From this I seem a Blue-Flannelette myself, pointing out the wickedness of becomingness. I wonder! No! the first young American in her tricot is as matter of fact an ideal and singularly beautiful picture of vitality and grace and youth. The second is our nearest example of the European species of beach "mannequin." She undulates as she walks toward the water's edge, and when a wave embraces her knee, she shivers a little and makes quick stamping motions as though playing grace notes on the piano. She smiles archly at a man she knows. Then she comes undulating back and again sits on the sands under her gay Japanese parasol. After all, why not? And on the side of modern morals, there is this to be said: Had this so-called siren appeared on a beach thirty years ago she would have had every man within sight looking like a dog that is offered a bone. (They would look at her like that in Europe, to-day). But on the beach last week, though one or two men glanced at her with half friendly indulgence, the great majority took little, if any notice.

I don't know whether it is the result of training or temperament but the typical American, spending his week-end or his holiday at the seashore, delights in colorfulness and beauty without mixing up the colors with the muddy disturbances of sex. Europe accentuates the sensual. There are plenty of Americans who are sensualists, particularly those who yearly swarm to Europe, but America for the most part is thinking about something else. American boys of today think no more of a girl's bare legs than they think of their own. The real allure of the beach is the sun and water and sand to which is added the exhilarating effect of gaiety suggestive of the circus, in that all the color of the palette would be merely so much paint without the running and laughing and shouting of children.

The most shocking undress which is commonplace at all Continental beaches but has happily never appeared in America is not that of the women, but of the men. Whether fat or thin, well-built or horribly full-grown, men are not attractive objects in bathing trunks without tops. A brown-skinned, well-built youth is an object of beauty if you like, but such boys invariably wear bathing-suits.

There is much to be said in praise of European bathing-machines which allow all those who like clothes abbreviated to step directly into the water, under the protection of an awning. The innovation that I would myself like to install, would be an enormous awning beneath which I might swim coolly in the shade.

On the subject of Beach Behavior (which I have been a long time coming to), the rules of etiquette always resolve themselves into the avoidance of everything that offends taste. Closely embraced dancing on the sand in bathing-suits or any other undressed proximity is not even passable behavior. Picnic meals in bathing-suits are prevented by custom from taboo, although personally I don't want ever to have to eat next to any man bare-footed in his bathing-suit.

**S**AY, Mame and her boy friend went to Coney on Sunday and believe me they had a grand time." It goes something like that—the only announcement the great six million gets when it journeys down to its favorite watering place. And what a long-distance call to this sort of thing!—"Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who arrived last week from Europe on the Majestic, have opened their villa at Newport, where they expect to remain for the rest of the season."

Coney Island is, quite possibly, as old a resort as Newport and must be at least as famous—perhaps more so since O. Henry has so many readers and Henry James so few. You might say the two resorts have reached the opposite poles of popularity. Certainly, nothing could be "more so" than either of them. Of course, many eminent philosophers, Kipling for one, would have us believe that it is only a matter of geography, that the two are sisters under their clothes. But if you have had an opportunity of observing the bathers on both beaches, I feel sure you will be skeptical about that. At any rate you'll have to admit, you'd much rather be the sister at Newport.

For she leads during these long summer days about as pleasant, and withal as busy a life, as the ingenuity of man has been able to devise. True, her bathtub isn't really quite as large as Cecil B. DeMille would have us believe. She doesn't swim around after the soap like Gloria, Marquise de la Coudraye, nor get drunk before breakfast either, like the heroine in "Gilded Life." That is all, in the phrase of the vulgar boatman, "distinctly the bunk." But it is safe to say that if the Newport sister kept a diary after the manner of Samuel Pepys, it might read somewhat like this:

"Up betimes and took my bath. Had Mistinguett massage me and also use the vibrator, as the party last night was rather late. Felt yesterday it would be, knowing Chauncey as I do. Note: Must have Dr. Jameson analyze these headaches. Chauncey not up yet, evidently, poor dear! Livingston says he lost over a thousand at the Embassy last night.

"With Albert to the Casino to see the match between Miss Helen Wills and Mrs. Mallory. Pleasant gallery but game too prolonged, so on to Bailey's and wore my new suit in swimming.

"Luncheon at the Astors. Mrs. A. looked very well in that cream Paquin Mother didn't buy. Home with Chauncey and we lay on the lawn for nearly two hours. Something at luncheon made me very drowsy. When C. woke up, we together to see the Gold Mashie Match but did not get quite there, stopping instead at club for low tea.

"Dinner on the yacht. Aunt Evelyn promises to take us along when the yachts move north soon to their Maine rendezvous at Bar Harbor. She's going to ask Chauncey, too.

"So to the Townsend's dance . . . Where very late."

The Aunt Evelyn referred to has probably been summering in Newport for years, came first with her grandmother, who followed Mrs. August Belmont there in the early years after the Civil War. That was about the time old Newport began to know the social distinction of Gotham's Four Hundred. You can still see, along the first mile or so of Bellevue Avenue, the mansions built by these first colonists in the elaborate, conglomerate style of the late-Victorian era. In New York itself the architectural monstrosities of that time have passed away. Only in Newport you can still see them, —houses of the old school, their roofs and gables rising proudly behind ancient trees and garden walls.

Farther out along this lane of magnificence, beyond Bailey's Beach, you come upon the new "cottages." (Such is the accepted term for these hundred-room palaces of brick and stone and marble.) These have been built with real archi-



## ON THE SAND BEYOND THE WALL THE ELDERS LIE COMFORTABLY BENEATH STRIPED SUNSHADES

# HIGH HAT BEACHES

BY H. E. CHARLOT  
ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH



tectural intentions and are set back in wide, sloping lawns that culminate here and there in little forests of shrubbery and trees. You can drive along here for miles, always with the steep rocks and the surf on one side, passing, on the other, the green length of the golf course and the polo field, rose gardens and the sparkling roofs of greenhouses and, every now and then, some great villa: the white Vanderbilt cottage with its widely striped awnings; the Vincent Astor villa; the O. H. P. Belmont estate with its Chinese tea-house-on-the-cliff and, most interesting of all, high upon the bluff, the little Swiss village, exact replica of an Alpine town, which is *Carry-Under-Arm*. Curtis, Jameson, summer home

which is Commander Arthur Curtiss James' summer home. The excerpt from Mistress Pepys' diary is not so very misleading for, whereas there is ample opportunity to take part in games, the really big sporting events are mostly observed. The season usually opens with an international tennis tournament for college teams, those of Yale, Oxford, Harvard and

Cambridge. It is held on the fine courts of America's most famous tennis club, the Newport Casino. British and American flags fly from the stands and there is an eager gallery out for these first big matches of the season. Thereafter follows a long string of tournaments, culminating, toward the end of August, in the Invitation Tennis Tournament, the most important sports event of Newport's season.

During August, six golf tournaments are held at the County Club. The unique golf event, however, is the Gold Mashie Tournament, held early in September on Ocean Links, the extremely valuable property of Mr. T. Sufern Tailer. Here the leading amateurs of America contend for a solid gold mashie donated by Mr. Tailer.

Of course, during this prize-giving, the children could not be forgotten. They have plenty of medals and cups to work for, especially at Bailey's Beach, the summer colony's private beach to which, as you probably know, admittance is difficult. It is, like all Newport's playgrounds, a club, with the official title of Spouting Rock Beach Association. All the outsider ever sees is the blank facade of the high wooden wall beneath which stand, from ten until two every day, a mile-long line of clean-gleaming French, Italian, English and American automobiles. But on the fine, gray sand beyond the wall the elders lie comfortably beneath their striped sunshades, while the children run and swim for the prizes. There are mattress races, running races, races to the raft, and even for the very little children, sand building contests for which, last year, Mrs. Philip Rhinelander, 2nd, offered pretty silver loving cups.

And, no more than the children, is charity overlooked. Years ago some brilliant patron or patroness conceived the idea of turning men's and women's mutual admiration into dollars. So now there is always a Prettiest Woman in Newport contest. The colony was agitated with great excitement last year when two young matrons, Mrs. Munds and Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., were racing along, as you might say, neck and neck. At the last moment of balloting Mrs. Munds received five thousand votes, a donation which gave her the victory. The winner of the handsomest man contest likewise received a last minute block of votes, telegraphed by private wire from fellow members of the New York Stock Exchange. These beauty and popularity contests alone have netted thousands of dollars for the local hospital.

No sooner has the paraphernalia of the lawn fête been cleared from the Casino grounds than the stands for the horse show are erected. That is another sporting event of the season's climax. Usually about four hundred horses—hunters and jumpers—are entered in the various saddle classes. The late Reginald C. Vanderbilt, who died last fall, had been for years head of the committee of arrangements. The night before the opening it was his practice to give a large dinner to exhibitors and judges. In fact, all these sporting events are accompanied by a round of dinners and at least one or two grand balls.

The great time for entertaining is the end of August when the tennis matches, gold mashie matches, dog show, horse show, and regatta follow close upon one another. For a ball of any pretensions, a dancing pavilion is usually added to the main residence and there is, of course, dancing in the ballroom as well. The piazzas, pavilion and main entrance are banked with bay trees, palms, evergreens and baskets of cut flowers. Hundreds of colored electric lights outline the driveways, depend in streamers from verandah balustrades and are set in flower-beds, trees, and shrubbery. Often, as at the Haggan ball last year at "Villa Rosa," supper is served at small tables under a tent on the lawn. It is not uncommon for the host to import entertainers—  
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# ALIBI

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALTER EVERETT

Is there a spiritual union between man and wife which neither distance nor time nor life nor death nor the dark gulf between this world and the next can sever? A bond which can draw the soul of a dying woman through the night to find rest beside the candle-lit hearth of the man she has wronged but whom she has never ceased to love—and who has never ceased to love her? Philosophers and men of science debate the question while renowned physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declare its possibility, and it is presented here in a short story of singular poignancy and power—a story by a great American writer, one which will make you pause, as you read, and ask yourself, as Francis Grey did, whether it was truly the spirit of his wife that stood beside him a moment after she fired the fatal shot blocks away in her hotel?



THE gaiety and noise increased as the dinner progressed. The whole apartment was lighted—every room set with candles and Chinese lanterns.

All windows had been opened to the still night air. The new moon of June, shrouded, slender as a bride's ghost, slipped through dissolving fleece which presently disclosed her naked silver shape stealing across the skies.

On the terrace of the extension which gave from the French windows of the studio, the arbor was but a thicket of wistaria bloom all misty with the hovering wings of night moths.

Out here was one table where Gray presided, and from whence he could survey the half dozen tables set in a circle around the studio.

Here his guests danced and ate. A phonograph played, incessantly, everything from an old-fashioned waltz to the latest burst of jungle dissonance full of the lewd squalling of reeds and brass.

So still the wistaria-scented air that candle-flames wavered only in the breeze from the dancers—or when, all rising, another birthday toast was drunk to Gray, their host . . . A lean, bronzed young man with pleasant eyes that told you nothing of himself—except his kindness. A mouth set in pleasant lines that revealed nothing more than did his eyes. A voice steadied to a pleasant tone by habit or indifference—made more agreeable, perhaps, by self-control—or the absent-mindedness of buried grief.

Well, his guests ate and drank and danced through the still June night. At intervals the ceaseless roar of the metropolis came up out of depthless canyons like the interminable surge of seas through caverns. But the high cliffs of the studio building softened all sound to muffled monotones.

At intervals, during some lull in the dancing, some young aspirant to the Opera drifted from her partner's arms to the piano—new song, sometimes listened to—and rendered with gay indifference to attention or applause.

The little Ybanez girl did that sort of thing once or twice, her cigarette charring the polished mahogany.

Connie Herron did the Bride's Dance from the forthcoming opera of *Les Drolatiques*. Pledge of secrecy and discretion—

but professionally unethical. Gray looked on, disapproving. Afterward she came out to the wistaria terrace where Gray was standing, and rested both hands over the white carnation in his buttonhole. He told her, kindly, it was unethical. She pleaded caste and decency among his guests.

"Everybody's indecent at times," he said. "Better play safe, Connie. If you get in wrong with the Opera you'll have a dreary time in attempting a career."

She leaned lightly to him, looking down at the carnation which her pretty hands framed. "Is everybody really indecent at times?" she asked.

"I fancy so."

"Are you?"

"I have been," he said with that kindly expression which, for three years now, had become his only way of smiling.

"Of course I don't believe it," she said.

He did not insist. She added, presently: "Not you, Francis. . . . But I guess I've been indecent, at times . . . This is a funny world . . . What strange impulses a decent girl can have—once or twice in her life!"

"There are too many inhibitions, anyway," he said.

"There have to be, don't there?"

"A few basic ones; one or two."

She nodded: "The Commandments."

"Yes. But that's enough . . . More than enough, perhaps. . . . I don't know. It's a dark landscape—life. You can't see clearly—what with the dusk and obscurity and myriad-moving shadows to confuse you . . . It's well to remember that everybody else is blind, too."

"You're so kind, Francis."

"No," he said wearily, "but when one can't see in the dark, why curse out others for their blindness?"

"You're so kind," she sighed. She turned, leaned on the parapet, looked out over the city stretching away to dark horizons. She went on talking, partly to herself: "Now, I'm not kind. Fire kindles in me sometimes. Who ill-uses me is my enemy. I strike if I can . . . Or hate and wait . . . Have you no hatreds?"

"Some."

"You hate those who ill-use you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I can't."

"That's unhuman. That's altogether too Christ-like," she said . . . "And if you're really that, why I believe what some say about you!"

He turned his head: "What do they say?"

"Well, that you're so darned remote—and decent and all that—" She shrugged her lovely shoulders: "well, some say your mind and senses are in touch—with planes that ordinary minds—concerning which ordinary minds are insensible."

"You mean I'm psychic?"

"Perhaps they mean that . . . Are you?"

"If I am, I don't know it," he said with his characteristic smile. "And as for hatred—well, I was an energetic hater once . . . It seems to have faded out of me. It's become a mental impossibility, that's all."

After a while, not looking at him: "I suppose I know why," she said.

"I suppose you do."

"How strange . . . . What has killed hatred in you would have aroused and inflamed it in me . . . In anybody—almost." She rested on one dimpled elbow and dropped the other hand over his where it rested on the coping. "I'd hate her forever and ever," she said. "I'd blacken her memory with every word and thought and deed. I'd take my toll of the world to square things."

He shook his head. "I don't hate . . . And there's nothing to square."

"Don't you ever want to misbehave?"

"Oh, I've been through that," he smiled.

"No mischievous inclinations?"

"For what?"

"Well, for example, for me?"

"Connie, you're so sweet," he said, laughing.

"You mean I'm unintentionally humorous."

"Scarcely that—"

"You did mean that . . . I know it, anyway. I'm not blushing, either. Every woman is rather mad about you—



*She came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same light gesture—the faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late—"*

I dared venture to call you up."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Is your memory so short?"

"Memory," he said, "can be either a tyrant or a friend. I am glad to hear your voice again. And you, mine, I hope?" Her unsteady reply: "—My heart is beating—so hard—I'll wait a moment." . . . Her voice again, presently, and steadier: "Yes, I'm—glad—to talk to you . . . I seem to be very tired . . . Francis?"

"Yes?"

"I've wanted to tell you for such a long time . . . I never lied to you but once—I mean really lied . . . That alibi they offered in my behalf, and which was sustained, was a lie."

"Yes," he said pleasantly, "I knew it."

"Why did you let me divorce you then?"

"A man couldn't use such a thing as that against any woman."

There was another silence, then her voice once more: "I suppose you haven't married again because your religion takes no cognizance of divorce."

"I don't consider myself free to marry again."

"I'm so sorry, Francis."

"I have no desire to marry."

"I am—sorry that you have not fallen in love again."

"Why?"

"You ought to be in love."

"Why?"

"I think you need love . . . You—" he could hear her forced laugh—"you were rather an ardent lover."

He laughed too: "I was rather ardent . . . Well, I was only a boy—"

"You are still young."

A silence. Finally her voice again: "You say that you are not in love, Francis?"

"I didn't say that."

"Oh . . . That's true. You said that you had no desire to marry . . . I didn't understand . . . Then, are you in love?"

"Yes."

The silence lasted so long that finally he spoke her name in low inquiry, wondering why she remained silent.

"Yes. I'm sorry; I was thinking . . . I wonder whether I could see you again—for a moment—"

"When?"

"Sometime tonight."

"I have guests. They're dancing, I don't know how long they'll remain."

"Would you telephone me when your guests are gone?"

"Yes, I will."

She whispered: "I am glad that you are in love . . . I wish your troubles were ended."

"Are yours, Celia?"

"Nearly . . . Good night, until I see you again . . . And then, good-bye."

He went back through the tinted lights and gay confusion; became part of it, now, in his kindly, subdued way, dancing with everybody who cared to dance, abetting animated discussion and countenancing jollity with his characteristically pleasant smile.

Finally the first pair of guests drifted homeward; others followed; then, en masse, the homeward flight set in. His man servant closed the door on the last lingering pair; returned to the library where the master sat in his great chair, his remote gaze on the hallway beyond.

"Lights out, Johnson," he said.

When the man had extinguished lanterns and candles throughout the apartment he appeared again for orders.

The master looked up: "Leave these two candles. I'm expecting one more guest. I'll open the door myself."

"Am I to go to bed, sir?"

"Yes. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

For a little while he sat there, then rose and entered his bedroom. At the telephone, both hand and voice were very unsteady when he called her hotel.

After an endless interval of waiting, the night-clerk reported that the maid on duty in the corridor had seen her leave her room, dressed for the street.

He hung up and went slowly back to his arm-chair, seated himself and tried to think it all out. But thought had worn deep channels throughout these years; and now flowed through them once more, drearily, knowing no other course.

He tried to realize that he was to see her again; that she was already on her way—had not even waited for his message.

He estimated the time it would take a taxi to bring her. Then he remembered that the night—

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partly because they know they can't marry you and the unconventionality of a love affair with you fascinates them—"

He was laughing, still; but in the tinted lantern-light she could see that his pleasant eyes were revealing nothing of himself.

"Anyway," she said, "we all love you. You could have a wonderful time—if you wanted that kind of a time . . . Why don't you want it?"

Much amused he told her he enjoyed watching his friends having good times.

"You're lonely," she said.

"My dear, that is unavoidable. None escape it."

"All try to avoid it—except you."

"I also mitigate loneliness by giving this party—"

"You are lonelier in this hour than ever," she said in a low voice. She turned and leaned over her folded bare arms. Her regard plunged downward into depthless darkness. She said steadily and distinctly: "If I could help, I would. . . . I don't know how much I would dare do for you. . . . Plenty of others would, too."

"You are kind, Connie."

"I don't know . . . What a mess life is. Nothing begins; nothing ends. There's no story, no plot to it . . . Not a trace of a story between birth and death—just the hours, and what you do and what is done to you . . . And then something kills you quickly or you slowly grow tired—tired to the end—"

"Connie?"

She nodded that she heard.

"You're not in love with me, you know."

"Ah," she said with a little laugh, "didn't I tell you you were sensitive to things that grosser clay can not compass? . . . You know whether I am in love with you or not."

For a long while he looked out across the city through darkness. The music from the phonograph had become raucous. In the studio waiters were clearing the tables and folding them, and the dancers now monopolized the entire floor. "Shall we dance?" he asked, absently.

"If I could," she said, "I'd dance for your head on a platter."

He glanced around at her. They both smiled mirthlessly. "That's what hurts," she said, "—to know that any man can love as you do . . . I'm sorry I said it, Francis."

"It's all right."

"Oh, but, it isn't, it isn't! . . . Well, I'm sorry again, then . . . Have you—"

"No, she doesn't write. I haven't heard from her in three years . . ."

A servant came to call him to the telephone. As he turned to leave, something in his face frightened the girl.

"Francis! You don't think—"

"Yes, I believe so . . . After three years—"

"It can't be! You can't know! How can you know?—"

"I seem to," he said in his pleasant, absent-minded way; and, asking her leave, went away, slowly, into the house.

In his bedroom he seated himself before the telephone.

"Yes?" he inquired.

"Francis!" came a breathless voice over the wire. It sounded startlingly near.

"How are you?" he asked pleasantly.

After a moment: "I'm very well . . . Not very well . . . It doesn't matter."

"I'm—all right, I guess . . . Your voice scared me . . .

It's so long ago, you see. Are you—surprised?"

"I don't seem to be. You know—after one has been behind the scenes too much—one isn't surprised at things . . . Your voice sounds very clear and near. You are in town, I suppose?"

She named her hotel.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Quite, thanks . . . Are you well, Francis?"

"Oh, entirely," he replied.

"And your work?"

"I go ahead and paint."

"You had a medal last winter."

He laughed: "You heard that? Where were you?"

"In Ceylon. Somebody lent me a file of old New York newspapers." A pause; then her voice, resuming: "My steamer landed today. I've been wondering all day whether



LIVE OAKS ENHANCE THE SEDUCTIVE CHARM OF THIS HOME IN WINTER PARK

**H**EY, there! Red Cross." The call came from a group of doughboys to whom I had nodded a moment before. The morning was balmy, a rare thing in Paris in March of 1919, and I was going to my desk at Red Cross Headquarters through the Garden of the Tuilleries. The boys, evidently on leave, had been glad to find a bench in the sun in the rare old place.

They surrounded me as I turned back, holding up a little pamphlet—its title was their salutation! "Hey there!"

Below was a subtitle—"Do you want a Home on a Farm?"

It was the subtitle about which they wanted to question me. Did I know anything about the scheme? Did the government mean it? Was it possible they would be given a chance to buy a farm?

As it happened, I did know a little of it. I could tell them of the faith,

thoroughness and enthusiasm with which Secretary Lane had worked out the plan—that both President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt, wide apart as they usually were in their views, had heartily approved it; that I believed Congress could not refuse to agree. How could it? A plan so simple, wise, just.

There was an elderly man in the group. "It doesn't always follow, you know," he said cynically, "that because a thing is simple, wise and just, Congress agrees."

We cried him down. "But this—why Congress can't help doing this. It would be great for the whole country. Anybody can see that."

And we were right—the little pamphlet outlined a plan of land reclamation and settlement by soldiers which was a masterly piece of common sense, practical in every detail. It had been before the country almost a year and had been warmly approved. The opinions of the men themselves were being sought—both overseas and in the camps at home. The little pamphlet was merely one item in a widespread campaign to make the scheme known and to sound out the interest it provoked.

Here was the essence of the situation—with Secretary Lane's proposition for meeting it: The war was over—4,000,000 men would soon be released to civilian life. It was already clear that many of them could not and many did not want to take up the activities the war had interrupted. Things had changed; they had changed. The government which had interrupted their orderly existence should, in justice, do its utmost to

THE MIRAMAR HOTEL AT BEAUTIFUL SARASOTA



OLD SPANISH MILL, PONCE DE LEON SPRINGS



restore them. A fair proportion of the men were land-minded. The farm was the place for them. In the United States there was at that time more than 200,000,000 acres of land which by irrigation, drainage, or clearing could be made fit for farming of one kind or another. In all the states there were tracts of abandoned lands, once rich in yield, still capable of restoration. Not all of it belonged to the United States; much of it belonged to states or individuals, but by cooperative effort enough and more could easily be obtained to satisfy the discharged soldier needs.

It was proposed that the men themselves do the work of redeeming the land and making it ready for settlement and crops—do it on good wages paid by the government and under the direction of skilled engineers, builders, farmers. "Do just what we've had to do over here," said one of the boys, "without any shells playing the deuce with you." While this work was going on the men were to live in

cantonments of the kind to which they had become accustomed—have the amusements, instructions, the opportunities of a community life. When the land was cleared, dams and canals built, roads constructed, houses, creameries, ice-plants, packing-houses, schools, churches ready, tracts were to be sold practically at cost to those veterans that wanted farms of their own.

It was expected that the men would save out of the wages they received in the period of preparation enough for a first payment—and be able to meet the succeeding long term payments out of their crops. Money for implements, stock and seed was to be advanced by the government and repaid on easy terms. Expert advice was to be always available.

The pamphlet concluded: "Remember that this means work. This is not a bounty scheme. It will give a chance to own a farm only to those who want to work a farm."

As we talked it over there in the Garden of the Tuilleries we all agreed, even the cynic, that it ought to work, and while I sat with them three boys announced their intention to fill out the postal card which was attached to the little pamphlet.

This was the card:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE  
 Name in full .....  
 Home address .....  
 How old are you? .....  
 What was your occupation before you enlisted? .....  
 Have you ever worked on a farm? .....  
 Are you interested in this plan to provide work and a farm for you? .....  
 What kind of farming do you wish to follow? .....  
 State whether general, live stock, truck, or fruit .....  
 Would you be willing to take a job on some project if offered to you? .....  
 In your own State? .....  
 Anywhere in the United States? .....  
 WRITE PLAINLY AND MAIL TODAY—NO POSTAGE REQUIRED

There is many a heartache today when that card turns up! What hopes it awakened! What an answer it was to concealed anxieties—what a host of boys filled it out!

"Forty percent of the men would willingly pass direct from the Army into this work," wrote an officer, who had been sounding out the men, to the Reclamation Bureau in Washington.

"Every soldier I have talked with thinks the plan splendid," wrote another.

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A VIEW OF ORLANDO'S SKY LINE



THE auburn-haired girl was at the piano. Above her head a lamp, the only light in the room, lit up the ivory of her rapid hands. A study in white and gold, she flamed conspicuously against the dim background of green wallpaper. There was a touch of mystery about her, a sombre passion, a concealed pathos, which hinted at an eager personality that clamed vainly to be expressed. She was playing her heart out in a storm of sound. That was like Birrel, to be indiscreet in every way save with her mouth.

Aline, as she listened, wondered that her husband hadn't noticed—noticed everything. Perhaps he had. She sat crouched before the fire in a low, deep-seated chair. One foot was tucked under her. She had a child's knack of cuddling herself up and making herself seem tiny. Her brown-black hair went about her forehead in a swirl, so that some of it tumbled and drifted in front of her gray eyes. In contrast to Birrel she was mist and dusk—almost disembodied as she sat hemmed in by shadows. No one would have guessed it. She scarcely dared own it to herself. Inch by inch she had retreated before the truth; she could retreat no further. Her back was to the wall. Her husband was disappointed in her.

The auburn-haired girl broke off abruptly. She realized that she had been saying things in music that ought not to be said. She swung round with jealous generosity and spoke huskily. "Aline, you're the luckiest kid in the world!"

Aline sat very still. At last she answered. "I married Dan. You mean that?"

Birrel switched off the lamp and came slowly through the darkness. She looked very tall, distrustful and alluring. She hovered about the chair in silence, then knelt, taking the young girl's hand and pressing it to her mouth.

"How soft it is," she murmured. And then, "It must be wonderful to be married to Dan." She waited for a reply. When none came, she continued, "He never looked at any of us girls. You were the first. Yes, really. And yet—You know, we were all in love with him."

The smothered laugh told Aline much more than the words. She slipped her arm shyly about the tall girl's neck.

"No one could help loving him," she whispered. "But you—you're so beautiful, Birrel. You have such lovely hair. He's so fond of music, too, and you—I've often wondered."

Birrel turned her face sharply into the darkness. "Aline, it isn't being clever that wins a man. Men flirt with clever persons—they don't marry them. But Dan—he didn't do even that. He's too earnest to play at anything that's serious. He was too busy to give a thought to us girls—too ambitious. And then, he went abroad—and met you."

Went abroad and met you! Aline saw the picture—the old gray town of Amboise. Life went up and down its streets with a pleasant humming sound. It was all so different from this New York. And it was there that he had met her.

She raised her eyes from looking in the fire and asked a strange question—one which a wife of a year's standing ought certainly to have been able to answer for herself: "Birrel, why did he marry me?"

A pause, during which one woman searched for the meaning that hid behind the other's question. "I think," she said, speaking slowly, "because you were good. You know, dear, so few of us are good in your sense. We want so much; it takes such a little to give you pleasure. We're pirates—we ransack anybody for what we think we must have." Her voice sank. "I'm not sure that you ought to have me here, knowing what you must know now."

Aline drew herself up—a child on the defensive. "I'm not frightened of—"

The answer came cynically. "Wives never are until—I'm



AT THE END OF A MOTIF HE STAYED HER HANDS. "YOU'RE NOT HAPPY?"

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. MITCHELL



going. No, let me go before Dan— She slipped into her furs. "I can let myself out."

Aline re-entered the darkened room, crossed it and drew aside the curtains.

She heard her husband in the hall. The door opened. He stood on the threshold puzzled by the darkness. He reached out his hand; the room was flooded with a dazzling glare. "Why, youngster, how you scared me! Thought Birrel was to be here, and we were to have some music."

She watched him—tall, broad-shouldered and slight of hip in his evening-dress. She watched his face—extraordinarily sensitive for a man's, arched at the nostrils, square in the forehead and as finely moulded as a woman's about the mouth. When his soul was hurt, his lips could come together as though they would never open. Was it only fancy? Had his face grown stern? It seemed to her that he was less young than at Amboise.

"Little one," he whispered, "you're trembling. What's happened?"

He wanted to tell him, had tried to tell him for many days. Now that the opportunity had come, she only pressed her forehead against his shoulder and wept. He questioned her. Had she quarrelled with Birrel? Was it anything

that he had said? Had he been unthoughtful of her?

Slowly she shook her head; truth refused to be spoken. She lay in his arms very small and quiet. When he sat down before the fire, he was still holding her. The emotional silence was unbroken.

He bent down his face. "It's—it's a long time since we've done anything like this—we've grown afraid of thinking each other foolish."

She sat up, her hands on his shoulders, holding him from her. It had to be said, "Dan, why did you marry me?"

"You oughtn't to have to ask. You know—because I loved you better than any woman in the world."

He didn't kiss her as he said it. His arms were slack about her. Her voice trembled. "Did you love me? Or did you love some one you thought I was, or thought I might become?—No, listen, Dan. I'm not accusing; I'm just trying to find out. Perhaps all men and women who love each other—perhaps they all take each other for granted when they're married. Perhaps—I don't know; but I can't bear it. We used to be so near—so anxious to be alone and happy. And now—why, we try to escape to people; we're afraid of tiring each other. And we're hungry. It wasn't I you loved; it was—"

He seized her hands fiercely—and raised them to his mouth. "Aline, won't you believe that you were the first—the only woman? There was no one before you."

She ruffled his hair. "Poor Dan! That wasn't what I meant. It was wonderful that I should have been the first, but—that's the trouble. You know nothing about women. If you'd loved before, you'd have learnt: a woman likes to be loved for what she is; not for the magic cloak that a man flings round her. He's simply loving himself then. You tried to think I was clever; I'm not. And then, even when you began to suspect, you wanted to believe that you could make me over into your ideal, as a woman does a dress. You can't. You used to tell me that I'd never had any one to call out my big qualities. I never had any—I'm just ordinary. And yet—I think you'd like me, if you'd only find out who I am. You're disappointed in me!"

She was crying with a child's abandon. "Listen." He spoke chokingly. "We'll go back to Amboise for a holiday. It was there that we first met. We always planned to go. We'll go and see the old man who

makes sabots. You remember? It was after we'd been talking with him that I first kissed you. We'll do all the things we used to do together. And then—"

"And then?" She looked at him searchingly.

"And then, we'll forget this busy New York. We'll be together."

"Not together." She said it sadly. "That wouldn't do it. Your work's here. We've got to live here. It's here that we must fight it out. Oh, dearest, it was good of you—but you'd only deceive yourself afresh. Just because the country was different, you'd think I was different. It would solve nothing."

He knew it. "Won't you try, Aline—?"

She finished his sentence for him. "To be a some one else?" She shook her head. "No. I'm so tired of pretending—Good-night, Dan. You don't like me now. You see I'm not what you intended. I wish you'd learned something about women before you married me. Perhaps you would not have been so disappointed in me then."

Left by himself he felt angry and sorry. Somehow Aline had failed him. Had he asked too much? Idealists are cruel. His girl-wife stood desperately with her back to the wall in a bedroom not far distant. She had given herself too ungrudgingly. There was only one way to re-win his love. At whatever cost, he must be taught about women—made to know the worth of simple affection and goodness.

Two days after his conversation with [Turn to page 61]



"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T... GET YOURSELF INVOLVED IN THEIR PLANS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE"

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

**A**MID the horror and terror that accompanied the fall of the monarchy in Hungary after the World War, young and beautiful Denise Vay, maid-of-honor to the Queen, has a great purpose in life, a goal for which to live. For Zita, the former Empress-Queen, has entrusted to her the secret of the emeralds of St. Stephen, asking Denise, with the aid of her brother, to obtain these jewels for the royal family. It was when she was summoned to the Queen in Eckartsau that Denise's life and honor were saved by a man who gave his name as Andor Brull and who professed to be a common soldier returning from the front. On that occasion Denise was threatened by a creature of whom she knew nothing except that his name was Tibor and that he cherished against her a grudge for some unknown offense.

**A**T last she came wearily down the dirty dark stairs that led to the coal-dealer's office, in the entry stopped as she might had she been met by an invisible barrier, and with one gloved hand clutching to her bosom that precious, worthless permit, helplessly looked this way and that.

People pushed by her while dismay posed Denise there, other holders of coal permits passing in a steady trickle. None paid the young woman with the dashed and wistful countenance the smallest attention; sights of such disconsolation were in the Buda-Pest that time too common.

She felt obliged at length to accept the fact that the carriage was gone which she had left at the kerb, hours ago, to wait her return from an errand whose doing should have been an affair of, at most, ten minutes—had not only disappeared but was in all likelihood lost forever. There was a fine chance that the driver, the doddering old Szekler who was the one manservant they had been able to bribe into staying on at the villa in the hills, would turn up with his horses long after midnight, or perhaps the next morning, very drunk and impenitent. It was more probable that the carriage had been appropriated by Red soldiers on a binge and that neither it nor its driver would ever be heard of again.

And that equipage had been their sole means of transportation . . .

She began to walk toward the Danube, hugging a shabby

For eerie terror, for breathless thrills, read this dramatic novel of the terrible "red days" in Budapest which followed in the wake of the great war. Each installment mounts to a crescendo of love, hate and anguish. This is a novel which you will not be able to forget. It is emphatically one of the most notable products of current American fiction and establishes the high-water mark of Louis Joseph Vance's career



hope that she might pick up somewhere a fiacre. Otherwise, since the trams for no reason had stopped running, she would need to find her way back to the villa afoot; a long walk. It would be black night before she could hope to see home again, without a lift of some sort; the roads were anything but safe even by daylight, and her mother would fret. Furthermore, Denise carried a heart as sad as the day. The skies were so low and heavy that it had been dusk in Pest at high noon. Morbid yellow fog closed every vista, smudged out completely the heights of Buda across the river. The sidewalks were slimy and, though rain had yet to fall, the neglected roadways swam with liquid mire. There was little traffic abroad, and the atmosphere was charged, more than with moisture, with deadly suspense; people in passing consulted one another's faces with flying looks of fear; it was felt more than rumored that some new devilry was brewing, some fresh ordeal for the unhappy city being prepared by the powers of darkness that ruled its destinies today, those legates of Evil who skulked still behind the imbecile masks of authority which the government of the National People's Council was permitted to parade.

Ever and again, as Denise hurried on, her special uneasiness would betray itself in a glance shot over her shoulder.

But for all that she had met a ghost back there, the girl could not see that she was being followed.

Could she, then, possibly have been mistaken? Had it been merely that the dreads which haunted her days had fastened on a chance resemblance the better to excuse their perseverance? The month which had passed since that night of storm had been signalized by never a hint of sequel to the adventure of the toad-man; and though she knew that in such times of upheaval the depths spew up their abominations to the surface of society, where their very monstrosity often seems enough to lend them a little lease of unnatural and malignant life, Denise latterly had been tempted to take the mere continuance of her immunity as warrant for nursing a hope; perhaps there would after all be no sequel . . .

And now, this day, she had, or misdoubted she had, run afoul of that man again. There was barely room for the question. Shadows like ghostly arrases had draped that sanctum in which persistence had at last won her audience with one who held heat and life or cold and death in the un-washed hollows of his two, fat, ring-crusted hands. The friend who was with the coal-dealer sat with his back to the only window and made no sign, merely held Denise in the fixed, sardonic focus of a single eye-glass, till, struck by the abnormal pallor of his darkened countenance, the girl had permitted her gaze to be drawn to mark its singular look, the look of a hunchback, that seal which consciousness of deformity, spiritual as well as bodily, sets on the flesh of some faces.

The discovery had proved so unnerving that Denise, stammering in her argument, had needed to be cynically prompted before she could pick up its thread and go on to say why it was imperative that the villa should be supplied with coal immediately; with its bins all bare, its park, and for that matter every wooded acre for miles around, plucked clean of firewood by hands of poor thieves from the city, pilfering to keep their half-starved bodies from being frozen alive, and with labor, impudent in its assurance of the unemployment dole, refusing to be hired at any price to fell trees for fuel; while in an unheated house an aged man, who had given a lifetime to the service of king and country, and his son who had fought four years for Hungary, lay in critical

stages of convalescence from Spanish influenza.

When she had no more to say, the girl had to wait while the autocrat, his sleeve tweaked, bent an ear to something private which the man with the deathly pallor was moved to communicate. And while he listened, she saw the coal-dealer's eyes, that had taken fire at sight of her, grow bleak and hard. Denise could hear now the impatient grunt which had prefaced his reply: "So that's your story! Well; let me tell you, young woman, we hear yarns like yours a hundred—no, a thousand times a day. See the allotment clerk on your way out. He'll take your order, and when your turn comes you'll be served."

"But have I failed to make you understand our need is desperate? I have here our permit, granted months ago—"

"Procured through favoritism under the old régime, naturally. But that's all over. The trouble with you swells is, you won't wake up and realize times have changed. It's the workers who come first today, after them the unemployed. When their needs have been attended to, the bourgeoisie and ventry will get their bit. You and your high-and-mighty sort will come last every time. You may as well make up your mind to that, and not come bothering me again with claims to special consideration, just because you're an aristocrat. Goodday!"

But even more hateful than the irk of failure, the girl had brought away her memory of the sneering promise in the other man's parting regard.

She came out into Franz Josef Square, where, in the neighborhood of the great hotels, she had felt almost confident of finding a carriage for hire. Over in Maria Valeria street, near the entrance to the Ritz, several automobiles were standing; but she knew that they were private by the flags of foreign Missions fastened to their wind-shields. And there was never a cab in sight. Quite conceivably every one had been frightened away by apprehensions of trouble to

be indifferently amused, more bored. After a few moments they began to exchange ironical observations and laughter. Some lighted cigarettes, two turned their backs on the show and sauntered off toward the Corso—heading, at a fair guess, for the Ritz bar.

"Do you know who that is, lady?" Denise jumped; but the speaker was only a policeman with a friendly countenance. He nodded toward the figure of fun in the lorry. "That's Bela Kun."

But something sinister in the mere sound of those three syllables caused the girl to shudder. She looked again, with sight sharpened.

The creature had a skull modelled after a cannon-ball and as bald. Skin as yellow as a Chinaman's, otherwise quite without color or lustre, served as a sort of sack for an assemblage of nondescript features, all puffy and shapeless. The ears thrust out like handles. Soft bags underhung little black eyes, and thick protruding lips worked uncouthly beneath a fleshy beak of a nose, as if seeking in vain to shape the words of criminal madness which the lungs were exploding in vast, sustained gusts of noise. The sweat which sealed forced out on his low forehead the man mopped with a bare hand and snapped heedlessly from the ends of blunt fingers.

"Don't you hear what he is saying?" Denise demanded, revolted, and a little encouraged to note that the cap of this particular policeman still wore the symbol of the Crown. "Don't you know he's calling for the murder of what is left of Hungary and Soviet rule direct from Moscow for you and yours?"

"Not so loud!" The good soul was unaffectedly relieved to observe no prick-eared bystander. "It would be as much as my life's worth to try to stop his mouth," he frankly admitted. "Besides, under this grand Republic, everything

at least she would get home more speedily than she could hope to if she walked: she did her best to be grateful to Fortune for this windfall.

Franz Josef Square dropped astern, the brays of Bela Kun and were not. Beyond the first arch of the Suspension Bridge the fog was denser, a clammy, unclean blanket for the Danube. But the unrhythmic clopping of hoofs could not drown out the tongues of that unseen yellow flood below, mumbling and slavering at the piers, chuckling over the tales it could tell of the murdered that nightly were given to its embraces in these piping times of revolution. It was a relief to hear those hoofs begin to pound out echoes not so sepulchral, and know the cab had refound good solid earth. But that reflection had no more than formed when Denise saw two figures range up alongside, madly pelting out of nowhere, men who wore the rakish livery of Heltai's bravos. One caught the bits and threw the horse back on his haunches, the other, planting a foot on a fore-wheel hub, bounded up to the box, took the driver by the throat, and with no more ado hurled him bodily to the cobblestones. Denise, without losing a heartbeat to indecision, jumped up and out and took to her heels.

Yells and catcalls pursued her, but mercifully no rumor of feet. And thus given to believe that the sailors had made a prize of the fiacre for purposes of private mischief which had nothing to do with herself, the girl presently abated her pace to a rapid walk and, meeting the gape of the Castle Hill passenger tunnel, committed herself to it without undue misgivings. After all, this sort of thing was no worse than the misadventures which everybody had to relate nowadays. Andor Brull had been right: in Buda-Pest of the Revolution anything could happen—most things did.

But—Heavens!—why must her thoughts be forever harking back to that one? A round month now, and more, and



EVERY NIGHT ONE OR ANOTHER FORSAKEN VILLA . . . WAS LOOTED

come of the meeting which was being held over in front of the Academy of Sciences.

There a sizable mob had gathered round a goods-lorry from which a stunted and pudgy person, clothed like a bank clerk, was bellowing a harangue. Denise noticed, too, that several foreigners had come out of the Ritz and strolled over to the triangular plot of park round which the tram tracks wind to the quay. They were looking on and listening attentively, as if they, too, rather expected something interesting might happen any minute.

In spite of these intimations of danger, Denise delayed, fascinated by the spectacle, at once repellent and comic, which the speaker was making of himself. His short thick arms sawed out wooden gestures. His voice was hideous, husky and in that dead air flat—nothing that Denise caught of his creed departed by a hair's-breadth from the clichés of class hatred which, ever since its establishment, that broad-minded republican government had permitted to be preached openly on every street corner. And nobody seemed to be much impressed. The few policemen about looked weary and resigned—one yawned behind a hand. The crowd, which had a heavy mixture of soldiers and marines, listened, gaping, with the apathy of underwitted school children. Occasionally the speaker, pausing for applause, would hear a thick mutter and take it for encouragement. He ranted on with astonishing passion, spewing his creed of hate in a hash of Hungarian, the speech of a half-educated man wrestling with a foreign tongue.

The foreigners over the way, correspondents and attachés of the Missions, mostly English, Denise reckoned them, seemed

goes." He thought that over for a moment, and submitted an amendment: "Everything but common-sense."

The fog was shutting down, dingy and jaundiced as the face of Bela Kun. The magnificent span of the Suspension Bridge faded out in mid-air, as if discouraged by the manifest vanity of reaching out for a vanished shore. In another hour it would be night.

To that plaintive cry of warning which is peculiar to the cabbies of Buda-Pest, an unwary vehicle rattled out of a side-street. Denise signaled, but the driver pretended not to notice till the policeman sharply called him to a halt and stood by while the fellow with ill grace struck a bargain for the drive. Denise, with a word of thanks, climbed in, and got a parting salute which the giver obviously hoped nobody else would notice.

The cab was a ramshackle barouche clothed in a single, insufficient garment, the wreck of a folding top that sagged down behind; its power unit was, in a word, crowbar: the ensemble composing no worse a hackney turn-out than one had learned to look for in a city from whose streets the War had drafted everything in the shape of a horse that could boast four live legs. Denise foresaw that she would get home Heaven-knew-when and chilled to the bone. But

never a day that something didn't turn up to put her in mind of him, that strange man of the common people . . . Still, the mystery, she supposed, of his sudden and total self-eclipse was enough to account for the hold he retained on her imagination.

The fog occupied the tunnel like a sluggish gas, blurring down the widely spaced lamps till they were mere smears in a sulphurous gloom. It was comforting to observe the sweating wall to steer by. So long as one kept in touch with that and bore in mind that the longest tunnel has two ends . . .

Somebody was walking with her all at once, a silent presence at her elbow, keeping step. One startled look strangled a cry in her throat, and sent her shrinking to the wall. The toad-man stopped when she stopped and held a speechless wait: a forbidding figure clad all in black, even to black gloves on his awkward big hands, like a mute at a funeral, with not a solitary spot of relieving color, since his hair was black and his little eyes in that dusk seemed to be, and his face of a hunchback had that repulsive toad-belly bleach.

She remarked anew, behind the stare of his eye-glass, that quiet sardonic glimmer, the secret smile of one who fancies himself strong in knowledge to the herd denied.

Abruptly, essaying an urbanity which nevertheless failed to turn out that betraying singsong, he addressed her. "Did I alarm you, Denise Vay? I am sorry. You must not look at me like that—I only want to do you a kindness."

Denise answered nothing, could not answer. Her flesh was crawling. She recalled the loathsome softness and cold

of those hands which once had prisoned her wrists, and felt that, should one of them touch her again, she would go into screaming hysteria.

"A true kindness, upon my honor," the man pursued, the full pale lips smiling a smile that knew no reflection in his eyes. "You don't understand; but just listen, and you will. It is coal you want more than anything, isn't it?"

"What . . ." The girl gulped and tried again before she could command coherent speech. "What is that to you?"

"Nothing, more than the chance it gives me to do you a kindness. Because to you it is everything, coal is. Think of your father and brother, dying by inches just for want of a little heat . . . Now if I arrange things so your bins are filled without delay, that will be a real kindness, won't it, Denise Vay?"

"But can you do it?" Impossible to refrain from asking, in consideration of their plight . . . "And why should you?"

"Kindness, they say, begets kindness. You were cruel to me once, Denise Vay . . . You don't remember, but I don't forget. I am one who never forgets—neither cruelty nor kindness do I ever forget. Only"—and now he was fawning!—"kindness, much kindness, Denise Vay, might sponge my memory clean of its score against you for cruelty. You could make me very happy if you would; and I can make you happy, too, if you desire me to use my influence in this matter of coal rationing . . ."

To her everlasting shame, the girl was tempted to temporize, to pretend to weigh terms with the creature. For it was clear that he was begging, beneath all the cheap menace of his equivocations was a beggar to her, whining hat in hand for the healing she alone could bring to wounds which, it would appear, self-love somehow had suffered at her hands.

The difficulty was, she could not hold an instant's doubt but that he would be able to make good his offer to soften the heart of the coal-dealer . . .

The necessity of making a decision, however, was taken from her. A glare of a sudden broke through that choking gloom, a shout was lifted that called echoes from the vaulted roof, jammed brakes brought a great and splendid machine to a grinding halt by the sidewalk, a door flew wide and, all in one daze of perfectly synchronized and direct action, a man sprang out, struck the toadman a wicked blow on the point of the jaw and, as with a screech that one went down and slithered across the walk to the wall, slipped an arm round the girl's waist, breathed, "All right—trust me to see you clear!" and swung her, whether she would or not, into the body of the panting car, which shot away before its door could be slammed.

A breathless Deniie dropped back on the seat and tried to catch her wits together. The automobile was one of those which the foreign missions and press people had brought in after the Armistice. From each side of the windshield small flags were streaming, proud little American flags, bright with victory. The driver was alone in the seat forward. In the tonneau with Deniie was no one but the man who had interfered with such scant ceremony and deadly executive ability. And he was one on whom, to her knowledge, she had ever before clapped eyes.

"Sorry," she heard him saying in a manner pleasantly apologetic—"too bad I had to handle you so rudely, but that was no time to stand on ceremony—the thing had to be done just the way it was, or there'd be the dickens to pay."

The southern maw of the tunnel at that moment delivered them to what was left of the daylight; and if that wasn't much to boast of, with fog strangling it down to a gamboge-stained gloaming, it was as blessed as sunshine after the stifling dark they were leaving astern. Moreover, it enabled the girl to take fair stock of this gratuitous guardian angel.

He summed up a youngish person, but not too young, with a keen cast of features nicely weathered to a tone that made his hair seem shades lighter than it probably was, and clear brown eyes of a thoughtful habit that were just then perplexingly informed with amusement; a youngish man perhaps not too well-dressed, but one who subtly conveyed an effect of not desperately caring whether his clothes were the latest cry in Sackville Street, so long as they made him presentable enough to pass in the shadiest crowds of post-War Buda-Pest.

"But I don't understand!"

"Well! that's only natural. Only, I hope you don't think I make that sort of thing a practice, running amok and slamming comparative strangers asleep when they aren't dreaming anybody's on the war-path. But in this case I plead extenuating circumstances. You see, if I had given that bird time to see and know me, Buda-Pest wouldn't be big enough

after tonight to hold us both; and it's my guess I'd be the lad elected to neat and expeditious elimination. So I simply had to put him down for the count when he wasn't looking. Otherwise, my folks back home would start shopping for mourning tomorrow, and you'd be left here all alone to stand off this Mafia your boy-friend trains with."

"I don't know," the girl blankly confessed. "I suppose it must be everything happening all at once has made me stupid; but I really do not know what you are talking about."

"You don't?" The American infectuously chuckled. "Do say you're not cross with me, all the same."

"Cross with you! But I am surely most grateful—only I don't understand."

"And you don't mind letting me see you safely home?"

"I won't know how to thank you, truly, but—"

"Half a minute, please: I've got to tell our driver where to take us."

The youngish man lurched up to lean over the forward seat and confide his mind to a respectful ear. A browned spare hand twice cut the air to indicate the way the car must go. The chauffeur responded with alert nods.

"That's all right." The American dropped back. "Guy knows the road, and if the visibility goes on getting better and better . . ."

It was true that thereabouts, on the rising road they had swung into, with Var a hillside on their right, and on their left the old parade ground known to history as the Field of Blood, the fog was flimsier, its complexion cooler; it was even possible, through thinning veils more silvery now than copper-tinted, to pick out wayside contours, and hold on at speed without much risk of mishap.

"But how under the sun did you know where to tell the man to go?"

A quiet chuckle at the expense of the girl's mystification

York; which makes me, by the grace of God, one hundred percent American—so I'm told and content to believe. At present I'm acting as first hanger-on, self-appointed, to the American Mission here. That's how I happened to be on hand in Franz Josef Square, when you hopped into that cab and Friend Tibor broke cover and sent that brace of murderers racing after you. I daresay you'd still be conducting heavy diplomatic negotiations back there in the tunnel, if I hadn't made bold to borrow the Mission car and come along to see what Desperate Desmond was up to—and make him wish he wasn't."

Mr. Andrew Brull here offered an inviting pause, but Denise could only stare and helplessly wag her head. "Do say you're not cross. You wouldn't be if you knew how much it went against the grain—word of honor, it did!—to deceive you so, that time. But, of course, the thing just had to be done; the Armistice was still too much a novelty; I didn't dare sail under my true colors—there was no telling when I'd bump into somebody who hadn't heard yet the War was over and would pot me at sight for a spy. So I simply had to be a Hungarian soldier bearing home from the Piave; and once I'd told my story, had to stick to it—if I hadn't I might easily have lost a lot more than my bet."

The girl managed to enunciate at last that monosyllable: "Bet?"

"Oh, that's all off now. I won it, all right, but at the same time I lost it—lost because I'd won, if you know what I mean. Please don't go 'way! I'm going to explain, if you'll give me a chance. You see, I'm a sort of correspondent, the free-lance sort; I mean, my job's doing potty articles for magazines. I got into the scrap early—with the Canadians—got crocked at Ypres; and invalided home. When the United States joined in, I tried to get back to the front; but they shelved me on account of my old wound, and the only

thing left for me was to buy my portable a new ribbon and try writing war stuff for the home-market. The Armistice caught me in Geneva, with a raft of my kind. We made it an excuse for a big bust, of course, and in the heat of the fun I made a fool bet with a friend, a British pressman. I was sorry when I came to; but it was out of the question, of course, to beg off a bet with an Englishman, I just naturally had to slip across the frontier and make my way to Vienna in disguise."

"In Heaven's name!" the girl cried—"what for?"

"Can't you guess? It took a bit of doing, believe me; and by the time I found myself in Vienna, the Emperor had been moved from Schoenbrunn to Eckartsau. I was heading for the schloss, curiously enough, when the storm drove me to shelter in that cow-barn, and History took its foot in its hand and began to make tracks."

"Still," the girl protested, amused in spite of herself, "you do not tell me about that wager, do you?"

"Well! If you'll only remember that I lost it, maybe you won't be too angry . . . The bet was that I would be the first English-speaking correspondent to get a personal interview with Charles. Thanks to falling in with you, I got it all right. He's one of the best, Charles of Habsburg is; and the things he told me, while we were waiting for you to finish your talk with Zita, things hot off the heart—and never a word about their being Masonic—would make rare reading if I were only able to write the story. But that won't ever see print now—unless, perhaps, some day, when all this time has faded into ancient history, I feel the urge to write the memories of a ne'er-do-well."

"Thank you," the girl said gravely, "for that promise. It is a promise, I hope?"

"Oh, positively!"

"But why?"

"Because . . ." The American faltered and cocked a whimsical eyebrow. "You won't be offended?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, then: because I rather thought you'd be pleased, and maybe thank me."

A clear yet thoughtful, unsmiling look recognized and coolly challenged the personal note which this confession struck. "You are asking me to believe you deliberately forfeited a wager, to say nothing of a chance to make a fine name for yourself as a journalist, merely to please me."

"Perhaps more in the hope of not displeasing you."

"Forgive me if I ask again—why?"

"I should think you'd understand. I [Turn to page 45]



THE FELLOW HAD SCREWED UP HIS IMPUDENCE TO APPROACH DENISE WITH A PURPOSE SLOW TO TRANSPIRE

prefaced a reply that came in a startling voice, quite a new one if at the same time known of old, its accents harking back across a break of more than thirty days. "How should I fail to know, gracious lady, seeing it was yourself who showed me the road to your door?"

"You!"

A mind giddy with shock was unable at the moment to be more articulate. The thing past believing was so notwithstanding; now that one's stunned gaze searched that gay brown countenance for the lineaments of Andrew Brull the likeness uncontestedly was there.

"Will you forgive me? My name is Andrew Brull, as a matter of fact; and I narrowly escaped being Hungarian-born. Both my parents hail from Buda-Pest, and I happened shortly after they had set up housekeeping in New



"BUT," WENT ON PETER, "SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY PEACE OF MIND, TAMIESIE DHU"

PETER KENSINGTON DURANT, who was out hunting for an English Lane, a bit of Limehouse, a Spanish hacienda and a Mississippi River flatboat, swung the nose of his disreputable looking car around a sharp curve in the winding dirt road and came head-on into conflict with the weirdest appearing affair he had ever encountered in all the eventful days of his life. It was, he supposed, a van, since it had four wheels and was too large to be a hand organ. But it had a red roof, bright green sides, purple and black striped wheels and—Peter's eyes bulged—it was drawn by the yellowest horse that ever stepped out of a magician's hat!

Peter Kensington grabbed for his brakes. He also grabbed for his sanity. Both, he felt, had deserted him at the same moment.

His brakes, it appeared, had. Thus, when he managed to stop his car at a point that brought him directly under the supercilious nose of the yellow horse, he had one gaudily striped wheel draped tipsily across his bumper. The van, it seemed, stood quite as nicely on the other three.

Peter waited for a band of irate gypsies to come forth and abuse him. None came. He looked, then, for a hermit.

"No," he thought, "Hermits live in woods and on nuts. It might be a traveling library, though!" And he tried his best to imagine that it could be anything so ordinary. But not even modern libraries, featuring Elinor Glyn and Sherwood Anderson, he felt, went about in red and green vans! Not, especially, drawn by yellow horses!

It was then that his roving eyes caught the gaudy lettering on the side of the van; letters that read, plainly: *HOT DOGS*. It was the final, impossible touch.

Peter turned reverent eyes to the horse. Perhaps he'd gone color-blind, he thought hopefully. Perhaps it was that in his thermos.

He reached out and, since the van was too far away, laid an investigative finger on the yellow horse instead.

"You *look* yellow!" he said, speaking aloud, since there seemed nobody to mind. "And you *feel* real! But you simply can't be—"

"Oh, yes he can! He is! He's yellow and his name is Primrose! But would you mind, now—" the voice, which came from nowhere at all, took on a pensive note—"returning my front wheel?"

Peter started. There was, then, someone connected with this affair. The thought reassured him. So did the voice, which had a delightfully husky note. He hunted for the owner of it, and as he hunted he said, politely, "I've met so few yellow horses, you see. Though I'm delighted to meet Primrose. Are you inside or," anxiously, "underneath?"

## TIPPITY-WITCH

BY VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. E. HEITLAND



its back roads—particularly with yellow horses named Primrose attached to 'em!"

"I guess Papa didn't send you," the piquant little face admitted. "Papa never sends anybody clever!" with which remark, she disappeared from the window and stood, the next moment, in a little doorway.

She looked, Peter decided, a little like a fall chrysanthemum, because of her hair; and a little like a mystery, because of Primrose and the van. But she looked most of all like a Tippity-witch; because of that sparkle in her eyes, and the curve of her scarlet lips, and the air of adventure about her.

Peter looked up at her and because, it must be admitted, he also had a neat eye for figures, he wished he'd taken two wheels off the van. Two, he reflected, would have taken twice as long to replace.

He was out of his car by now and, cap in hand, was standing with his exceedingly attractive face lifted to the girl in the doorway. Being well endowed with the things that make men interesting, he was quite worth looking at. A flicker of interest stirred in the girl's eyes and Peter, who had one of those investigative slants of mind that never rest until every mystery is cleared up, decided he *must* know more about her.

Whereupon he did the only thing a gentleman can do when he is anxious to learn a lady's name. He proffered his own; truthfully, for Peter was no poor sportsman.

"I am Peter Kensington Durant," he began—but stopped abruptly at the look on her face. There was no denying it, she looked startled! Peter, who had hoped that she didn't know her English school of writers, hastened to explain. "My mother liked Barrie! But otherwise, we're a perfectly normal family."

The girl who stood in the doorway, looking for all the world like an adventure for a man's seeking, wasn't impressed.

Peter tried again. "I'm really thoroughly respectable, I—" brightly, thinking that if she had a father, these little things might count—"I am an Elk, a Moose, a Beaver and—" triumphantly—"a Hoot Owl!"

The girl eyed him gravely. "I'm not looking for a Zoo," she said moodily.

Peter felt that if he couldn't establish himself in her good graces pretty soon, he'd say something he didn't want to say. Like, for instance, telling her she was somewhat like a marigold and somewhat like a dream. Hurriedly, he added, "I'm also a Molasses Spreader!"

He had a startled moment in which he wondered if he'd said by mistake that he was the Prince of Wales, so instantly eager did she become. But that, evidently, wasn't it. She sat down suddenly, hugged her knees joyfully and asked, "Oh—does that mean you can cook [Turn to page 65]

# The GREAT LOVE HEROINES of the WORLD

**N**ELSON goes down in history as one of its greatest naval commanders, but not as a romantic hero. The writer suspects that Lady Hamilton has done some good to the memory of Nelson; if Nelson had not associated himself with an infamous romance, he would not seem to us so human, therefore so real. And indeed Emma Hamilton was such to change the course of careers.

She first saw the light, it is believed, in 1763 at Hawarden in Cheshire, in the home of Henry Lyon, a blacksmith, wedded to a village girl. She was brought up in poverty, in ignorance and in dirt. Had Emma Lyon been merely pretty, she could not have escaped, but beauty was piled so heavily upon that broad low brow that she must emerge—emerge like a seed which forces its way through earth and through manure, benefiting by both.

A man takes her from domestic service, the only thing she was fitted for, and from that time onward other men must support her where he has placed her. Thus she is no longer virtuous, virtue having done for her much less than vice. She encounters Charles Greville, a younger son of the Earl of Warwick, a man of fashion, fastidious in his clothing and in his speech; an educated man who appreciates poetry and music and appears a puzzling figure in the history of the woman who was to become Lady Hamilton. Greville appears to have been entirely without heart. He must have looked upon the radiant Emma much as he would have considered a picture. He makes her realize that to him she is a poor child born in the gutter, whom he has chosen to raise because he is a gentleman of taste, and because she pleases his eyes. Not one letter of Greville's shows that he cared for Emma, that she was more to him than a fine piece of furniture.

In spite of this, she must have established some hold upon the emotions of Greville. However, her life with Greville was destined soon to end, not because she dissatisfied him, not because she wearied him, but because her protector was pursued by necessity. He desired to inherit from a relative the money which his father could not give him, and that relative was Sir William Hamilton, his uncle, who had a great affection for his nephew and proposed to make him his heir. When Sir William came to Edgware Row and was fascinated by Emma, it occurred to Greville that this worked towards his plans. Why not give his uncle his desire, thus securing his good will, and at the same time entangle him with Emma, so that he could not marry again?

Sir William was at once bemused by the charms of Emma. He was elderly, over fifty, while Emma was hardly over twenty. He had a great position, being British Ambassador to the Kingdom of Naples and the two Sicilies; and because he had known only a rather official wife, the radiant young Emma represented romance. When Sir William realized that he could not do without Emma's company, Greville declared that Emma's education, Emma's progress in refinement could be secured only if she went with Sir William to the embassy at Naples. She was to go as a blend of companion, secretary and ward, as a sort of dubious daughter.



wished to enthrall his uncle, and he enthralled him so much that on the first of September 1790 Sir William carried Emma back to London and made her his wife. Emma at the age of twenty-seven became Lady Hamilton.

The situation in the little kingdom of Naples at this time was peculiar, and the next ten years were epoch-making years in history. They included the French revolution which passed through the Terror, through an orgy of massacre, and at last so tired the French people of slaughter that they handed themselves over to a directorate of five, with whom was associated a great figure, Napoleon Bonaparte. Between him and Nelson (the English Admiral) the struggle was set, because Napoleon radiated into Italy. It was Napoleon therefore who forced upon the kingdom of Naples the necessity of an alliance with England. And since Queen Caroline of Naples had become the intimate friend of Lady Hamilton, it is not strange that Lady Hamilton was able to affect the politics of the world. Thus, in 1798, when Lady Hamilton was thirty-five, Napoleon prepared that attack upon Egypt which should divide the British from their possessions in the east. The expedition was prepared secretly, so secretly, covered by such clever misreporting, that he was able to assemble at Toulon the French fleet that should conquer Egypt. England heard of this too late, and Nelson, sent in pursuit, arrived

at Toulon too late. The French had escaped him, and nowhere was there a port that could provide him with food and water except Naples. So to Naples he went to be confronted with this difficulty: The kingdom of Naples had with France a treaty preventing its giving supplies to more than four British men of war, and here was a vast fleet, here the opportunity of England to win or lose a war. Lady Hamilton had no such scruples as her husband in the matter of treaties. Partly out of patriotism, partly to assert her power, she went to her friend Queen Caroline, and she found in her an enemy of the French. She stormed, she wheeled a woman who was with her in her heart. The British fleet was provided with all it needed, and Nelson sailed south, to the battle of the Nile, one of the greatest battles of history, where he defeated the French.

After the victory came the return of Nelson to Naples with his victorious fleet, to be nursed back to health by Lady Hamilton, to whom he owed his victory.

Thus began the association which was to animate Nelson until his death.

It is well here to give some space to the character of Nelson. He was over forty, and though he was married had had many adventures. A popular sailor, a man of charm and of energy, he had found favor in the eyes of women. Thus he was a match for Emma, but he was no match for her charm. Until then he had dallied, and now he loved. Such glamor as attaches to Lady Hamilton is not her own; it is the passion of Nelson for her which illuminates her memory, a passion which would have been fatal to a smaller man.

Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton had now become intimate friends. When, in 1800, [Turn to page 66]



NELSON WAS A MATCH FOR EMMA, BUT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR HER CHARM

## LADY HAMILTON

BY W. L. GEORGE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

One of a series of stories of the great love heroines of the world by a master analyst of women and also a noted novelist



Curiously enough, Emma parted sadly from Greville, and he had much trouble to persuade her. He seldom answered her letters, or replied coldly as a pedagogue. She is pathetic then, when she writes to Greville:

"I have been from you going on six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much loved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands."

Five years passed at Naples. Sir William, as he grew older, grew fonder, more intoxicated by this lovely childish creature, whose morals corresponded with her spelling. Greville had

# MONSIEUR of the RAINBOW

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

**M**ONSIEUR of the Rainbow—"Monsieur" because of his noble French lineage, "of the Rainbow" because the old man had no choice but to follow his luck—had again lost himself to the highroad. And in the heights of the mountains of southern California two men sought a suitable location for the newest of Supercraft's feature films. This was the film in which Justin Sellard was co-starring the beauteous Mara Thail and the dark and sinister Spaniard, Marcule Ensalez. But more than a location was found by the two scouts: they came upon a mountain fastness which hid from the world a war-wrecked soul and its faithful negro companion. And more, they saw and coveted a marvelous horse, the wild Palermino, which had been tamed by the soul-sick veteran.

THE eastern side of the basin was blue with shadow, the coves and serrated gulches deepening to black. Justin Sellard, standing with palm on elbow, chin in hand, looked at it all with contemplative eyes, lips tender with appreciation.

"I have something to talk about, Mr. Sellard," drawled the handsome actor, Marcule Ensalez, "at your convenience."

"What?"

"A perfect pippin of a horse I saw out yonder yesterday."

"Wild horse?"

"There was man with him."

"Eh? I thought this was a wilderness!"

"I saw a man and a horse, a powerful super-horse!" The director shrugged and turned away toward the more enticing interest of the table.

"I'm fed up on super-horses," he said, "that last black super in Arizona cost me seven thousand dollars damages, not to mention the best rider I ever saw hop a saddle. Good morning Miss Thail, I do not ask how you slept." He laid his hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder. Mara Thail hastened to don her make-up tint and Sellard stood for a moment giving some brief directions to several camera men. And in a little pause that fell for a moment a strange voice cut clear in the still air.

"To what," it said in the thin, high note of anger at the breaking-point, "do I owe this intrusion?" The men whirled instantly. At the corner of the

nearest tent a man stood regarding them from flaiming eyes. A man whose face was white as chalk, a deadly face of hatred and rage. One shoulder sloped a very little below its mate. And behind him stood a little black negro, more grotesque than his master, balancing on his wooden leg. At the first surprised look at these two strangers Marcule Ensalez threw back his head and laughed. It was the mistake of his life, could he have known. But Justin Sellard did not laugh. He saw the white fury of the man's face, recognized its earnestness. Also he saw the worn army clothes. Quietly he came forward.

"Intrusion?" he said in calm voice, "I did not mean it as such!"

"No? Does the world enter a man's dooryard and sit on his front steps unconsciously?"

"We meant, and mean, no harm. We are taking scenes for a motion picture, and, searching for new and rugged location, one of my scouts found this lovely spot. It is ideal."

"But mine!" snapped the stranger like a broken wire.

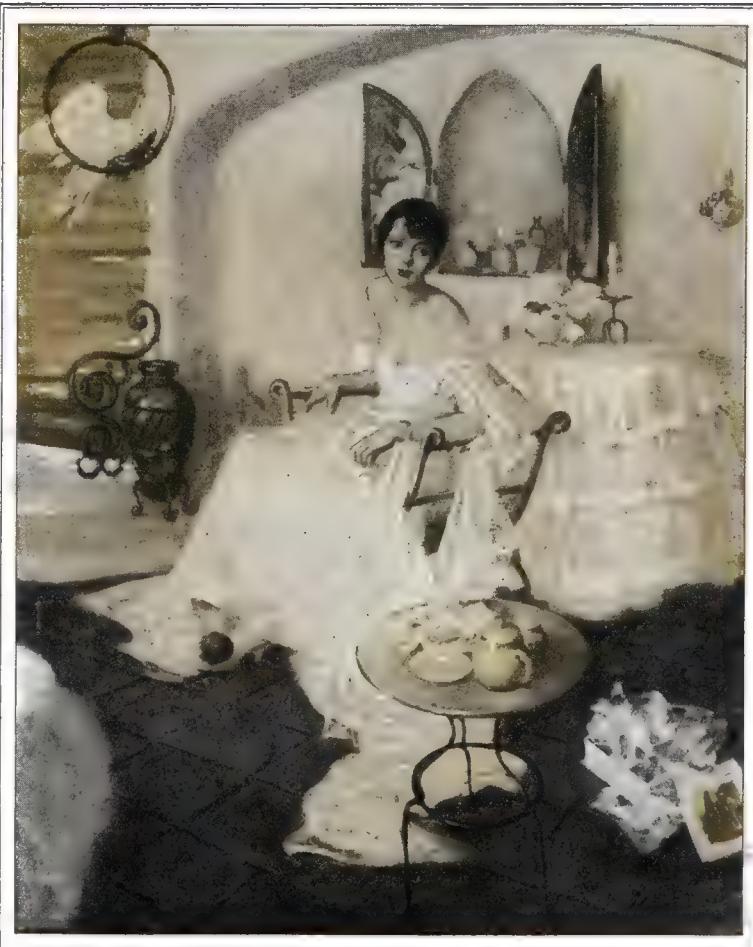
Mr. Sellard smiled in a disarming manner. "Then we transgress and apologise. Do you object to our taking our pictures here?"

A few short years ago the man in the army shirt would have met the courteous words with outstretched hand and eager smile. Now the despairing rage which smouldered always in him flamed senselessly. "Surest thing you know," he said sullenly; "this is my universe, and I intend to keep it. I will take it kindly if you will leave at once."

"Chief," said Ensalez belligerently, "there is no law against photographing the open country. Are you going to let a couple of cripples drive us out before we get our stuff?"

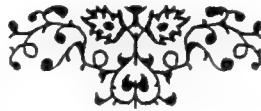
For the first time the ex-soldier turned his flashing glance full upon the actor.

"Marc," said Sellard thinly, "control yourself." Behind his master the small black negro shuffled close.



MARA THAIL, OPENING THE LETTER, FELT A THRILL OF TRUE JOY

Readers are comparing this novel of Miss Roe's to "The Keeper of the Bees," that great work of the beloved Gene Stratton-Porter which was also first given to the world through the pages of McCall's. Like Mrs. Porter's magnificent novel, this is a story of a returned soldier blended with a moving, poignant love theme. You will be the poorer, spiritually, if you miss a single installment of this engrossing narrative of a soul's redemption



The long arms drew up, the wiry shoulders hunched. He crouched with head out-thrust, presenting a startling semblance to an ape aroused. And just then an apparition of unspeakable beauty came round the tent's corner.

"Why—what—!" cried Mara Thail sharply, the glittering rain of her raiment swishing at her sandalled feet with the sudden halt.

Slowly the ex-soldier turned and looked at her. Regal in her gorgeous trappings, glowing with color, shining with youth and health, this woman was enough to stop the average heart for an enchanted second. Now as she gazed

at the stranger with her wide dark eyes, sober and serious, she seemed a creature from another sphere set down in the virgin wilderness. The man stared at her frankly. For an odd, electric space the world narrowed down to these two strangers, gazing for the first time into each others' eyes. The woman was first to recover herself, to move on her sandalled feet, to put a hand to the jewelled bands that ringed her head. The man turned at the movement, looked at Sellard.

"For her sake," he said deliberately, "you're free. The road, the basin, the hills, use them as you wish."

And without another word or glance he turned sharply to swing away. He had forgotten himself! The slow foot caught him unaware and all but threw him headlong to the earth.

"Steady, Sir," said the black man, patiently, "old hup a bit. Right-o—for'ard."

"A Jamaica nigger, as I live!" said Marcule Ensalez, "black as ebony, but English to his boot toes! Toe, I should say, to be entirely correct."

Sarghan heard and turned a black face back across a shoulder. The whites of the eyes were two grotesque half-moons. Justin Sellard could not have told why, but somehow he felt a sinister suggestion.

"I thank you, personally," he said gravely; "we will not abuse the privilege."

THE special scenes for "Kings of the Khyber" went forward splendidly. They saw no more of their strange landlord, and though they knew his cabin must be somewhere to the south they kept strictly to their own side, since Sellard had so requested. Only two people were occupied to any great extent with thoughts apart from the production; Marcule Ensalez, watching the eastern slope for a sight of Palermino moving like a spot of gold, and Mara Thail who had not forgotten the soul she had seen behind the bitter gaze of hard grey eyes.

The owner of those eyes himself was plunged in a sort of savage lethargy from which nothing could rouse him, neither the blandishments of the squirrels nor Sarghan's untiring foolishness. He lay all day in the shade of the trees that flanked the cabin, his head on his arms, and Sarghan could not tell

whether or not he slept. He kept jealously to his own place, not even venturing so far as the garden to see how the pole beans flourished. And one there was who missed him, Palermino, stamping his striped white hoofs and scanning with suspicious eyes the basin where such strange creatures circled and where terrifying fires burned by night. But the man himself, so slowly struggling back to normalcy, had sunk once more beneath the bitter tide of physical humiliation. He had heard himself and his Jamaica nigger called cripples. In the same second he had beheld womanhood at its peak of perfection. The awful gulf between the points of contrast was an appalling thing, a black abyss which there was no bridging, would never be. He had thought himself impervious to this particular barb of life, the thought of love and woman. Now he found himself more hopelessly hurt by it than all the rest.

Five days passed and the motion picture people were on the eve of departure, having "shot" all the available scenery and finished their sequence. It had been a wondrous day. The ex-soldier sat on the bench beside his door looking across the immeasurable distance above the roof of forests far down below.

He smoked and frowned, his elbows on his knees, his chin in one cupped hand. And so it was that a stranger, stepping softly, stood for a long time at the cabin's western corner unobserved. But presently, yielding to that strange influence of eyes upon him, the ex-soldier stirred and moved, took the pipe from his lips and looked across his shoulder. Flushing painfully he rose.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

Mara Thail, slim and modern in her *de luxe* outing clothes, came forward, hand outstretched.

"It is I who should do so," she said, "for you want none of us, and with reason. But I could not go and leave you thinking hard of us, of all of us together. I had to come over for a little visit."

"I am honored," he said simply, "beyond all words." Mara Thail looked at him and smiled. When this woman smiled the beholder scaled ecstatic heights, or plumb abyssal depths, according to his nature. The man with the haggard eyes felt the ground of human hope slide out from under him.

"Do you like my country?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," she nodded, "I am a hill-woman. I have been happy here and I shall go back to the slow warm Autumn of the Southland, as they call Los Angeles, with a better heart for work. You have given me something to take away with me."

She sat quietly, tapping her glove against the top of her trim boot, looking out through the Rip.

"You were in France," she said again presently; "so was I."

"You?" cried the man, "you, in that God-forsaken mess!"

"Two years. Base hospital, back of Ypres. On the Somme, too. I came from there to America." The man on the bench stirred and straightened. Haltingly, with many pauses, he spoke of those awful days, and the woman followed, speaking with a concise clarity which seemed to cover the whole great tragedy.

"It was a frightful mistake of humanity," she said at last as the veils of twilight deepened out across the top of the forest below.

"I do not think of the past unless I cannot help it," she continued. "I look only for the good, happy things. Life is too terribly short for anything else." The man's mouth curved in the habitual look of bitterness.

"To those who came through—whole," he said.

Mara Thail had been waiting for that. In the great kindness of her deep and tender heart she had ached with pity for this maimed creature.

"To every one," she said gently, "there is still the fertile ground of the soul. What's done is done."

"I must be going now," she said, "we leave tomorrow and will make an early start." She smiled into his eyes, her own soft and sweet and beautiful as sunset on her own wild alien hills. In another moment she was walking away around the cabin's corner, and the man stood dumbly watching. With a sudden stifled cry he made to go after her, caught her in the grove.

"Why," he said desperately, "I don't even know your name!"

"Mara Thail," she answered, "and yours—?"

"I am David John Buchanan."

"Good-bye, David John," she said.

Then she was gone into the twilight.

WITH a spangled scarf about her shoulders Mara Thail stood near the stone wall that edged a parapet and looked down on the magic world below. A soft world of shadows in all degrees, of pale amethyst on the jumbling hill-tops, of rosy grey a little deeper down, and of velvet black where the levels lay hidden in night. And spread afar on this table of dusk lay the trailing fabrics that were the lights of Hollywood, of Los Angeles, of Pasadena, and of Sierra Madre. Marculo Ensalez stood close, his shoulder touching hers.

"Wonderful spot," he said musingly, "there isn't another like it in the world. Its sunlight, its blooming groves of citrus, its shining roads and smiling seas, all designed for man's delight."

Miss Thail glanced at him under dreamy lids. It was such moments as these which enchanted her with him, which seemed to belie the habitual cynicism of his manner. At these glimpses of a rare depth in him she found herself justifying his coldness which was usually so apparent and denying the cruelty of the curved lips, the thin nostrils. And yet there was a fire in him, a terrible fire. She had seen it flame once or twice in her knowledge of him. She sometimes questioned herself about this tendency to excuse and justify him. Why should she do so? Was it because she understood him more than the rest, that she saw the youth of his soul, and within her the potential motherhood of universal woman yearned above all? At any rate he was the most beautiful person she knew; but Mara Thail was not a devotee to beauty to the detriment of calm judgment. The shoulder touching hers moved ever so slightly, but with that little change the man himself came closer into her consciousness.

"How long?" he said half whispering, "how long are you going to hold me captive, tied to your chariot wheels? You know that the heart of me drags in the dust!"

In spite of herself the woman thrilled.

"Foolish!" she said, "don't be theatrical. We get enough of that in the daily grind."

Ensalez flung an arm about her, pulled her head against his breast. She felt his lips burn on her cheek, the bone beneath the flesh cried out against their pressure. This was fire again, maddening, tinged with brutality.

"You call me foolish?" he cried, "take care you have no reason to call me mad!" Angered, Mara Thail drew away

from him, wiped her cheek with the end of her spangled scarf.

"I do so now!" she said, "you, or any man, are mad to force me! If you had asked for that I'd have given it to you, I think, but to bruise my face! You revolt me, Marc."

Instantly the man dropped on his knee beside her. He was a repentant boy, the youth of his humbled head pulling at her heart strings.

"Come on, get up," she said, "we'll call it quits, my dear. I'm a thousand years your senior. Here, take a kiss for a peace-offering."

Buchanan looked at the same stars wheeling in the vault, and the bitterness was rampant in him like a flood of aloe sap. Ever since he had looked upon Mara Thail in her glorious perfection he had felt the hopelessness of the struggle. He had looked too late upon the one woman in all the universe. Added to the bodily shame that ate him with every halting move there was the poignant ache of loss that was never gain.

It was two by the nickle clock on the cabin shelf when Sarghan, grotesque in white cotton pajamas, came softly to the door. "Buck," he said plaintively, "Hi do wish you'd retire. Hi 'aven't ad a wink."

The master rose, laid his cold pipe in its accustomed place on the window ledge and went indoors.

"Sarghan," he said one day some two weeks later, "you'd better give Billy a heavy feed tonight. I think I'll ride down tomorrow. The smokes are pretty low in the old can, and the coffee's out, you say?"

"Right-o, sir."

So, before day, in the pale blue mountain dawn, the man with the slow foot rode down the canyon where the mysterious voices of the silence whispered between the crags, and snow waters trickled under foot. The slight slope of the shoulder was less apparent; he rode with the straight back and graceful seat of the born horseman. For twelve miles his way led down this great pass that gave from the High Sierras to the plain. Eight miles farther down he came to the small town which was his trading post, his point of contact with the world he had forsaken.

The luxury of a hotel room appealed to him with a wistful memory, for he was weary too. He was also hungry but he shrank from the ordeal of entering a room where women dined, with his well-worn clothes and halting gait. So he rested for a while, stretched on the clean trim bed, his hands under his head, a feeling of comfort pervading him. It had been long since he had experienced so certain a sense of sweetness, as if some good thing were about to happen to him. And so, presently, he rose and made himself as neat as his garments would permit, descended to the modest dining-room where all were welcome after the fashion of a foothill town, and ate a meal in company with his kind. More than one woman in the place looked at his tragic face with guarded eyes of pity. Twilight passed while he was at his meal and the soft dark summer night lay over the earth like a blanket. A little way beyond, across the way, a local theatre flung its fan-fare of effulgence out upon the dusk. Fathers and mothers with innumerable off-spring, young men and maidens, a sprinkling of attendants, were gathering into its doors, early as it was. Motion pictures—they had meant little to him. There had been a time in France when he had sat,

hungry-hearted with the rank-and-file of his comrades, to watch them avidly. He had not cared for them since. Now, however, there was about them subtle interest. He stood debating whether or not to go over.

For some time his gaze had been focused without conscious sight upon a figure standing before the easel-like bill-board which carried the evening's offering of play and players. This was an odd figure, a veritable caricature of a man, slight to the point of emaciation, and uncovered head shining like silver in the glaring light. He stood very erect, one hand, palm up, holding a disreputable hat, the other occupied with a very small dog whose frizzly and apologetic tail stuck out behind. Other canines brought up the rear in solemn fashion, and between the bearing of the absurd group and its actual status there was a wide and laughable gap.

For the first time in months a smile pulled at the corners of David's unaccustomed lips and he shuffled from the curb to limp across the street. Close beside Monsieur Bon Coeur, Buchanan stopped.

"Bo' jou'," he said—and to save his life he could not have told why he thus accosted a strange old tramp in the tongue he had learned in the trenches. The effect was galvanic. Monsieur whirled as on a pivot, so that his coat-tails stood out from their wasp-waist-line and the puppy's feet waved wildly for balance.

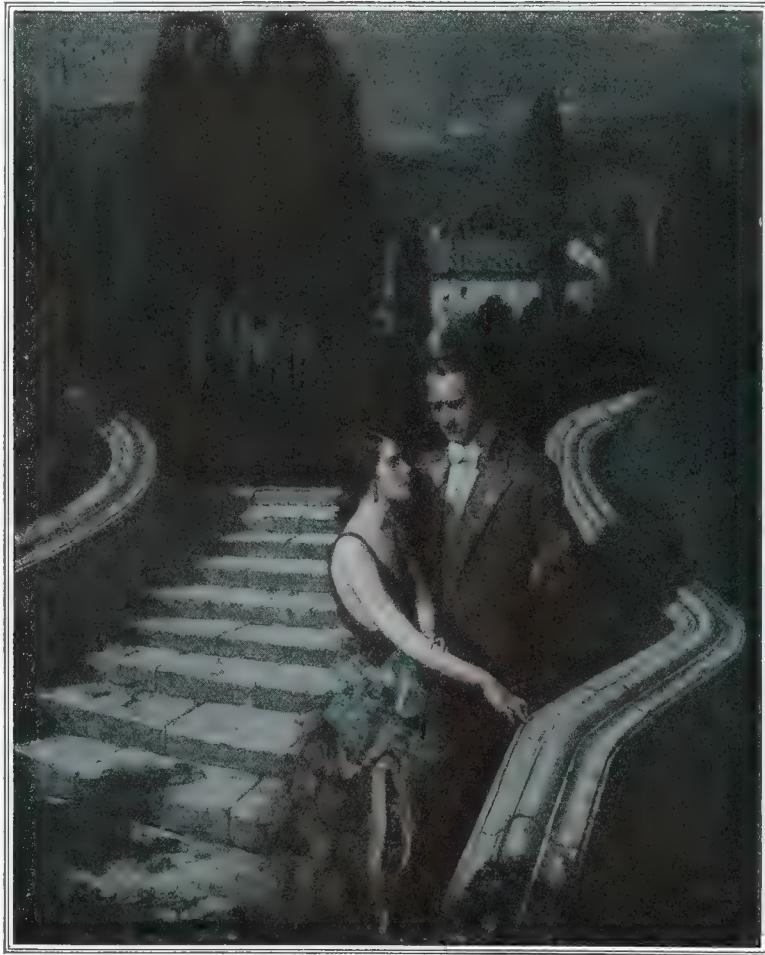
"Amour de Dieu!" he cried. "Ze French!"

"I beg your pardon," the other said gravely, "I don't know why I spoke to you."

But Monsieur, looking close in his thin face, marvelled. To Monsieur's eager perceptions this face, thrust so suddenly upon his vision, was written plain in script of the soul, and it was tragic. A lean face, starved and bitter, pathetic as a child's. It went at once to the tender heart beneath the ancient coat. Monsieur Bon Coeur shifted the hat, laid a fine hand on Buchanan's sleeve.

"I am compliment, M'sieu," he said, "thees garment—ites that khaki w'ich pour to my countree in her need—wich tell all France 'La Fayette, we are here! I salute eet!"

And, puppy and all, the speaker suited the action to the



"YOU KNOW," HE SAID, "THAT THE HEART OF ME DRAGS IN THE DUST!"



She kissed him lightly on the lips and the next moment Ensalez had leaped to his feet, folded her in his arms and kissed her with such passion from brow to throat and back again as left her gasping.

"I'll swear," she said frowning when she had regained her breath, "I thought I understood you, but I don't."

"No!" he shot out breathlessly, "I'll say you don't! Nobody does! And I get what I go after, Mara. Never forget that."

"Old stuff," she said coldly, "and now I think you'd best go home, my friend. I've had quite enough for one day."

Ensalez bowed, turned on his heel and went. Long after his footsteps had died away through the patio and the silent house beyond, she leaned against the stucco wall in the purple dark and looked down at the lighted land below and far away. For some inexplicable reason there had come into her mind the memory of that other twilight some weeks back, of the face of the man who laid his pipe on the cabin's ledge with hands that shook with some inner turmoil. She saw again the grave grey eyes, sick unto death with savage pride, and loneliness. This man had been handsome once, she was sure of that. In those thrilling days of khaki, say, when the streets were full of marching feet. He had been straight then, of course. She could vision him swinging with the column, and his face would be transfigured. And in his face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look. He was just a broken soldier, an empty frame he had said. In bitterness, a thwarted wreck of human ambitions, hopes, desires and potentialities. A profound pity lay deep in her heart for him.

That very night, high in his mountain basin, David John

word in such a genuflection as stopped the passers-by with wondering stares or amused laughter according to their natures. Embarrassed beyond words David Buchanan turned his back to the crowd, but swiftly as he could, he brought his heels together, raised his sagging shoulder, and his right hand flashed to his hat-brim. He was once again a soldier as he answered that salute.

Monsieur's eyes were sparkling. Once more he heard the thud of feet beside the Arc de Triomphe.

"Ze grand worl', M'sieu," he said happily, "ees so full of fine theengs! Those ver' fine theengs w'ich have to do wiz ze spirit—ze hero fighting for his colors—ze—ze woman who ees behin' ze colors—al-ways." And, as if he could not help it, humbly, reverently, the old man swept his free hand toward the bill-board on its easel. Buchanan turned his head. The glorious face of Mara Thail in all its dusky beauty looked gravely at him from the poster. The thrill that shot through him from head to foot was so sharp, so actually painful, as to leave him with the weak, drained feeling of physical shock. Then he turned on his heel and went away as swiftly as was possible.

The eager blue eyes of the old man followed him, filled with acute distress. What had he said? Instantly the exciting joy was gone from the hour; Monsieur was in the depths. The face of the one woman in the universe had lost its domination. He, Monsieur Bon Coeur, had hurt a heart already burdened with an age-old grief! He turned sadly away to make his way to the town's outskirts.

It was a pity that he did not wait, for the man with the slow foot and the haggard eyes came back, bought a ticket at the window and went in. The picture was unfortunate, a tale of war, and Buchanan sat with wet brow and tight-shut hands throughout its performance. Only the face of the woman shining through it held him there. He saw her as a care-free girl, then as an anxious sweetheart, a heroine of the back-line, and finally as the courageous, calm wife who stood by till the bitter end.

When he left the theatre he was shaking in every nerve, sick to his foundations, but there was burning in him a fire which puzzled him. He walked in the night, frowning, and was conscious of the bitterest revolt against his fate that he had ever known. The eyes of Mara Thail, the lips of her, the oval contour of her face, these filled him with a physical hunger which he had thought conquered. The sweetness of her glance, the earnestness, the kindly understanding, these went down into his empty heart and filled it with spiritual longing. He had not known before how much alone he was. Nor how likely he was to be alone forever.

"Fool!" he muttered, "whining fool! Stand to your guns."

HE was abroad early in the morning, making his purchases with the opening of the stores, seeing to his horse, getting ready for the back trail to his solitude. He did all this on foot, for he would not mount in the public eye. That was a careful process which galled him to the bone. So, with his saddle-bags on his shoulder, he went last to the post-office for the scant mail that was sometimes there, a letter from his sister back in Idaho, two copies of monthly magazine, a catalogue of seeds. These he stowed away while the man at the window held one more letter for a re-survey.

"David John Buchanan," he read, "that you? Usually comes under one initial, don't it?"

Buchanan nodded. The clerk laid down a square white envelope, thick and satiny, its superscription written in a firm clear hand, bold yet delicate, unmistakably a woman's. With the first swift glance at it the sharp thrill struck to his heart. The script blurred to his vision suddenly, his hands felt cold and damp. In a strange inner tumult he took it and walked out of the building. He knew as certainly as though he had read it that it came from the woman who had filled his thoughts to the exclusion of all else for a fortnight. He put it in the pocket of his shirt with trembling fingers, buttoned the flap securely and went directly to the stable. A tightness persisted in his throat.

Billy, tough little cow-horse, was fresh as the day. He took the road at a running walk and with no guidance from his master's hand turned to the east at the town's fringe. That master was the prey of two emotions, two desires. One was to snatch that missive from his pocket and devour its contents. The other was to tear it to ribbons unread. So he rode ahead into the blithe morning and did neither.

Where the streets gave way to the country road an automobile was parked by the way. It was a *de luxe* affair, long, low, high-powered. A young man stood by its running board, while another sat with his back to the road, his face buried in a newspaper. As David Buchanan came abreast of this equipage he cast a casual glance at it and rode on. Several rods beyond the youth hailed him, came sauntering toward him. There was a bold surety about him.

"Good morning," he said, "fine large day."

Buchanan nodded.

"Come down from the hills?" asked the other.

The man on the horse nodded again, coolly.

"Way up? Head of the canyon?"

"Yes."

"Ah, round basin, sort of rugged kind of country?"

"Just what are you driving at?" asked Buchanan. "Atta boy!" grinned the other, "get down to the moment! Be yourself. Circumlocution is wasted energy: Whatta mean is this. You've got something up there, unless I'm misinformed, that's valuable. Maybe more valuable than you dream. I represent market."

"Come through," said Buchanan sharply, "what sort of market—for what?"

"Pictures," said the boy briefly, "horses."

"Horses? I have no horses, only this—." The grey eyes under the tilted hat-brim narrowed.

"There's a yellow horse up there," said the other, "which would go fairly fine in the films, owing to its color. What will you take for it?"

Buchanan sat back in his saddle.

"I'll take," he said thinly, "a rifle to the first butt-in that comes up my pass!"

And he lifted his reins and swung away at a lop that startled his horse to unaccustomed action. Presently he heard the long car roar, shift its gears and come sliding after him. It whirled around, swung across the road. The sleek youth was alone in it. Buchanan looked back. The man who had occupied it a moment before sat calmly on the low bank lost in his paper.

"Look here," said the boy swinging his shiny boot out the open door, "we know you don't own this yellow horse—but we don't want any trouble with that it's a wild horse."



"I SAW A MAN ON A BEAUTIFUL HORSE, A POWERFUL, SUPER-HORSE!"



you, seeing it runs sometimes on your land. Therefore we make you a fair offer—offer to pay you for it, just as if you did own it!"

"Will you get out of my way?" said Buchanan grimly, "or must I make good?"

His right hand groped for the saddle-bag behind him. The other man reached for his gear-shift.

"As you please," he said, airily; "but just remember that we offered you a square deal. What we go after we usually get."

"Zat, M'sieu, ees a bare-faced threat!" said a gentle voice instinct with indignation, "an' I am, as you see, a witness."

At your service, Monsieur!" And the speaker, rising like a ragged spectre from the willows by the road, bowed haughtily.

The boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter.

"Great Pete, Rip Van Winkle!" he cried, "what a witness you would make!" And though he did not know it, he spoke with profound prophecy.

Buchanan looked down at his friend of the sign-board. Blanket-roll, music-box, walking-stick and all, down to the sedate old collie, the shepherd mother and her pup, they were the same.

"Thanks, my friend," he said.

The car shot away in a cloud of dust, stopped for a second to pick up the man beside the road, and was gone. Buchanan smiled a little grimly.

"We never know," he said, "do we, what disaster waits round the next corner?"

"Nor what rainbows, M'sieu!" cried Monsieur brightly, "Never forget ze rainbows!"

*Rainbows!* There was one now in the pocket of the man in the saddle, resting on his heart like a pot of gold! A fair, bright promise, alluring as the bow beyond the rain, as tremulous, ephemeral, and uncertain. For the second time in twenty-four hours a smile pulled at his bitter lips because of this ridiculous little old vagabond with the airs of a courtier.

"Where are you going, friend? You and your—rainbows?" he asked whimsically.

Instantly Monsieur Bon Coeur flushed and straightened. "To ze rainbow's foot," he said with dignity.

"Forgive me," Buchanan said.

"Gladly, M'sieu," said the old man.

"It would seem that those who have all the world are never satisfied," said Buchanan grimly.

"Like ze greedy child," cried Monsieur indignantly, "have all—take all. Zis equine of ze yellow coat, M'sieu—it ees your own?" "My only interest in a lonely world, a wild horse and mine only because I've tamed him. But in the code of the wilderness that constitutes possession."

"I see. Quite plainly. An' ze young man of ze fresh demeanor he would have this horse?"

"For the pictures, yes. But he'll never get him."

"Non! Nevar! We will fight to ze last ditch, M'sieu! Thees is nozzing less zan outrage!"

The Vandyke beard was quivering. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, Monsieur had identified himself with the issue. The man before him needed hope, for he had lost it. Somewhere in the shuffle of life he had become separated from all desire to live. Monsieur knew that as truly as though the man had told him. He knew, too, that he would not live, save and except for the fact that he was too brave to die. He looked up anxiously.

"In case," he said diffidently, "I could be of service, M'sieu? I heard ze boast, ze threat—"

Buchanan, thinking deeply, came out of his abstraction.

"Sure you did," he said, "and some day you may be invaluable to me. Where could I find you?" It was an unfortunate request. A red flood came up under the delicate skin. For a moment the eager old eyes flickered. Then Monsieur Bon Coeur snapped his fingers airily, waved a hand grandiloquently at the universe at large.

"At ze rainbow's foot, M'sieu," he said, "is my home address!"

David Buchanan flung back his head and laughed, true laughter that rang in the summer air. The unaccustomed sound shocked his own ears. He leaned down and put a firm hand on the thin old shoulder beneath his precious coat. "I know just where that is," he said, grinning, "it's right in the middle of my cabin straight up in those hills! Will you come home with me?"

Could you beat it? Just could you! Here was Monsieur, aching for contact with this broken derelict, invited to his hearth-stone!

"If you will have ze kindness to wait one moment, M'sieu," he said with dignity, "until I collect my belongings. I shall be ver' pleased to accept ziz unexpected hospitality."

That was a strange journey with its oddly-assorted fellow-travelers, and it took the best part of two days, since Monsieur Bon Coeur would not listen to any ride-and-tie arrangement. They camped that night high in the pass where the widening walls gave room to a grassy glade. David John Buchanan slept heavily, but though that slumber, deep as it was, he was vaguely conscious of a lump beneath his breast, his right hand clutched tight upon the pocket which held the envelope. For three days David Buchanan carried that missive, unopened. Fierce emotions whipped him. This woman with the unspeakable beauty, the deep eyes of passion and understanding—what could she possibly have to say to him, the maimed by-stander at the game of life? Pity, perhaps. Yes, that was it. And he wanted none of it. There could be no other point of contact between them.

So he decided to destroy the letter and think no more about it; he even took it in sacrificial hands [Turn to page 63]

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

\*\*\*\*\* THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES \*\*\*\*\*



SCENE NEAR EAST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON, A DANGER POINT IN BRITISH STRIKE



CROWDS SEEK OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY BRITISH GOVT. DURING STRIKE

## THE GENERAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN

### AS AN AMERICAN MAN SEES IT

By

COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

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*Do you understand the real roots of the great British General Strike? Here are interpretations of it by Colonel House and by Dean Helen Taft Manning. They constitute the most enlightened of American comment upon this great news event.*

### AS AN AMERICAN WOMAN SEES IT

By HELEN TAFT MANNING, PH. D.

DEAN OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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THE industrial disturbance that Great Britain has gone through was not an inheritance left by the World War, but rather a renewal and termination of pre-war conditions and purposes. Had the war not come in 1914 it is probable that a general strike would have occurred in the spring or summer of 1915. Preparations were being made for it, and it is doubtful if it could have been averted in any way other than by the disaster of the Great War. Therefore the struggle which the labor unions precipitated early in May was merely a culmination of a long time determination to come to a final battle with the wage making powers.

That the strike was doomed to failure was evident to impartial observers, for the means taken were too drastic, too revolutionary to appeal to so unemotional a race as the law-abiding English. Then, too, the consequences of a long drawn out contest, and to be successful it must of necessity be of long duration, would entail more inconvenience, more suffering to the general public than it would willingly bear, even though sympathy at the beginning might be with the strikers. Therefore the general strike seems to have harmed rather than helped to rectify the grievances of the coal miners in whose behalf it was brought.

The fundamental problem in the coal mining industry seems to go deeper than the question of wages. The controversies have arisen largely from the insistence of the mine owners to continue mining certain pits that cannot compete with the mines where the coal is more accessible and where modern machinery is used.

The entire question of mining coal is one of vital importance not alone to Great Britain but to the entire world. Coal is the main source of industrial power, and its cost enters into the price of production everywhere. The manufacturers living in a country where coal can be produced cheaply have an initial advantage over their competitors. Therefore a considerable raise in wages must of necessity disturb industry. But there is another side to the question, and that is the human side. Wherever investigations have been made by intelligent and impartial men, the reports have usually been in favor of the miners as far as recommendations for better and more healthful mining conditions are concerned, and usually recommendations have been made for increased wages. If it is argued that increased wages dislocate industry the answer is why should the miner be required to carry the rest of the community on his back.

Some just arrangement should be brought about, but it is a complex question and requires wisdom, a sense of fairness and involves, in no small degree, disinterested statesmanship.

Great Britain was not a good place to try out the efficacy of a general strike as an aid to a particular strike, even

though it is a highly unionized country. There is something in the make up of the English people that does not take kindly to revolutionary methods. Neither has the aftermath of the Great War been conducive to such an experiment. The Russian Revolution has fallen like a shadow over Europe, and no one wants anything akin to what has happened there. In the effort to get away from it, the world has leaned to the right, and where Communism threatened, conservative dictatorship has been preferred. In consequence, many governments have drifted away from Democracy. For this reason the eyes of the world were fastened upon Great Britain during the strike. She was passing through a test which was of vital interest to all. If Great Britain had been forced to yield to the strikers, something similar to a direct government would have been the natural result, and it would not have been long before other tests would have been made in other countries and no government would have been secure.

Since Cromwell's time the English have exercised a most beneficial influence for liberty of thought and person, and for a wholesome civilization. Honest, courageous, tenacious of purpose, though slow to move to the quickening impulse of modern thought, they are of all peoples the most trusted, disliked and admired. Their qualities, be they good or bad, are so pronounced that they grind through the consciousness of less virile breeds and dominate them. Unhappy those coming within the orbit of their activities who fail to understand them, for of all peoples they are the most self depreciatory. To hear them grumble and criticize one another, and to hearken to the estimate they give of conditions existing in England, is misleading to any save those who understand them. Germany made the disastrous mistake of underestimating them—a mistake which it will take centuries to repair. Loath to enter the war, when once in they fought with that grim determination characteristic of the race.

And as she met the war so she met the general strike—calmly and with inflexible determination and courage. There were no heroics, no lawlessness, no appeal to outside sympathy. They did not minimize the task. They realized that a crisis had come in their domestic affairs which had to be reckoned with, and they did not shrink from it. That is the English way. That is why Great Britain and her brood of Dominions hold the esteem and admiration of the entire world.

THE general strike in Great Britain has been settled, and affairs in that country may not occupy much of our attention during the next few months. Yet I think that before turning from what might have been one of the worst catastrophes of our day Americans ought to consider the conditions which led up to it. There is danger that being preoccupied with the rights and wrongs of the strike we may not realize how great were the difficulties which England faced and how bravely the nation as a whole met them. While some individuals may well have deserved criticism I believe that we ought to recognize clearly that the situation in England was and still is one that calls not for our blame but for our whole-hearted sympathy.

The English are not accustomed to ask for help or pity from their neighbors; they have always succeeded in taking care of their own problems and it doesn't occur to them to explain their troubles to all the world. That is probably how it happens that we Americans who are usually overflowing with generosity for sufferers in other lands have known comparatively little about conditions in England until the recent events called them forcibly to our attention.

The plain truth of the matter is that since the war most British industries have not been prosperous enough to provide a livelihood for the workers who were formerly dependent on them. In the hundred and fifty years before 1914 an enormous population grew up in the British Isles which was supported by the steady growth of the British mines and factories and shipyards. But her prosperity had been largely due to her control of markets in other parts of the world, and the four years of war for a variety of reasons played havoc with her foreign export trade. Other countries learned to build their own ships; oil took the place of British coal in many enterprises. Since 1919 there have never been less than a million men out of work in Great Britain and they and their families have been supported by the British taxpayer. The wages of those who could still find work have been higher than in many European countries, but so has the cost of living; they have been much lower than wages in the United States.

The crisis came when it was proposed to reduce wages in the coal industry on the ground that it was impossible to operate the mines unless a cut were made. The mine owners announced that the best paid of the miners should receive approximately eleven dollars a week, and many were to receive considerably less. Now eleven dollars a week is scarcely more sufficient to feed and clothe a man and his wife and children in England than it is here. British workers in other industries believed that this was a first step towards a general reduction of wages. We may think that they were foolish and misguided to resort

[Turn to page 87]

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK

REVIEWED BY  
LAURENCE STALLINGS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

**S**HERWOOD Anderson's *Notebook* is no great and immortal revelation of a writer's soul. But it is a fine approach to the man who wrote "Winesburg, O." and "The Triumph of the Egg," and "Dark Laughter." It is the nearest approach to this American writer, who—and this is unfortunate—is largely unread by millions who read this magazine.

In this book Anderson sometimes discusses himself as an artist, and, at others, as a tramp preacher going about America exhorting the commonplace people to kick the commonplace in the face.

Anderson, true and original American, is still writing in that simple, terrific style of his that sears and burns. He still goes about America, looking for the heroes of the popular novel, the popular play, the popular movie; and he has yet to find any community where such dummies live or have ever lived.

"After all," says Anderson in his notebook, "there are human men and women in America."

Anderson ought to know.

No other contemporary writer has made so many American "human men and women" come alive in fiction as has he.

In "Winesburg, O." that short and remarkable book of characters, which is now available for 95 cents in the Modern Library, humanity was his field.

None has better right than Anderson to know factory hands, stable men, tenement dwellers, farm drudges, river bullies, boarders, bums, failures. He has always written of common people, of unfortunates, of the great masses of humanity, and he has usually sought to show underneath the drab covering of their lives some sort of hidden and powerful beauty of life.

It has cost Anderson something, to do this. He has been called all sorts of names, by writers who long ago may have had such ambitions.

Anderson has never won to popularity, but he has never lied about "the human men and women in America" and he has never written a cheap book.

The present notebook has some pleasurable reading in it. There is a sketch of New Orleans friends beautifully done, and a recollection of forgotten days in a coal mine.

But mostly the notebook is filled with introspective things such as "When the Writer Talks" and "Notes out of a Man's Life" and "Notes on Standardization" in which Anderson is at his old game of actually discussing America while pretending to discuss himself.

Above all, there is "A Note on Realism" which explains, I suppose as well as any writer can explain his own work, why Sherwood Anderson, choosing his friend of commonplace people, has never won to popular success.

It is plain to me anyway that a fellow such as Anderson will never be read a great amount in his lifetime. Anderson is the man who has to be crucified before his voice is heard.

Writing of the America he knows and loves, he is vilified by most of his brother writers: those gents who insist that the good old things, the sweet, simple things, are best; insist, that is, from the Rose Suite at the Hotel Whitehall at Palm Beach.

Meanwhile, Anderson, as he confesses in his notebook, is going about the country lecturing, in hopes of earning enough to buy a hill farm, with some flowering bushes around the house. He confesses to want popularity, which has passed him by, and all because he has never written about dummies.

Sherwood Anderson's *Notebook*—\$2.50  
Boni and Liveright, New York City.



RAQUEL MELLER

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

RAQUEL MELLER

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

AT MRS. BEAM'S  
BY C. K. MUNRO

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG



LYNN FONTANNE

**T**HEY call her everything from Miller to Mélée. She herself pronounces it Mel-lair. She is a young Spanish woman of great beauty of face and figure, with two of the most dazzling and expressive eyes that any human has so far been privileged to possess. She sings the songs of her native land, and after achieving sensational successes at home and in Paris music halls she arrived on these shores amid a blaze of gaudy publicity that made the late visit of the Prince of Wales seem almost furtive by comparison.

The unknown who springs into fame overnight always arouses friendly interest; but some one ought to have a sympathetic word for the celebrity whose reputation has preceded him—or her—and who comes among strangers, staggering under the burden of his host's expectations. Senorita Raquel Meller faced a difficult task. As if the belloows and hossannas that preceded her arrival were not enough, she was required to make her American débüt in the Empire Theatre, redolent with memories of Charles Frohman and Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams, and tickets for her opening performance cost the unheard-of sum of twenty-five dollars apiece. Under the circumstances, with many of her auditors virtually daring her to be worth the price of admission, the success of her New York appearance may safely be reckoned a triumph against heavy odds.

There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the exact category under which to place Senorita Meller and her entertainment. Some of her commentators have proclaimed her a great singer, ranking her with Feodor Chaliapin and Emma Calvé, while the opposing camp announces that she is no singer at all, but a great actress, comparable with Duse and Bernhardt. Neither estimate seems wholly exact.

Senorita Meller certainly possesses [Turn to page 87]



JEAN CADELL AS MISS SHOE AND LYNN FONTANNE AS LAURA IN "AT MRS. BEAM'S"

**T**HE play that the Theatre Guild have chosen as the last of their season is an English comedy by Mr. C. K. Munro. *At Mrs. Beam's* had a long and triumphant run in London, and the reports of travellers and the recent publication of the play (Alfred Knopf) have already made it well-known on this side of the ocean.

Mr. Munro has written a comedy of characters, traditional types, and numberless details of their foibles and their relations among themselves as they are thrown together in that boarding-house at Notting Hill Gate, London. But though so much of the play's delight lies in these persons and humors, the story too has a good, strong line to it. What happens in *At Mrs. Beam's* is quite as entertaining as the characters and the world that make it happen.

We see Miss Shoe as the center of things in Mrs. Beam's drawing-room. She is a lean spinster who meddles in every one's affairs, puts her nose into everything; she is egotistical, officious, gossipy, rattle-brained and sentimental. Around her sit an old Irish woman, Mrs. Bebb and her son, whose only ability consists in turning on the gramophone, a deaf old lady, Miss Cheeze, moth-eaten Mr. Durrows and two or three other lodgers. Into the house there have lately come two young people of whom Miss Shoe thinks the worst. Mr. Dermott and Laura they are, and he, Miss Shoe believes, after a thorough reading of the newspapers, is no other than the Bluebeard about whom all Paris is talking, a man who has killed thirty-nine wives and is even reported to have eaten them. The young woman is doubtless to be the next victim, and what is to be done about it all?

The second act is in the couple's bedroom. Mr. Dermott sits making out passport application papers. He finds it hard because Laura will not let him give his mind to it, because their profession is really thieving, because Laura does not know who her father was. Laura is a South American Creole, pretty, lovable and pathetic like a child, spoiled, impish, jealous. She lolls about, looks out of the window at the churches, at a child across the way, at anything that will amuse her. She quarrels with Dermott, they throw things, knock the table over, and in the midst of the hubbub Miss Shoe pops her head in the door, as of course she would, presumably to ask the loan of some coals.

In the third act Laura confesses to Miss Shoe how cruelly her husband treats her, and, at length confesses also, and pitifully indeed, that there has been no marriage at all. This confidence Miss Shoe shares promptly with the household, and Mrs. Beam requests the departure of the gay newcomers, which is what they were after, a pretext for leaving abruptly. Mr. Dermott holds the lodgers in the drawing-room with illustrations of Bluebeard's tactics, while Laura slips away in a cab. He goes only a moment before the police telephone in their search for two famous thieves and the lodgers find that they have been robbed of all their treasures. But they are all such a sorry, crotchety lot that nobody could mind seeing them outwitted by that charming pair, and so the play's ending is happy and engaging.

Miss Jean Cadell has come over from London and repeated her success in the part of Miss Shoe. If you see her performance you can never forget that roving, busy eye, that foolish voice, that incessant chatter, that pious nuisance and flutter that she creates. The picture of the two thieves and their relation to each other, a mingling of good fellowship, fascination and jealousy, is finely achieved by the dramatist and even more finely played by Mr. Alred Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne. Miss Fontanne as Laura steps a long way forward in her career, and gives us a performance of remarkable brilliance and magnetism as well as charm. For people who love humorous character studies, a friendly, keen wit, a droll atmosphere and a good ensemble of actors this entire event is delightful.

## THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

### dictatorship

By

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G.

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THE internal politics of Greece do not as a rule interest the outside world. For a time, during and immediately after the Great War, the genius and personality of a single man—Venizelos, himself a Cretan—brought her into prominence on the international stage. Greece was aggrandised in many directions: her ambitions unhappily developed beyond her powers; and she suffered in time a severe setback. The Monarchy disappeared: a Republic took its place. But without retracing the ups and downs of her external fortunes, I am, for the moment, concerned with a feature in her recent history which is of more than local interest.

A year ago, a former War Minister, General Pangalos, at the head of a handful of officers and men, seized the Capital, and expelled the Coalition Cabinet which was then in office. In the course of a few months he dissolved Parliament, proclaimed himself Dictator, banished the leading politicians, and became a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. After a farcical plebiscite, which was boycotted by the Parliamentarians, he has been elected, and whatever the future may have in store, Greece is, for the time being, in the hands, and indeed under the heel, of a Dictator.

The incident would hardly be worth dwelling upon if it were merely an episode in the chequered history of the most politically volatile of the European nations. But if it is taken in conjunction with what has happened during the last few years in two of the larger and more important Mediterranean States—Italy and Spain—it may have more than a passing significance. In both countries Parliamentary Government is in abeyance, if, indeed, it has not ceased to exist; and the so-called Parliaments, when they are called upon to meet, are in effect little more than Registry Offices for the decrees, Legislative or Executive, of the Dictator. They have even lost the privilege, or, at any rate, the practice, of free debate. Are we then witnessing the first stages in the break-up of the Parliamentary system, which had its cradle in England, and which, except where—as in the United States—a Federal form of Government prevails, has been regarded throughout the world as the crowning achievement and the indispensable safeguard of Democracy?

Mr. Arnold Toynbee, in his admirable and suggestive Summary, "The World after the Peace Conference" (1925), remarks that "while Parliamentary Government in 1920 was possibly receiving greater lip-service than ever before, there was a noticeable diminution in its actual prestige in almost every country where it was officially established." . . . "This weakness," he adds, "would naturally be most pronounced in those countries . . . in which Parliamentarianism was an exotic plant of recent growth." Italy was one of those countries and though ostensibly there is nothing in common between the aims of Facism and Bolshevism, yet the *Fasci*, which sprang up during the War, "might be described as inverted or bourgeois Soviets," in so far as both repudiate parliamentary methods in favor of the "direct action of physical force."

As far back as 1847, Disraeli put into the mouth of his hero, Tancred, who was leaving England for Palestine to "penetrate the great Asian Mystery," the words which follow: "I go to a land that has never been blessed by that fatal drolley called a Representative Government." Disraeli spent almost the whole of his public life in the House of Commons, and though himself an "exotic" among Englishmen, assimilated its atmosphere, mastered its moods, and is justly reckoned among the greatest of Parliamentarians. But it is probable that he never wholly abandoned the creed of his younger days (set forth in "Coningsby")—that Parliamentary institutions are a passing phase in the evolution of free government. The alternative to which he looked was not the creation of a Dictatorship, but the revival of the power of the Crown: "A Monarchy, established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local Government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual Press." (It will be observed that there is no room here for a House of Commons.) We should then have "a polity adapted to our laws, our institutions, our feelings, our manners, our tradition." This may seem to be, and indeed is, pure fantasy, but it was the dream of a man of genius, if genius can be properly described as a "zig-zag streak of lightning in the brain."

It is not upon these lines that the process of superseding Parliamentary Government has, so far at any rate, proceeded. The two most important of the three countries, which have [Turn to page 87]



REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

### THE GREAT LOYALTIES

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D.

WHILE others have been talking about the Community Church, Dr. Shutter has made his Church a Community Church in fact—a pioneer in all efforts for the public welfare, a champion of great humane causes. Out of a long and rich life he speaks of *The Great Loyalties*, taking for his text the words of Ezra III:1 "*The people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem.*" "After a long exile in an alien land," said Dr. Shutter, "the people gathered to build the walls and temple of the Holy City, which had lived as a memory and a dream in their hearts. When freedom came they assembled, and the record reads: 'The walls were built, because the people had a mind to work.' These old builders were led by certain Great Loyalties, and the same fidelities must hold us to our task of building the Holy City on earth.

"One of the hardest things in the history of Christianity," Dr. Shutter continues, "has been to get the Church to attend strictly to its own business—a business different from any other under the sun. That business is to redeem human life from animalism and despair and to put a new spirit into all the work of man. In short, it is to preach the gospel of the Love of God and the sonship of man, and to cultivate the finest of all arts—the art of doing good."

Here is the secret of his long ministry; he has kept the Church with single-hearted devotion to its task, not allowing it to be diverted by any claim or clamor. In the midst of change he has been loyal to the abiding realities. He has no sympathy with the radicalism which tells us that the old is useless and the new a Divine revelation. The great truths live; the authentic standards stand; some things do not change, because they have in them the quality of eternity.

At the risk of being called a conservative—even an "old fogey"—Dr. Shutter reminds us of the wise loyalties to the great things that make for stability, security and real advance in the life of man. The first is *loyalty to God*—by which he means loyalty to the best we can think [Turn to page 87]

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

### FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

DIRECTED BY SAM TAYLOR

REVIEWED BY

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THERE are few people, outside the ranks of the movie industry itself, who appreciate the amazing popularity of Harold Lloyd.

This breezy, eager, inordinately alert young comedian has established for himself the highest record of successes that has ever been achieved by any screen star, probably by any entertainer in history.

Since 1922, when he produced "A Sailor Made Man" and "Grandma's Boy" (his first feature length comedy) he has offered to the public some eight pictures, all of which have gained not only critical approval from the loftier browed gentry but have earned as well the unqualified plaudits, and the substantial financial rewards, of the public.

The Lloyd comedies know no boundaries—no frontiers. They excite the same immoderate laughter in Africa, in South Bend, in Japan, in Paraguay, in London, in Irkutsk and in New York.

People talk of the movies as "a universal language"; Harold Lloyd provides proof that this is more than just a hollow phrase.

In his latest comedy, "For Heaven's Sake," Mr. Lloyd impersonates a rich young idler whose principal duty in life is the care and feeding of high-powered automobiles. He lolls back on his shoulder blades, smokes a cigarette through a long holder, and views the world through the unclouded spectacles of excessive opulence.

Fate—that convenient ally of all scenario writers—brings him to the lower East Side and causes him to endow a mission, which is presided over by an elderly evangelist and his fair daughter. "The man with a mansion and the miss with a mission" (to quote one of the sub-titles) proceed to fall in love, and the hero consequently develops a sudden interest in social welfare.

He dashes madly about through the dives and pool-rooms of the district, rounding up all the stray bums, yeggs, dips and gun-men, and forces them into the mission to hit the saw-dust trail. He saves souls by the dozen, resorting to all sorts of strenuous methods to accomplish his benevolent purpose.

It is a slight, mild story, with no particular distinction or originality of theme; but it is played to the hilt by Harold Lloyd and his active associates, and it is embellished with an extraordinary assortment of those concoctions which are known as "gags."

In every moment of the picture, Mr. Lloyd is either preparing, developing or completing a gag, and I can't remember one of them that fails short of its desired objective: loud, uproarious laughter.

Harold Lloyd, as has been pointed out on numerous occasions (and as he himself well knows) is not as expert a natural pantomimist as is Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton.

He relies rather on external situations, on the construction of the episodes through which he moves—and at this form of construction he is a master. He has the fine power of discrimination between that which is funny and that which isn't; when he builds a scene, he does so with the practiced hand of a craftsman who understands the medium in which he is working.

He is aided materially in "For Heaven's Sake," as in previous pictures, by his principal collaborator, Sam Taylor, who has been working for and with Harold Lloyd for a matter of nine years.

Mr. Taylor shows in several scenes of "For Heaven's Sake" that he is considerably more than a mere "gag-man": he is a director of imagination and taste. This is certainly the most conspicuous work that he has done, and it is worthy of recognition.

Comedy is frequently frowned upon as a low, vulgar form of entertainment, sufficient in itself for the untutored masses but far beneath the notice of those who concentrate upon the higher things.

This attitude, it has always seemed to me, is both snobbish and stupid. It is based, of course, on the old theory that anything which is popular can not be artistic.

Some comedy, of course is cheap, tawdry and unfunny. I've seen plenty of that, and I expect to see more. But Harold Lloyd is not representative of that low school of humor; his laughs, like Charlie Chaplin's, are honestly gained by legitimate methods.

\* \* \* \*

Also recommended: "The Big Parade," Stella Dallas," "The Merry Widow," "Moana" and "The Black Pirate."



HAROLD LLOYD MAKING LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN HIS NEW FILM "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE"



ONE OF THE DROLL SCENES CERTAIN TO MAKE YOU LAUGH IN "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE"

# Just that delicious flavor you always like in VEGETABLE SOUP !



# THE NEW SPORTS WOOLENS

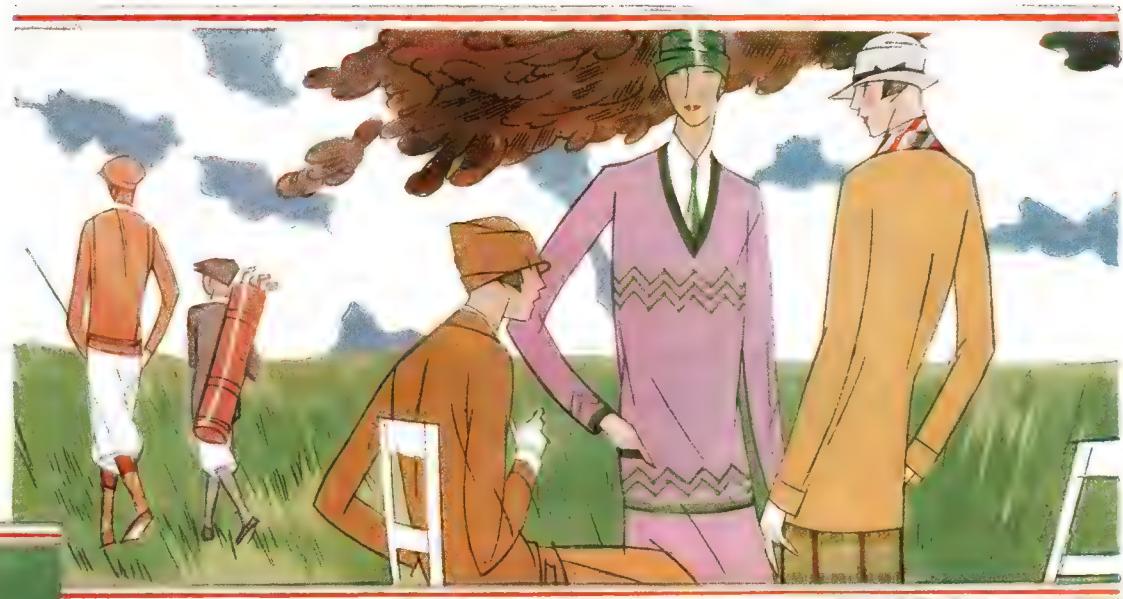
*Soft and unshrunken after repeated washings*



Silk stockings more sheer than ever, more delicate in coloring! Woolen ones have bizarre, colorful designs. Launder both kinds the safest way!



Summer scarfs of light wool and cashmere are now being worn by all smart women.



SPORTS WOOLENS—gay-colored, smart—stay like new all season long—washed in sparkling, bubbling, safe Lux!

**W**OOLEN scarfs, hosiery, sweaters—in every woman's wardrobe, whether she is an active sportswoman or an interested member of the gallery!

You probably own one of the adorable new flannel dresses, too, and a costly little woolen sports suit.

Keep these expensive clothes and accessories immaculate and trim-looking *all through the season!* Nothing is more dowdy than a faded, shrunken sports dress, nothing more uncomfortable than rough, scratchy woolen stockings! Their charm, their smartness depend so much on the way you launder them.

Wool is even more sensitive to washing than silk! Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking wool fibres, shrinks them, destroys the trim line of your smart new dress, makes your gay-colored stockings harsh and rough.

With Lux there is *no ruinous rubbing!* Just a few flakes whip up quickly into a bowlful of rich, bubbling, cleansing Lux suds.

Designs in fascinating color combinations are woven into the newest sweaters from Paris. Frequent washing in Lux keeps them trim, impeccable.



Then a gentle dipping up and down and your precious woolens are restored to you as soft and fluffy, as fresh and unfaded as the day you first took them from their enfolding tissues!

Even after repeated Lux washings woolens stay like new. At the season's end your sports clothes are trim, immaculate, presentable on all occasions. Buy a package of Lux today. Follow the directions for washing woolens and keep yours fresh and unshrunken.

Silks are just as safe in Lux as woolens are! Frequent tubbings in gentle Lux suds leave them fresh, unfaded as the day you bought them. You know Lux won't harm anything water alone won't harm.

*For all of Monday's laundry, too!*

Even everyday things are so costly nowadays that women find it economical to use Lux on Monday as well and get more service from everything. They

use Lux, too, because it *saves their hands*—unlike harsh laundry soaps which roughen and redden. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



NOW THE BIG, NEW PACKAGE, TOO



**B**ELLARION feels that at last the great purpose of his life is to be achieved. For, in association with his rival Carmagnola, he is leading the forces of Milan against Theodore, the usurping Marquis of Montferrat. It is Bellarion's aim to overthrow Theodore and restore the throne to the youthful Gian Giacomo, brother to the beautiful Princess Valeria. However, both Gian Giacomo and Valeria distrust Bellarion.

**D**ISSENSIONS at the very outset between Carmagnola and Bellarion protracted by some days the preparations for the departure of the army. This enabled Theodore of Montferrat fully to make his dispositions for resistance, to pack the granaries of Vercelli and otherwise victual it for a siege and to increase the strong body of troops already under his hand, with which he threw himself into the menaced city.

Bellarion, however, did not suspect how acute the situation was until one day, after the siege had endured some weeks, he arrived punctually to attend a council of his captains and found them already seated about the table in debate and conducting this with a vehemence which argued that matters had already gone some way.

A silence fell when he entered, and all eyes at once were turned upon him. He smiled a greeting, and closed the door. But as he advanced, he began to realize that the silence was unnatural and ominous. He came to the foot of the table, where there was a vacant place. He looked at the faces on either side of it, and lastly at Carmagnola seated at its head, between Valeria and Gian Giacomo.

"What do you debate here?" he asked them.

Carmagnola answered him. His voice was hard and hostile, his blue eyes avoided the steady glance of Bellarion's. "We were about to send for you. We have discovered the traitor who is communicating with Theodore of Montferrat, forewarning him of our every measure."

"That is something. Who is your traitor?"

None answered him for a long moment. At last, Carmagnola pushed towards him a folded square of parchment bearing a broken seal. "Read that," he said.

Bellarion picked it up, and turned it over. To his surprise he found it superscribed "to the Magnificent Lord Bellarion Cane, Prince of Valsassina." He frowned, and a little color kindled in his cheeks. He threw up his head, stern-eyed. "How?" he asked. "Who breaks the seals of a letter addressed to me?"

"Read the letter," said Carmagnola, peremptorily.

Bellarion read:

*"Dear Lord and Friend, your fidelity to me and my concerns has saved Vercelli. I desire you to know my recognition of my debt, and to assure you again of the highest reward that it lies in my power to bestow if you continue to serve me with the same loyal devotion.*

*Theodore Paleologo of Montferrat."*

Bellarion looked up from the letter with some anger in his face, but infinitely more contempt and even a shade of amusement. "Where was this thing manufactured?" he asked.

Carmagnola's answer was prompt. "In Vercelli, by the Marquis Theodore. It is in his own hand, as madonna here has testified, and it is sealed with his own seal. Do you wonder that I broke it?"

Sheer amazement overspread Bellarion's face. He looked at the Princess, who fleetingly looked up to answer the question in his glance. "The hand is my uncle's sir," she said.

He turned the parchment over, and conned the seal with its stag device. Then the amazement passed out of his face, light broke on it, and he uttered a laugh. He turned, pulled up a stool and sat down at the table's foot, whence he had them all under his eye.

"Let us proceed with method. How did this letter reach you, Carmagnola?"

Carmagnola waved to Belluno, and Belluno, hostile of tone and manner answered the question. "A clown coming from the direction of the city blundered into my section of the lines this morning. He begged to be taken to you. My men naturally brought him to me. I questioned him as to what he desired with you. He answered that he had a message for you. I asked him what message he could be bearing to you from Vercelli. He refused to answer further, whereupon I threatened him, and he produced the letter. Seeing its seal, I took both the fellow and the letter to my



"YOUR LETTER, SIR, TOUCHED ME MORE DEEPLY THAN ANYTHING I CAN REMEMBER"

## BELLARION

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



Lord Carmagnola. That is all I have to report."

Bellarion, himself, completed the tale. "And Carmagnola, perceiving that seal, took it upon himself to break it, and so discovered the contents to be what already he suspected."

"That is what occurred."

Bellarion entirely at his ease, looked at them with amused contempt, and finally at Carmagnola in whose face he laughed. "God save you, Carmagnola! I often wonder what will be the end of you."

"I am no longer wondering what will be the end of you," he was furiously answered, which only went to increase Bellarion's amusement.

"And you others, you were equally deceived. The letter and Carmagnola's advocacy of my falseness and treachery were not to be resisted?"

"I have not been deceived," Stoffel protested.

"I was not classing you with those addled heads, Stoffel."

"It will need more than abuse to clear you," Tenda cried angrily.

"You, too, Ugolino! And you madonna, and even you Lord Marquis! Well, well! It may need more than abuse to clear me; but surely not more than this letter. Falsehood is in every line of it, in the superscription, in the seal itself."

"How, sir?" the Princess asked him. "Do you insist that it is forged?"

"I have your word that it is not. But read the letter again."

He tossed it to them. "The Marquis Theodore pays your wits a poor compliment, Carmagnola, and the sequel has justified him. Ask yourselves this: If I were indeed Theodore's friend and ally, could he have taken a better way than this of putting it beyond my power to serve him further? It is plainly superscribed to me, so that there shall be no mistake as to the person for whom it is intended and it bears his full signature, so that there shall be no possible mistake on the score of whence it comes. In addition to that he has sealed it with his arms, so that the first person into whose hands it falls shall be justified in ascertaining, as you did, what Theodore of Montferrat may have occasion to write to me. Is there no oddness in the fact that the clown should walk straight into your own men, Carmagnola? But why waste time even on such trifles of evidence. Read the letter itself. Is there a single word in that which it was important to convey to me, or that would not have been conveyed otherwise if it had been intended for any purpose other than to bring me under this suspicion?"

"Those are the very arguments I used with them," cried Stoffel.

Bellarion looked in amazement at his lieutenant. "And they failed?" he cried, incredulous.

"Of course they failed, you foul traitor!" Carmagnola bawled at him. "They are ingenious, but they are obvious to a man caught as you are."

"It is not I that am caught; but you that are in danger of it, Carmagnola, in danger of being caught in the web that Theodore has spun."

"To what end? To what end should he spin it? Answer that."

"Perhaps to set up dissensions amongst us, perhaps to remove the only one of the captains opposed to him whom he respects."

"That is very probable," said Carmagnola with a heavy sneer. "Fetch the guard, Ercole."

"What's this!" Bellarion was on his feet even as Belluno rose, and Stoffel came up with him, laying hands on his weapons. But Ugolino da Tenda and another captain, between them, overpowered him, whilst the other two ranged themselves swiftly on Bellarion's either hand. Bellarion looked at them, and from them again to Carmagnola. He was lost in amazement. "Are you daring to place me under arrest?"

"Until we deliberate what shall be done with you. We shall not keep you waiting long."

"Oh, but this is madness! What do you intend by me?"

"You have been arraigned already before us here. Your guilt is clear, and there remains only to decide your sentence."

"This is no proper arraignment. There has been no trial, nor have you power to hold one," Stoffel insisted. "If Bellarion is to be tried, you'll send him before the Duke."

"And at the same time," put in Bellarion, "you'll send your single witness, this clown who brought that letter."

"Take him away." Already it seemed the soldiers had their orders. They laid hands upon him, and submitting without further words, he suffered them to lead him out.

As the door closed upon him, Stoffel exploded. He raged and stormed. He pleaded, argued, and vituperated them, even the Princess herself, for fools and dolts, and finally threatened to raise the army against them, or at least to do his utmost with his Swiss to prevent them from carrying out their evil intentions.

"Listen!" Carmagnola commanded sternly, and in the silence they heard from the hall below a storm of angry outcries. "That is the voice of the army, answering you. Saving yourself, there is not a captain in the army, and saving your own Swiss, hardly a man who is not this morning clamoring for Bellarion's death."

"You are confessing that you published the matter even before Bellarion was examined here! You villain, you swaggering ape, who give a free rein to the base jealousy in which you have ever held Bellarion! Your mean spite may drive you now to the lengths of murder. But look to yourself thereafter. You'll lose your empty head over this, Carmagnola!"

They silenced him, and bore him out, whereafter they sat



# At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C. 135 WOMEN GUESTS

tell why they  
prefer this soap  
for their skin

IT IS ONE of the thrilling sights of Washington—the dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel.

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attachés—rarely, amid the black coats, the splash of color from some Continental uniform—

And everywhere the beautiful women . . .

Women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—here and there, in the brilliant kaleidoscope of faces, one with a special accent of celebrity—the fair, distinguished head of the most popular hostess in Washington—the dark profile of a visiting Latin princess.

HOW DO THE women guests of The Mayflower—women who can afford the most costly personal luxuries—take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their complexion to?

We asked 188 women stopping at The Mayflower what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It suits my skin better than any other"—they said—"I think it is wonderful for the complexion"—"It clears my skin better than any other soap I have tried"—"I am sure of its purity."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

NOW—THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
1508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1508 Sherbrooke St.,  
Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State .....



"WOMEN in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—a brilliant kaleidoscope of faces . . ."



Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

## COOL MEALS FOR HOT DAYS

*Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



**G**IVE us something cool!" choruses the average family these far-from-cool days, and then they leave it to you to do it. It isn't often this same family worries about your keeping cool while you help them cool off.

We have been thinking of you, though, and planning ways in which you can do both—satisfy them and enjoy a little coolness yourself. First, there is the favorite American outdoor sport, picnicking. Pack your lunch, pile into the car and away you go—to find a cool spot. But who plans the lunch and packs it so carefully that it will be fresh and dainty at the end of the trip, however far you go? You, of course!

We think it is just as important to have the food good and dainty and refreshing on a picnic as it is at a formal dinner, and this isn't always easy to do. Sandwiches dry out or get soggy, lettuce wilts, the pickles leak on the cake, the fruit becomes bruised, unless one is extremely careful.

We find that it saves time before you start and the sandwiches are often daintier if you don't make them until you are ready to eat. Take the bread, either in a loaf or cut ready to spread, wrapped in wax paper; the mayonnaise in its jar; and the lettuce—made very crisp before packing—with a little cracked ice in a glass jar with a tight-fitting cover.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDWICHES

Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches are delicious on a picnic if the tomatoes are carried whole and sliced onto the bread and the lettuce added just before serving.

Cucumber and Watercress Sandwiches are equally tempting if whole cucumbers are taken, peeled and packed in a screw-top jar with cracked ice, if possible; the watercress, first cleaned and made very crisp, is carried in a covered jar and the two combined in

What could be cooler than Frozen Fruit Balls served in crystal?



A new salad served as a smart New York tearoom would serve it, in a crescent plate

SARAH FIELD SPLINT  
TALKS ABOUT LEARNING TO BE LAZY

**I**T is the right of every homemaker to have a vacation in the summer. If you do not get one it is your own fault, for one can always make time if one tries. Perhaps you can't go away for a week or a fortnight, but a day or a half-day at a time is possible and it lets you break away from routine long enough to relax. We have done a lot of experimenting this month to show you how to lighten the three-meal-a-day load during the hot season. All the menus and recipes we are giving you are practical and are time-savers. Noodles and Ham au Gratin is a hearty dish your family will like, but it is one which will give you an afternoon or a morning off, if you put it into your fireless cooker or regulated oven with the Escalloped Tomatoes and let it take care of itself until you are ready to serve it. Jellied Fish Salad, with simple sandwiches, cake and a cold drink, would be ample for any picnic lunch, yet it takes little time to get them ready the day before and they give you a free day. For your own sake and your family's sake, learn to be lazy now! You will be able to meet the demands of winter with rested nerves and a courageous heart!

mayonnaise-spread sandwiches with crusts removed.

Combination or "double-deck" sandwiches will delight any picnickers if they are made of three thin slices of bread, with sliced American or Swiss cheese with mayonnaise as one filling and sliced boiled ham with mustard as a top filling. Or they are just as piquant if minced ham and chopped pickle are used for the first filling and cheese creamed with mayonnaise for the second.

### SARDINE AND CREAM CHEESE IN GREEN PEPPERS

2 green peppers	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cream cheese	1/4 teaspoon salt
6 sardines	1/8 teaspoon pepper

Wash peppers and remove seeds and membrane. Rub cream cheese and sardines to a paste. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Pack mixture tightly into pepper cases. Chill in refrigerator until ready to use. If for picnic, wrap each pepper in wax paper. When ready to make into sandwiches, spread thin slices of bread with butter or mayonnaise, slice stuffed peppers in thin rounds, putting two or three slices in each sandwich. These make a delicious salad if sliced thin on crisp lettuce and served with French or mayonnaise dressing and a sprinkling of paprika.

### PICNIC SALADS

Salads are somewhat of a novelty for picnics and are practicable if you know the trick of packing them. Your favorite fruit or potato salad can be made a little while before you start, chilled thoroughly in the refrigerator, packed in a screw-top jar which, in turn, is packed in cracked ice in the ice-cream freezer pail or in a covered tin pail. It will be cold and tempting when you unpack your lunch.

The jellied salad we have worked out for you, or any gelatin dish, should be made long enough ahead to become entirely firm before packing and molded in a tightly covered mold or jar. [Turn to page 32]

Rich Rice Pudding, chilled and served in a gold-banded crystal glass





JUST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, the young daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte — patrician, and delightfully blond — made her bow to society.

"Coming out" in New York brings a deluge of social events to every debutante. But here is one who, with more than the usual share of vivacity and charm, wit, beauty and social *savoir faire*, became indispensable to every party given for the younger set.

She adored it all. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. After a brilliant season of dinner dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre-supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of smart new clothes and went West.

Perhaps you saw her lithe young figure in its chic frocks and hats *pour le sport* as it went swinging along the California Coast, that gorgeous playground that stretches from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Golf in crisp yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshine; driving her car through the finest forests in the world; surfing on an amber beach in the spray of a turquoise sea. All this she adores even more!

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a season in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know. Here are her very own words:—

"*IT IS WONDERFUL* to run away from society, with its crowded days, to the leisure of life out of doors, to leave behind the social duties and obligations which are so much a part of city activities.

"But there is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily and simply accom-

*One of New York's recent and most charming debutantes, Miss Strebeigh has the coloring of the lovely "blonde dorée," blue eyes, delicate fair skin and red-gold hair. She is particularly fetching in this smart sports costume of one of the smart shades of light but brilliant green.*

plished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."

THESE two pure creams made by Pond's, when used together, form a complete method of caring for the skin. Their delicate texture, soft and cool to the touch, their fragrance and lightness are pleasing. So is the knowledge that they are made from costly ingredients after years of experimentation in the Pond's laboratories. You should apply them daily as follows:—

*First Step: During the day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, especially after exposure to soot and wind, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to your skin. Leave it on your face and neck for several moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice!—and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice, to close the pores. At night before retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, pat on more of the cream leaving it until morning. When you waken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.*

*Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And now, when you whisk on your powder, you will notice that it clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays on too. And using it before you go out, you will find that Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from sun, wind, soot and dust.*

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the-beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars, and tubes.

**Free Offer** Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H.  
139 Hudson Street, New York City.

Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



THE TWO CREAMS THE YOUNGER SET IS USING



**E**XCRUCIATING pain is only part of the misery that follows abuse of the feet. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.

What causes foot ailments? Misuse, disuse and abuse. Wrong methods of standing and walking with toes turned out instead of straight ahead; lack of sufficient exercise—walking, for instance; ill-fitting or tight shoes—these are the usual causes of foot troubles.

If your feet are normal, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Guard your children's easily molded feet. See that your boys and girls wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly with toes straight ahead.

The pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of safeguarding health. It has just published a booklet, "Foot Health" which contains a great deal of valuable information.

This booklet tells about the various kinds of foot troubles—and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon foot ailments. It

shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause foot distress and often contribute to bodily ills and mental depressions.

It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.



## COOL MEALS for HOT DAYS

[Continued from page 30]

### GRAPEFRUIT SALAD WITH BANANA BALLS

2 grapefruit  
6 bananas  
½ cup powdered sugar  
¾ cup chopped walnuts  
Whipped cream

Peel grapefruit, separate into sections and remove all membrane. Peel bananas and with French vegetable cutter cut from them as many balls as possible. Put grapefruit sections with banana balls and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Arrange several grapefruit sections on each salad plate on crisp lettuce. Roll banana balls in chopped walnuts and arrange several balls on grapefruit sections. Top with whipped cream and a cherry.

### MENUS FOR YOUR FIRELESS COOKER

The most perfect cool ways of cooking are in the fireless cooker (electric or otherwise) the electric oven and in the regulated gas oven. We have given you many suggestions for cooking complete and satisfying meals in your regulated oven.

Now we have some menus and recipes worked out for the fireless. Our directions for cooking in a fireless cannot be very detailed or exact, for each cooker operates differently and only you who know how to manipulate your own particular kind can decide in each recipe just how long to cook each food to get the best results. Our idea in making these menus is to cook together dishes which take about the same length of time to cook. You can use them for your regulated oven, too.

### RECIPES FOR YOUR ICELESS REFRIGERATOR

Elsewhere in the magazine this month Miss Marcia Mead has told you about the iceless refrigerator, a splendid hot-weather servant which leaves you free to enjoy life. We have worked out some recipes for an appetizer, salad and dessert which can be frozen without labor in your iceless refrigerator.

### FROZEN FRUIT BALLS

1 pineapple 2 cantaloups  
Watermelon

Peel pineapple and cut from it enough balls with a French vegetable cutter to give each person 3 or 4. Halve cantaloups and remove seeds. Cut as many melon balls as you have pineapple. From watermelon cut same number of balls. Sprinkle balls with a little powdered sugar. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze as long as necessary to become partly congealed and deliciously cold.

When ready to serve put several balls of each kind in individual cocktail or sherbert glasses, pour over them several spoonfuls of grenadine or fruit syrup, thoroughly chilled, and top with a spray of fresh mint.

### FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin 4 cups canned or  
½ cup cold water stewed tomatoes  
2 cloves ½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon celery 1 slice onion  
seed Sprig of parsley  
½ teaspoon pepper Few grains cayenne  
corns ½ pint heavy cream  
1 tablespoon vinegar

Soak gelatin in cold water. Cook together tomatoes, cloves, salt, celery seed, peppercorns, onion, parsley and cayenne, ten minutes. Add soaked gelatin and dissolve thoroughly. Cool slightly and add vinegar. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, fold in stiffly beaten cream and return to refrigerator trays. Freeze until firm. Cut in squares, serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

### BANANA AND BROWNSTED ALMOND PARFAIT

1 tablespoon gelatin Few grains salt  
2 tablespoons cold water 2 tablespoons lemon  
water juice  
6 ripe bananas ¾ cup almonds  
½ cup powdered sugar 2 cups cream

Soak gelatin in water five minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Put bananas through potato ricer or press through sieve, add sugar, salt, lemon juice and dissolved gelatin. Add almonds which have been browned in oven and crushed fine. Let mixture stand until it begins to congeal, then fold in stiffly beaten cream. Turn into iceless refrigerator tray and freeze three to four hours. Exact length of time will depend on your refrigerator.

(1)  
Roast Chicken with Dressing  
Escaloped Potatoes Buttered Beets  
Cucumber Salad Drop Biscuits  
Rich Rice Pudding

(2)  
Noodles and Ham au Gratin  
String Beans Escaloped Tomatoes  
Lettuce with Russian Dressing  
Fruit Jelly Cookies

### RICH RICE PUDDING

2 eggs ¼ cup seeded raisins  
1 cup milk ¼ cup chopped walnuts  
2 cups cold boiled rice ½ teaspoon almond flavoring  
½ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons butter, melted  
½ teaspoon pepper ½ cup sugar

Beat eggs until light, add milk and combine with boiled rice. Add salt, butter, raisins, nuts and flavoring. Put into greased baking dish or fireless pan and cook in fireless cooker about two hours or according to directions for your special cooker. Serve with or without whipped cream and garnish with a maraschino. Or bake in oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

### NOODLES AND HAM AU GRATIN

2 cups cooked noodles 2/3 cup grated cheese  
2 cups cooked ham, 2 cups thin white  
chopped sauce

Put layer of noodles in greased fireless pan. Add layer of ham, cover with well-seasoned white sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Repeat layers of noodles, ham and white sauce until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle cheese on top. Heat over fire five minutes, put into fireless cooker and cook according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

### ESCALLOPED TOMATOES

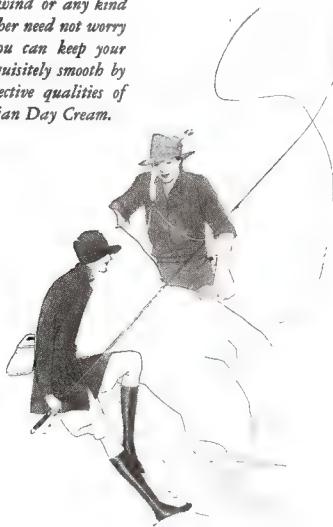
Put a thick layer of sliced fresh tomatoes in bottom of greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a tablespoon sugar. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with thin layer of bread crumbs. Repeat layers of tomatoes and bread crumbs until all ingredients are used. Put bread crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake in fireless cooker according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

Published by  
**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year.

*Sun or wind or any kind of weather need not worry you—you can keep your skin exquisitely smooth by the protective qualities of Pompeian Day Cream.*



# Protect your Skin *from exposure to the weather*

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories to give authentic advice on the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

UNDER the moon your complexion may seem magically fair. In the soft warm light of shaded lamps, it may keep its fairy charm. But when a summer sun shines too long upon your face, or a cold wind blows too bitterly against it, how does your complexion look then? How does it stand exposure in the air of dusty streets?

There is a simple way to protect it from these hardships—a way which women all over the world have found effective. They shield their skin with an invisible film of Pompeian Day Cream. This cream stays there until you remove it. Thus dust and grime are kept out. Thus your skin is guarded from the withering action of sun and wind. Thus all through the day your complexion remains clear and velvety, soft and fresh.

When you give your skin this scientific help it rewards you by keeping its true beauty—remaining radiant, youthful-looking, as velvety as a flower petal.

Pompeian Day Cream is one of the very helpful toilette creams which many clever women take advantage of. It is not only a "protective cream" to shield your complexion against sun and wind, but it is almost magical in the way it takes away undesirable shine from your skin.

If your skin is an oily one you know how annoying are those shining high-lights that come on forehead, nose, chin, and even on the curve of the cheeks. Pompeian Day Cream will keep these spots from shining in that disagreeable manner. Pompeian Day Cream has a slightly astringent action that reduces the activity of the oil. Try it! Just smooth it lightly on your face before you start to dress. Then, by the time you are ready for your powder this cream will have done its work. Wipe any superfluous bits away, and when you apply your powder you will find that the Day Cream has formed an excellent base for that as well as removed all shine.

This delicately compounded cream will greatly benefit your skin if you use it correctly. You will find that both your powder and your rouge will blend better, and will remain on for a much longer time than usual. Pompeian Day Cream is 60c the jar (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

I also suggest Pompeian Beauty Powder to be used over your Day Cream, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.

*Madame Jeannette  
Specialiste en Beauté*



Send 10c  
for liberal sample

No doubt you are saying to yourself, "I would like to try this cream." I want you to try it, want you to see for yourself how Pompeian Day Cream protects your skin from the weather and gives you several other benefits as well. To make this trial easy, I present the following offer: Send me one dime and the coupon, I will send you a generous sample of Day Cream and also a generous sample of Pompeian Night Cream (for cleansing). Tear off, fill in and mail the coupon now—today. You cannot begin too soon to guard your skin from the ravages of sun and wind and dust.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories  
3411 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name .....

Street  
Address .....

City ..... State .....



## Auto-Intoxication

*-self-poisoning that is a drag upon the health and spirits of so many*

**A**UTO-INTOXICATION is the price we pay for too much luxury—too little work. It is the result of too many miles by motor and too few on country walks.

We spend our nervous energy freely—we force ourselves with many things to do—but we let our bodies "loaf." We over-tax our stomachs and we under-work our muscles.

Food remains within us for more than a span of a day, clogging the intestines—fermenting—setting up the poisons that produce Auto-Intoxication or Intestinal Toxemia.

These poisons cause sudden fatigue—lassitude—dullness. They derange the intestines. They have an extremely bad effect upon the nervous system. They sharpen nerves—they make their subject, man or woman, cross and irritable.

\* \* \* \*

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica relieves and prevents Auto-Intoxication because it promptly corrects internal "stoppage" and sweeps away poisons from the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. Through the mechanical use of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution, it induces prompt peristalsis.

It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so much trouble. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by  
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., N. Y.



*Which woman has an electrical refrigerator? She who toils all afternoon over the stove? Or she who prepares the evening meal in advance, leaves it cool and tempting in her iceless refrigerator, and motors her family to meet father when he comes home?*

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

By MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect*

Collaborating with JOHN H. MORECROFT, *Consulting Engineer, Professor of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University*

MARCIA MEAD Says:

*"The Electrical Age is upon us in all its magnificence. Already the electrically equipped kitchen is a reality, relieving the homemaker of much of the monotony of three-meals-a-day-and-the-dishes-to-wash." In this article she tells you how, with the help of the electric refrigerator, you can plan meals a week in advance, market only once or twice a week and freeze desserts without labor. This will leave you free to picnic with your children or to devote yourself in other ways to the happiness and welfare of your family. Later articles in this series by Miss Mead will tell you of other electrical equipment which can be installed in your home and which will add to your comfort and convenience*



we can keep them dormant, before they begin to increase prolifically, they will do us no harm.

It makes us uncomfortable and squeamish to think of these things and we should not say anything about them, if there were not a remedy in sight. That remedy is the iceless refrigerator, cooled by automatic electric refrigeration. When this iceless refrigerator is set in the kitchen where your ordinary ice-box would be placed, the automatic electric cooler will maintain uniformly a temperature of about 45 degrees Fahrenheit in the refrigerator, or 5 degrees lower than the temperature of an iced refrigerator. About 52 degrees Fahrenheit is the danger-point at which the invisibles begin hilariously to multiply.

When you buy an electric cooling unit it is not necessary to purchase a new refrigerator. You can buy a unit which will fit into the refrigerator you now have. In that case, be sure you have a good refrigerator. Don't be deceived by the cheap ice-box which is built to receive ice but not to keep it from melting. For the same reason the electric cooler, to be economical, must be in a well-insulated

chamber. A good box should have its inner and its outer insulating walls at least one inch thick, of porous cork or spongy rubber and there should be a constant circulation of air within the storage chamber.

Aside from the essentials of constant temperature and of a temperature sufficiently low for the proper preservation of food, the refrigerating unit will do many other things. It will make real ice cubes for table service, and many kinds of frozen desserts; and it will preserve salads, pastries and cooling drinks prepared hours ahead of time and keep them in their first freshness ready to serve at a moment's notice. It will keep meats and vegetables so successfully that the housewife may buy in quantities, marketing but once or twice a week—a great boon to one who is both systematic and busy.

When there are children in the family, the purity of milk, the most susceptible of all food to the ravages of the invisibles, is of paramount importance, and the constant low temperature storage possibilities afforded by electric automatic refrigeration are invaluable.

Another feature of electric refrigeration is its dryness, which also helps to preserve the food. The cooling unit, instead of throwing off moisture as does a cake of ice, attracts moisture to it, causing its surface to become frosted.

When one is building a new home, the refrigerator should be planned for, decided upon, and purchased ahead of time, like the bathtubs and sinks, and built into place and painted like the other woodwork.

My first endeavor, as an architect, is always to place the refrigerator where it will be convenient for the housewife, but the ice-man usually wins and it is placed to suit his convenience instead of hers. If an electric cooler is to be installed in the refrigerator, we are relieved not only of the dripping presence of this uncertain person but are left free to put it in any place we choose, with due consideration, of course, for what is best for the refrigerator itself. It should not be placed against a chimney wall, which in winter is usually warm, nor should it be near a [Turn to page 37]



BANANA ICE CREAM—cool and satisfying—one of many desserts described in the new banana recipe book. Send for it.

## A flavor that does not vanish in ices

MANY fruit flavors tend to disappear when frozen in desserts. Syrups are often added to make up for this loss in taste. Bananas, fully ripened, keep all their original flavor in ice creams, mousses, cool salads and other summer dainties.

Ripe bananas, being a tropical fruit, are among the best summer foods.

They are rich in carbohydrates, those starchy food elements which are the chief source of energy in the diet.

As bananas ripen, their carbohydrates pass through a change which corresponds to the change made by digestion. When a banana is fully ripe, its carbohydrates are almost entirely changed to fruit sugars, so easily absorbed into the system that scientists say they are almost fully digested in the ripened fruit.

Ripeness adds more than ease of digestion to bananas—it adds a better flavor that is worth waiting for.

The best way to make sure of ripeness is to buy bananas by the "hand" or dozen, and let

*The taste of a ripened banana, though delicate, is always pronounced and unmistakable*



*A successful fruit salad is a balanced blend of many flavors. You must start with the correct individual flavors—and in bananas, the best flavor comes with complete ripeness.*

them ripen at home. Do not put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Put them in a bowl or dish to ripen at room temperature.

Bananas are ripe when the last trace of green is gone from the tip and the first freckles of brown appear in the side.

Ask your dealer for bananas imported by the Fruit Dispatch Company. They are the finest in flavor, and

the most choice in quality that you can find.

They are grown under ideal conditions, and shipped north in ships especially constructed to keep them at their best.

Send for the new cook book of eighty-three banana recipes, with several pages of well-balanced menus to suit every occasion. This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail this coupon.

FREE: book of eighty-three tested recipes

**UNIFRUITCO BANANAS**  
Packed and sealed by nature in a germ-proof package. Imported and distributed by

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17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."  
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# KRAFT CHEESE

## Keep Cool

Keeping cool in warm weather depends a great deal upon what you eat. Hot weather food should produce a maximum of energy with a minimum of heat. . . . Preeminent among such foods is good cheese. And preeminent among good cheese is Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY  
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - POCATELLO, IDAHO  
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA  
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese



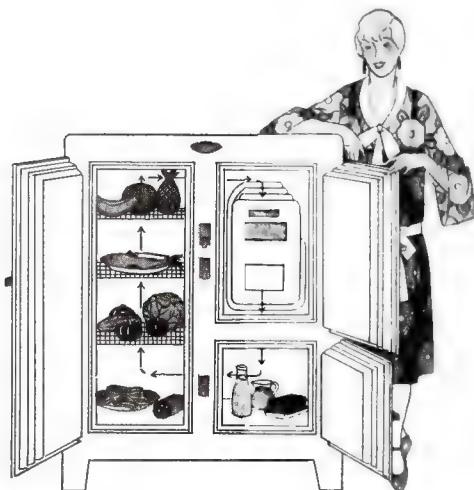
1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb.  
cartons and 5 lb. loaves

Send 10c in coin or stamps for the  
new and enlarged Receipt Book C8  
"Cheese and Ways to Serve It."  
Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

[Continued from page 34]



Arrows show how cold air and odors travel and how you should arrange food in your refrigerator. The coldest least odorous place, where milk and butter should be kept, is directly under the cooling unit. The warmest place, for strong-flavored foods, is the top shelf next to cooling unit

gas or coal range. It should be set in as cool a location as possible.

When the comfort of the ice-man no longer has to be considered, we discover that most refrigerators are too low. For one of my clients I set the refrigerator on a shelf about sixteen inches high, lining the space below with metal so that it might be used for the storage of fresh vegetables. This brought the different refrigerator compartments at such convenient heights that the housewife was not obliged to stoop every time she used them.

The smaller the opening of the refrigerator the better, so that less cold air will escape when a door is opened.

One of the best things about the electric refrigerator is that it does away with the annoying mess of cleaning the refrigerator-drain

and ice-chamber. Of course, like everything else, the electric refrigerator requires a certain amount of care. The box itself needs to be looked after as usual, and the cooling unit must be defrosted at least once a week, that is, the frost which accumulates on the cold unit from the moisture in the air, must be removed. This frost sometimes grows so thick that it becomes an insulator in itself and does not allow the cold to pass through it, thus raising the temperature of the box. The frost may easily be removed by scraping with a knife or by switching off the motor and letting the temperature drop to such a degree that the frost melts away.

In regard to the care of the refrigerator, it is well, for one's own protection, to follow the manufacturer's directions religiously, because if anything gets out of order and requires the attention of a service

man, lack of care on your part will offer a loop-hole through which he will try to escape responsibility.

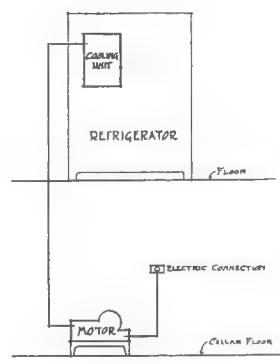
The freezing unit of the cooler is set in what is usually the ice-chamber. It is arranged with open shelves into which may be set small trays for making ice cubes for table use or for freezing desserts.

The mechanical unit which extracts the heat from the refrigerator, thus leaving it cold, is usually placed in the cellar. It is operated by a motor, which because of its humming and vibration, is perhaps the greatest objection to the outfit. The manufacturers are doing all they can, however, to allay this annoyance. If the motor is supported on the cellar floor, this trouble will be overcome to a great extent.

Vibration of any kind is a subtle annoyer, teasing our subconscious nervous system before we are aware of the strain. But electric vibration is becoming a very conscious part of our lives and brings with it a multitude of blessings compared to which its drawbacks are few.

The operating cost of an electric refrigerator varies directly with the cost of production of electric current. Current produced by water-power is naturally much cheaper than that produced by fuel, and some localities are able to produce it more cheaply than others.

But a fairly definite idea of the comparative costs of electric refrigeration and ice refrigeration, with which we are all familiar, may be learned from the result of a careful laboratory test of two high-grade refrigerators of the same make, one iced, the other cooled by the electric unit, the ice refrigerator being kept at all times fully iced. In this test [Turn to page 59]



IN THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR THE MOTOR PUMPS OUT THE HEAT.

Mary Margaret Chappell, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gray, 3910 Wesley St., Greenville, Texas



## MOTHERLESS ~ Mary Margaret thrived on her Eagle Brand diet

LITTLE Mary Margaret Chappell was born on June 1, 1924—a healthy baby of 7½ pounds.

Twenty-three days later her mother died.

The sanitarian doctor and nurse immediately put the little girl on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—the baby food most nearly like breast milk. Mary Margaret thrived on her new diet—and when, at six weeks, she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gray, they continued with Eagle Brand.

Her foster-mother writes, "At 6 months she weighed 18 pounds, at 18 months 30 pounds. She walked before she was 9 months old. She has never had any serious illness, and is a healthy, happy, normal baby."

Wherever mother's milk fails or is not satisfactory, Eagle Brand is the accepted choice for bottle feeding.

This rich cow's milk, modified with pure refined sugar, meets all

the exacting requirements for a baby food—easy digestibility, high nutritive value (the all-essential vitamins, too), absolute safety and uniformity. Easy to buy and use.

If you are faced with a difficult feeding problem, put your baby on Eagle Brand. Three generations of mothers have used it with success. Some of their stories are told in *What Other Mothers Say*, a booklet that also contains feeding charts for babies up to 2 years. Send the coupon for free copies of this and *Baby's Welfare*, a booklet by a physician on the practical care of your baby.



Mary Margaret at 6 months—weighing 18 pounds and radiantly healthy

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# The FINE ART of BEING YOUNG

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

**I**F you've ever tried to make a sunny morning mood last through the day, you know that it isn't easy to do. How often we wake up with the world smiling in at our windows, only to find, when we go out, that everybody around us is going on in the same unsmiling, inexpressive way, oblivious to the glory of the day. Sometimes I find the mood comes back in snatches while I work, and then again it doesn't come back at all.

On the evening of a day not long ago when I felt I had completely lost this sense of happy well-being, I went to the theatre. Like the rest of the audience, my face had slipped on its tired mask of habit. But in the back of my mind I was still looking for my fresh, early morning mood, hoping, like the child and the comet, to catch it by the tail. Suddenly the lights went down, the chattering around me ceased, the curtain rose, and from the shadow of the wings tripped a slender, laughing girl in a dance frock of black tulle with a tight bodice. Her hair, bound with a wreath of silver roses, made a cloud of bronzed gold about her elfin face. With her came an adoring young man in evening dress. During that brief scene (it was little more than a prologue) the audience caught from the girl some mysterious spark that held them all through the performance. In a twinkling I found myself glowing again with my early morning exuberance. It had happened like magic, in fact, I think it was magic—this gay, fresh spirit that seemed to come from another world. But it was a simple enchantment, after all, nothing more or less than the magic of *just being young*.

The youthful actress was Helen Chandler, whom I had seen before as poignant little *Hedvig*, in "The Wild Duck," and as tragic *Ophelia* in a fascinating production of "Hamlet," presented in modern dress. But in neither of these plays did I thrill to the effect of sheer youth: dancing, laughing, weeping, seeking youth, chasing the bubble of happiness that blows just over the next hill. In this particular play the heart of every girl in the world beat in this slender body, whether it was covered by a simple white silk sports dress or a flesh-colored dance frock of chiffon that made her look like a blown bit of thistledown.

On the next night I sought her in her dressing-room, with a little fear, I'll admit, that I might be disappointed. What if this exquisitely young creature of the play should prove, off stage, to be some one quite different, some one not at all like the person I wanted to tell McCall readers about? But I might have saved my fears, for the girl who sat in the pool of light at her make-up was the same girl I had followed with eager eyes the evening before. She had just washed her hair and was putting it up in a water-wave under a turban of pink chiffon veil. Its lovely light-brown tones with the golden high lights made a charming contrast to her wide-set, blue-grey eyes. I had the fleeting impression that she might be any lovely eighteen-year-old girl getting ready for a party, instead of an accomplished young actress about to go on in a modernistic play about youth. As she put on her make-up, I noticed that she did not use any more than many young girls use for the street. Just an accent here and there, the rabbit's foot brushed lightly over the smooth cheek to bring out its delicate apple-blossom pink, a fluffing on of creamy pink powder matching her skin, and the mouth slightly outlined to show only its natural contours. Like many young actresses today, Miss Chandler uses very little make-up off the stage. She is fortunate in having a natural clear pallor that needs only a dusting of powder. Then, too, her hair, softly waving, with those curling, blown wisps so becoming to young girls, forms a frame for her face. It occurred to me that many of us, bobbed, shingled and clipped as we are, forget one important fact; a face becomingly framed with hair does not need a lavish amount of make-up to give it character. Hair makes shadows, lovely soft shadows under hats, around the forehead and eyes, and in front of the ears. If Miss Eighteen finds her new bob unbecoming, let her try, with the barber's aid, to coax this lovely aura about her face. If she has long hair, her task will be easier, for she will have more to work with.

Our dressing-room talk turned naturally to exercise. The busy girl under twenty, slender and lithe, who eats plenty of fruits and vegetables and drinks her quota of water, does not need the strict régime of exercise that her elder sister must follow in order to iron out worry

lines or reduce a too plump figure. Miss Chandler's own cure for fatigue and general let-down is walking. She and her mother go to the country every week-end. She slips on her oldest clothes, and walks and walks and walks. On Monday morning she is renewed and ready for that trying ordeal, rehearsing for a new play.

A chance remark of mine brought a roguish smile to Miss Chandler's mouth. I was saying that, to me, at least, one of the greatest temptations of the teens seemed to be that of imitating an exactly opposite type of beauty.

"When I was about fourteen," she confessed, "I decided that I wanted more than anything else to be a siren. I managed surreptitiously to procure a slinky, black satin dress, long jet earrings, and I plucked my eyebrows to a thin line. I had read that sage tea darkens the hair, so I washed and washed my head in the mixture. When I came home at vacation time in this outfit, Mother wisely kept still about the dress and earrings, but set me to work getting the natural color back into my hair. As a would-be vamp I was kept so busy washing and rinsing that I got over my longing to look sophisticated and never wanted to try it again."

"Quite seriously, though," she continued, "I do believe that the greatest danger to a young girl's beauty is the danger of growing up too soon. Sometimes, when younger girls from school come to visit me I have the queerest feeling that they are years older than I am. You see, except for that one funny attempt to be grown up, I've been too busy to be anything but myself. When I was little, I played child parts in Shakespeare: *Macduff's* son, when Lionel Barrymore did "Macbeth," and the little *Richard of York*, when his brother did "Richard III." Like other stage children, I had private teachers. But when I was twelve, Mother took me away from the theatre and put me into a girls' school in the country. That was a lovely interval, I thought, in the real business of life. Even as a tiny girl, I think I knew quite well that stage people worked hard to succeed. When my course of study was over, I was ready for the hard work ahead of me."

As she unwound the veil that bound her head, I pondered this simple explanation which tells so clearly Helen Chandler's story. I rather wished that all girls knew that one secret of happiness (and of beauty, too) is to be busy. Playtime and worktime go hand in hand through life. There is never a point where one ceases entirely and the other begins. So it isn't strange, when we know her straightforward outlook on life, that this delightful girl, whose life, except for a few years at finishing school, was lived in the glow of the footlights, should possess the blessed, unspoiled bloom of youth.

Older women may have to worry about *keeping* young, but the girl in her teens need only remember that she must be herself. Her aids to beauty are enthusiasm and intelligence. Miss Chandler has both in abundance, and shows the results of applying them.

Oh, yes, youth has its handicaps, too. How many of us have suffered from self-consciousness, that hot-and-cold feeling that comes over us when we have to meet strange people or go into large, public gatherings? Miss Chandler would say that this is nothing more than stage fright, and it can be corrected by applying the remedy that many actresses use. If you feel yourself getting nervous, stop and take four deep breaths slowly, and you'll find yourself wonderfully calmed. That is using intelligence to strengthen the weakest point in your beauty armor. And you can't begin too early to find these weak points. When you have found them, don't try to cover them up, but correct them. Remember that an elaborate and spectacular coiffure won't conceal neglected hair. Too much make-up, exotic and heavily applied, won't hide a bad complexion. The best and safest equipment for Miss Eighteen is a blending of powders that exactly matches her skin, whether it is peach bloom or olive, or one of the in-between shades. Well-known makers of toilet preparations are usually glad to send samples free or at small cost, so your experiments in getting just the right shade need not be expensive. As for exercise, supplement your school gym work with your favorite sport: tennis, basket-ball, swimming, hockey, or just walking in the open. Don't worry about reducing until you have to. As a matter of fact, if your diet is right and your exercise regular and well chosen, you won't have to worry for a long time to come.

Above all, in Miss Chandler's own words, "Don't be afraid to be 'just young.'"



*A youthful heroine of many parts, Helen Chandler's greatest role is that of simple, unaffected youth*

**W**ITH this article, McCall's begins a series of woman-to-woman talks on beauty. Do you make the most of your type? We believe that the experiences of distinguished women who have succeeded in doing just this will help you to reach your own good looks ideal. • And watch this space each month for last-minute suggestions from the great beauty salons. • "Vacation time is no time to take a vacation from the care of your skin," says one specialist. Make a place in your dressing-case or trunk for a good cleansing cream and an astringent lotion, at least. One firm offers a handy, ready-packed metal box, with all that the average girl needs to keep her skin in condition away from home. • For the business girl, caught between work and social engagements, another firm has a dry or liquid nail polish for emergency use. It comes in a form which she can conveniently slip into her handbag. • In the hottest weather, a bath is not completely cooling without a dusting powder. Choose one that absorbs moisture, cools and refreshes the skin. Good bath powders, once a luxury for the favored few, are now recognized as hot weather necessities by all dainty girls. • Skin? Hair? Hands? Figure? For help in your own special beauty problem, write Miss Fillmore, enclosing a two-cent stamp for reply, or send ten cents in stamps for our booklet, *A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman*. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



## Truth from a child

THE next-door neighbor in this little girl's town used to call every now and then. And each time when he came he would pick her up and kiss her.

Always she remonstrated, tried to escape; for it was really a sort of ordeal to her.

Finally one day the visitor determined to find out why the child acted so curiously.

It was really a surprise to him, but so often you get the real truth only from a child.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. *Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*



### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE — 25 CENTS



## "He Said My Teeth Were Diamonds in the Moonlight"

WE had just danced together for the last time. Dick's vacation ended the next day, so we went to the beach to talk a little . . . and to say goodbye.

"Helen", he said, after we'd found a seat on a fisherman's up-turned boat, "Your smile is the most joyful thing there is . . . your teeth are diamonds in the moonlight . . ." I could have added "Thanks to Colgate's", but why give away one's beauty secret?

\* \* \*

Do you possess the charm of beautiful teeth?

Do yours flash white and lovely when you talk and smile?

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty.

But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

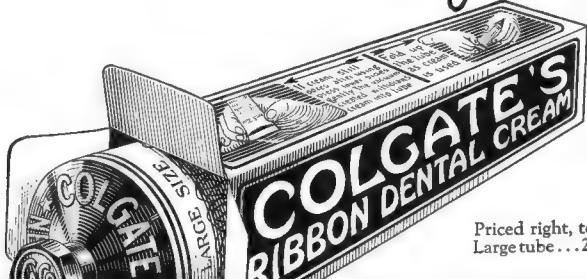
Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay:

### No Grit . . . No Harsh Chemicals

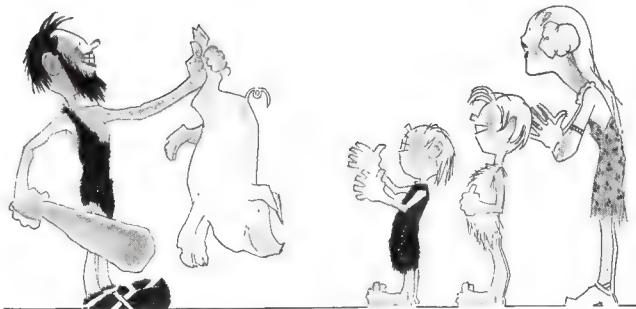
Colgate's contains no grit. It can't scratch or "ridge" the thin enamel of your teeth. It contains none of those chemicals that burn or harm the delicate mouth tissues.

Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.

*Colgate* *Co.*  
Established 1806



removes causes of tooth decay



Primitive people alternately fasted and feasted

## FASTING—ITS BENEFITS AND DANGER

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

*School of Hygiene and Public Health,  
Johns Hopkins University*



FADDISTS are constantly attempting to promote the idea that prolonged fasting has a remarkable value in the cure of many diseases. Physicians, in general, advise against abstaining from food for any great length of time. But many radical practitioners, especially those who treat persons suffering from digestive troubles, advise their patients to fast for periods of two weeks or more before putting them on some special diet which is supposed to have curative effects.

The chief interest Americans have in fasting lies in its possible value in reducing weight or in regaining lost health. Since fasting is heralded by so many faddists as a panacea for almost all existing ills, every one should understand the dangers as well as the possible virtues of denying oneself food for shorter or longer intervals.

Judging from the experience of religious enthusiasts and others who have undergone prolonged fasts, no great harm results when a healthy person abstains from food alone for periods up to thirty or forty days. Succi, an Italian, fasted forty days but took as much water as he desired. Persons have died within eight days, however, after going without both food and water. Under famine conditions many people die within a short time, but the cause is usually fear or pestilence or lack of water, rather than lack of food.

The condition of professional fasters at the end of several weeks shows that few human beings have ever gone without food long enough to endanger life, although some have fasted until they have lost about one-fourth of their body weight.

In fasting, the secretion of all the digestive juices is soon lessened, even when the person takes as much water as he wants. On the seventh day of his famous fast, Succi, by chewing for three hours a substance which was not food, secreted only as much saliva as is secreted under ordinary conditions in five minutes. The stomach, intestines and pancreas also stop actively secreting their digestive fluids.

The digestive tract, however, does not become entirely empty when one fasts. There is sufficient saliva swallowed to provide material for bacterial putrefaction, there are small amounts of all the digestive juices produced by each of the

secretory glands and, what is more significant, the liver continues to secrete a considerable amount of bile. The gall bladder is always full and continues to pour this bile into the intestines. All these secretions undergo putrefactive decomposition and the bacteria which cause the decomposition spread throughout the entire digestive tract. The tongue becomes coated and the breath acquires a very bad odor. By the ninth day the amount of putrefactive products in the kidney excretions has reached five times the amount observed at the beginning of the fast. From this it is evident that fasting does not cause a cleansing of the digestive tract, as many suppose.

The fasting body feeds upon itself but it does not draw on all the different body structures at the same rate. The fat deposits are the principal tissues drawn on for energy as long as they are abundant. After the fat is gone the next demand is made on the muscles which tend to waste away. Then, in much less degree, the organs and glands are used as sources of food material to keep life in the body. The more important organs, as the heart and brain and the glands which produce the so-called internal secretions containing hormones or regulators of metabolism, are spared longer than the parts which can be lost with less harm to the individual.

All these facts apply to fasts which last two weeks or more. The situation in such long fasts is very different from that which exists during short fasts of one to several days. During a brief fast—less than a week—a considerable reduction of the body fat may be made. Total abstinence from food for a few days, taking a small amount of moderate exercise, would doubtless be a satisfactory way for healthy persons to reduce, if they can afford to take the time to be idle, or nearly so, as is necessary while fasting. There is said to be little discomfort in fasting after the first few days are over.

Modern science has generally found that the precepts of religion constitute good physiology. Brief periods of fasting such as are practised by certain religious sects are doubtless beneficial because they help to reduce the

[Turn to page 59.]



# You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every 10 of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.

#### These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"  
**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
65c per dozen  
Kotex-Super:  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.*

#### Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors



(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(2) Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

# We all like the easiest way—

IT'S human nature to prefer the easiest way of doing things... Practically every important invention that has marked the progress of the times has been aimed at simplifying some job or other. Take the typewriter, the sewing machine, or any one of a hundred others that you think of.

We are constantly studying out new ways to make things easier to do; partly because we want to speed up, get more accomplished; but also—and this must not be overlooked—because we like to pamper ourselves. About a great many things, to be really honest, we're all fundamentally lazy.

And particularly, we're lazy about some of the small important things of life.

Even in that simple matter of brushing the teeth—a daily duty we owe to our own well-being—many of us are negligent.

At night we're tired; in the morning we're in a hurry.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish

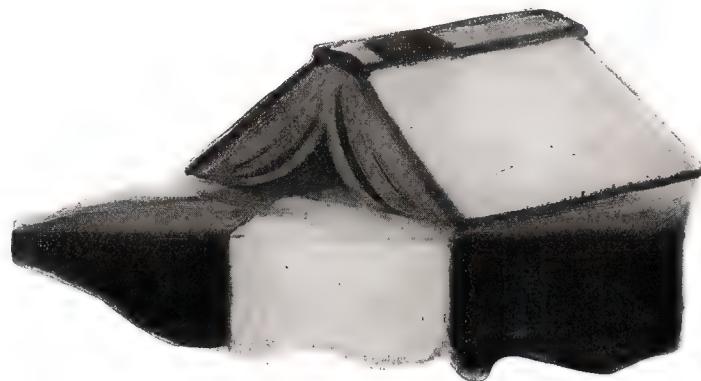
the easiest, quickest way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us. Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel\*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you know your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.



\*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

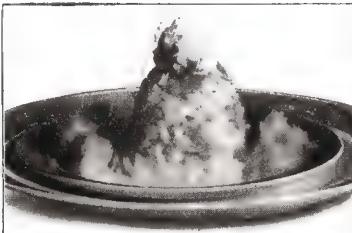
At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhœa and tooth decay.

# LISTERINE



*"—even for lazy people"*

TOOTH · PASTE  
- - - *easy to use*



## "GLORIFIED RICE" It's as good as it's healthful

Mrs. A. H. TWILLMAN  
of IRETON, IOWA,  
says that it is  
a favorite in  
her home.



**Y**ET, like so many Hawaiian Pineapple favorites, it is one of the simplest dishes imaginable. Just ordinary boiled rice with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, a few marshmallows—and whipped cream.

This is just another example of the way Hawaii's "King of Fruits" puts refreshing new appetite appeal into every-day foods. Salads, fruit cocktails, pies, tarts, ices, puddings—these, of course, are recognized Hawaiian Pineapple staples. And it is equally delightful with meat and vegetable dishes. Several unusually good ones are included in our new recipe book, illustrated below.

And bear in mind that the same top-quality, golden-ripe fruit is packed in two forms—Sliced and Crushed—for your convenience in preparing hundreds of dishes and for quick service right from the can. Keep Hawaiian Pineapple within easy reach always. You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen cans.



Don't Overlook  
Pineapple Ice Cream  
and Ices!

Always refreshing!  
Order at the soda fountain or restaurant—or  
have your dealer send a brick or carton home.

## HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



*Sliced*      *Crushed*  
For serving right  
from the can and  
for quick desserts  
and salads.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 24, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,  
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California  
Please send me, free of charge, your new book,  
"Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*This log cabin has many interesting features. The hooded porch, sturdy chimney, walls pointed with mortar, and double row of shingles in every third course, are all in accord with the rugged scale of log construction.*

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

BY HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE



**T**HREE is a perennial charm about the cabin built of logs that lures countless city dwellers to the great open spaces, where they build for themselves shelters in the wilderness for rest, recreation and study. While this phase of home building is of little concern to the realty operator, nevertheless it is a piquant and highly entertaining experiment in home making. The peculiarly engaging feature of the movement is that it is founded upon the romance of life, rather than upon the too often stupid realities.

Up to the present time the log cabin has been more or less of a makeshift for summer occupancy, but the idea of utilizing it as an all-year-round abode is fast gaining a foothold, although to make it winter-proof adds at least one half to the cost, as there must be a heating-plant, plumbing, insulated floors and roofs.

As a week-end retreat of comfort and beauty at any season of the year, its advantages are manifold. It provides the relaxation sought by numbers of city dwellers, who, in their recreational activities, prefer to view the madding crowd in far distant perspective. From every point of view it fills a fundamental need in the lives of busy folk. A goodly proportion of log cabin enthusiasts come from the ranks of the professions, and the outward

and visible sign of their freedom, the little house in the woods, may be discovered in all parts of the country, both east and west.

Strange to say, the ruggedness of the house of horizontal logs laid one upon another harks back, not to our Colonial forefathers, who built their first houses of logs set vertically in stockade fashion after the old English manner, but to the hardy northmen of the Scandinavian countries who fashioned their dwellings of marvelous workmanship, before even windows had come in fashion.

Always there is that about these habitations which stirs the blood in an unaccustomed way—a flow of sentiment for which tradition is largely responsible. The little log cabin is tenderly reminiscent of some of the first rude homes, and symbolizes those simple domestic joys, which, somehow, seem to have lost caste amid the exotic pleasures of modern life. But reverence for the hearth-stone still exists, and, for the old-fashioned sort of person, the appeal of home in the sturdy charm and rough beauty of the log cabin possesses a witchery difficult to withstand.

Some of the log cabins we see approximate in size and equipment the more ambitious country house, but, these often lose the old-time simplicity, which is one of their most potent charms. Many may be placed in the luxury class, but the entrancing thing about log cabins is that the cheaper ones, which are within the reach of persons of moderate means, are the most alluring.

It is quite possible for the prospective builder, at a reasonable outlay, to have a one-room cabin with a kitchenette, from which he can extract as much fun and relaxation as if he spent many times the amount. The cost, of course, will depend upon the location and the availability of logs. If the logs must be transported long distances, it is obvious that the cost will be too much, and, what is worse, the house of logs will seem to be out of place in a location where there are no trees to be found.

To build one's own log cabin adds not a little to the joy of ownership, and a one-man-built shack is entirely within the realm of possibility with no other assistance than the trusty ax. However, if one can afford it, it is better to secure the aid of a competent designer who understands the problem and the principles of log construction. [Turn to page 46]

*The doors also should be in keeping with the sturdy charm of log buildings*



*This detail shows the use of lock-notches at corners, and treatment of the butts*



*The round-log shelf and fieldstone of the fireplace lend this interior beauty*

## RAMPARTS

[Continued from page 2]

devices of today are so numerous and so remarkable, as to be past my enumeration or explanation. Electricians, inventors and scientists of today are indeed carrying on in a noteworthy manner, and they need have no qualms of conscience as to their industry, integrity, and skill.

It must be a motley array—this procession of spirits which I fancy I can see gazing over the parapets at us. Each one interested in the development and progress of the one particular thing which was essential and all important during his life on earth. I think it might be good for all of us to single out in our imagination, the one spirit who may be watching us—the one who was most interested in our individual ambition or desire—and ask ourselves if we are keeping the faith, and if we are giving the very best that is in us. It might be a great help to us, in this age of stress and hurry, to select something even as intangible as a spirit to be our guiding light and inspiration. We are inclined to

forget ideals in our mad rush for money and pleasure. It would be something to work for, and to work toward—just to feel that the spirit of some lost loved one, or of some notable person interested along the same lines as ourselves, was hovering over us, watching and waiting to note our development and progress. It might aid us in accomplishing bigger and better things.

So when you are asked to donate to memorials, do what your conscience tells you the spirit of the departed one would like. Our dead are happy and peaceful; at least, no tributes we can pay them here on earth will add to their comfort if they have lived honorable lives. If the proposed memorial is a help or a pleasure to those in whom he was most interested, give; but if it is only a slab of cold stone, or other useless monuments, let it alone, and give the money to his pet charity; remembering that always there remain hundreds of needy children.

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 16]

only got that interview through you. In other words, I didn't come by my coup honestly. And then you were such a brick about it all, I—I felt I owed you something and wanted you to think well of me."

"Then you meant to tell me—?"

"As soon as I could manage it without getting on the suspect list of the powers that be and ceasing to be useful if you should happen to need a friend again."

"As today!" Denise cried with a look for him now in which gratitude burned openly.

"Luck was with me today—the luck that sent this excellent fog. Good old Tibor, back there in the tunnel—chances are, he's just beginning to realize it wasn't Castle Hill that caved in on his poor dear head. So I'm still unknown to the enemy, and good for service yet another time—if another comes."

"You think another will—?"

"You don't imagine—do you?—you've seen the last of Szamuelly!"

"Who?" the girl cried in a start.

"Tibor Szamuelly, the pale lad with the pane in his face. Mean to say you didn't know who he was?"

"I know now," Denise admitted. "I've just remembered . . ."

Now, truly, did Denise remember. That name, coupled with Brull's quaint characterization of the single eye-glass—a decoration which hadn't been in evidence during their clash in the storm, though it had caused the lees of memory to stir that afternoon—all at once recreated the hour of her first acquaintance with the animal.

It had happened on one of her visits to the villa in the hills. This man, calling himself Tibor Szamuelly, had one day wormed his way into the villa, choosing an hour when neither of her parents was at home, and presented a letter of introduction to Denise which was later found to be a forgery. Denise recalled the pathetic figure he had cut, ill at ease in the drawing-room, but doing his shabby best to carry things off with an air; self-conscious in formal costume whose pretentiousness sat absurdly on his vulgar person. A pure type, all in all, of the scheming, unscrupulous petty pressman whose bent toward blackmail earns him in Buda-Pest the name of "pistol journalist."

The fellow had screwed up his impudence to approach Denise with a purpose slow to transpire. Whether or not he had ever before looked on the maid-of-honor and found her fair, it was sure her presence had reduced him, as soon as she came into the room, to grovelling adoration. He had so openly and so desperately yearned for one kind look, one small sign that might be construed as, at worst, toleration . . . Pleasant to remember that one had given him nothing even remotely resembling what he wanted: Denise had been high-handed with him from the first, impatiently demanding to be acquainted immediately with the nature of his errand and declining to be in

any way aware of his efforts to be ingratiating.

At last, however, it had come out: Szamuelly had pleaded guilty to having assumed that the maid-of-honor might be bribed, by threats half-hinted, and worse, the intimation that a sum of money might be placed at her disposition, to betray her Queen, give in confidence "facts" concerning Zita's private life which would lend color to the unspeakable scandals which were already being bruited by enemies of the Habsburg dynasty.

As soon as able to grasp the infamy of his stammered innuendoes, Denise had left the room and sent servants to boot the beast out of the grounds; and then, for all her flaming indignation, had been fain to let the rushing tides of those times whelm the incident into oblivion.

"Now I remember," she told Andrew Brull. Her dark eyes, holding his, seemed singularly large in a face suddenly pale with reminiscent anger. "That vermin!"

"Vermin," Brull agreed, "is Tibor's maiden name. All the same, it won't do to despise him, the man is armed today with mysterious powers—he has friends in high places here in Buda-Pest. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing more than that he is a common blackmailer. What should I know of such wretches?"

"It's reasonably useful to know things," Brull reasonably submitted. "I ran across the man for the second time a few days after we got here, lending his moral support to Bela Kun, that comic monstrosity you saw just now in Franz Josef Square. I got hold of Szamuelly's name, and made discreet enquiries."

"Well? Were you impressed by what you found out?"

"Too much to forget any of it. He's had a busy life since the War started. Before that he seems to have been a sort of village idiot in journalistic circles here. He drifted from one newspaper to another, failing to deliver the goods even as a police-court reporter. During the War he ducked service as long as he could. In the end, however, they pinched Tibor and shipped him off to the Eastern front. He deserted within two hours and picked up with this Bela Kun, also a deserter, in Moscow. They made a deal with Lenin and his lot, and were given the job of organizing Bolshevik cells among the Hungarian prisoners-of-war. Szamuelly, is known to have ordered the massacre of a hundred and fifty officer-prisoners who wouldn't be corrupted. The ink they wrote the Armistice with wasn't dry when he bobbed up again, as bold as brass, with pockets full of rubles, in the country where the best he had to hope for was a deserter's breakfast—a blank wall and a firing squad. Ever since that time we ran afoul of him outside Vienna he's been ruffling it in the cafés here like a new bully. I rather thought he'd overdone things a bit about three weeks back, when this bold Republic plucked up spunk enough to jail him for the murder of those poor fellows in the [Turn to page 49]



## "Every Drop Awakens Flavor"

Heinz Pure Vinegar brings out the delicate flavors of a salad, while imparting an added goodness of its own, because it is more than just a raw, sour taste—it is flavor itself.

This ripe, mellow flavor of Heinz Pure Vinegars is developed by long aging in wood. No other method can produce it. That's why Heinz Vinegar improves every food it touches and why you should always ask for vinegar by name—Heinz.

4 kinds to suit all tastes—Cider, Malt, White and Tarragon.



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SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS FOR NEW SALAD RECIPE BOOK • H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH

# HEINZ

## PURE Vinegars

IN BOTTLES

*The taste is the 57<sup>th</sup> test*



## Chafing For a young baby doctors require this special care



THERE is no fragrance in the world more appealing than that indescribable sweetness—part just clean babyness, part soft little woolens, part delicate powder—which makes a baby's skin so adorable.

But that tender skin is a responsibility. It needs the most faithful care to save it from the misery of chafing and other eruptions which assail it.

After the baby has been bathed and dried with a soft towel, powder should be sprinkled in all his little folds and creases to absorb the last stray bit of moisture. And every time he is changed he must be liberally powdered.

There is nothing—except the nipple of his bottle—which comes into such intimate contact with the baby as the powder. One cannot be too careful in its choice.

The powder should be exquisitely fine, soft, absorbent and pure beyond question.

### Mothers Trust this Powder

Because Johnson's baby powder has these qualities in such superlative degree, more mothers choose this than any other powder.

It is made under ideal conditions in the wonderful laboratories which serve the medical profession so faithfully with hundreds of antiseptic articles.

Moreover this powder was made at doctors' request and by their prescription. When these doctors wanted a powder they could safely recommend for young babies, what more natural than that they should turn to this firm for a product of such purity?

The skin of the young baby is very delicate and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of toilet powder.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt  
in "The Happy Baby."

NOTE: To those mothers who do not already know the goodness and purity of this beneficial powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering a free sample together with their helpful little book, "The Summer Care of Babies."

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. C-12; New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

# A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

[Continued from page 44]

While this old method of framing seems a simpler proposition than the usual method of house construction, and is easily understood by the layman, when it is properly explained to him, there are few builders who know how to apply it. The woodsman will instinctively know what to do, for he has a feeling for logs and trees, but the average time-job carpenter, who is accustomed to having his material practically cut and fitted for him, is at a loss when up against a problem of natural framing.

With an architect's detailed plan and one skilled workman it is possible for a layman to turn out a very creditable job, while, without this assistance, he may fall into serious difficulties. He may also be tempted, because of his detail point of view, to dabble in gingerbread and paint to the ruination of the beauty of his home, whose keynote should be simplicity itself.

Any of our native trees are suitable for a log cabin, such as white pine, spruce,



A log cabin in such surroundings is a fisherman's idea of paradise

oak, chestnut or hemlock in the east, and Douglas fir, yellow pine, cedar or hemlock in the west. Hardwood is, of course, more difficult to tool, so the pines and cedars are to be given preference. A most picturesque and charming material is unpeeled silver birch, which may be employed with delightful results. The cabin on the estate of Byron B. Horton at Barnes, Pennsylvania, shown in the illustration, is constructed of this wood, and the effect is entrancing.

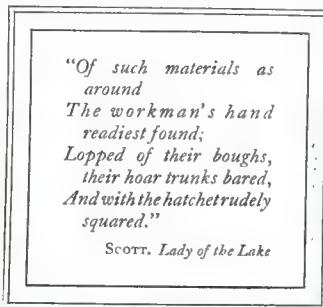
The natural beauty of silver birch, with its exquisite sheen and reflection of light that illuminates the dark recesses of the woods, makes it an excellent material for the log cabin, where it is available in sufficient quantities. This silvery effect is quite as attractive for the interior as for the exterior, and may be used for the staircase, for mantels and for furniture. It gives just the woodsy atmosphere that we are wont to associate with the primitive log cabin.

When the plan is determined upon, the logs cut and drawn to the site and the land graded, it will probably take from three to eight weeks to build your house and install the desired fittings. The cost and the time for construction depend upon the size of the structure and the simplicity of its finish; and, as stated before, the simpler it is, the more satisfying it will be.

The true woodsman selects ten or twelve-inch logs for the walls and fits them at the corners with the "lock-notch"—that is, the top log is cut away to fit over the log below, which runs at right angles to it, thus forming the corner of the house. As each log runs the entire length of the wall and is similarly lock-jointed at the other end, the whole cabin will be firm and strong. Of course the logs must be carefully cut to form the door and window openings, which must be strongly framed to hold the log-ends in place, and the filling of the joints with water-proof mortar is the most particular



This rambling log cabin with its picturesque bark roof suggests an English wayside cottage



Delightfully harmonious proportions distinguish this all-year-round cabin



The log shelter has its roof sodded and planted with wild flowers



Old Norse log cabins had carved posts. Grille work was used instead of windows

detail of all, if one would have a comfortable, dry well-built house.

To be in keeping with the log walls the roof beams should be formed of small logs with one side cut away, to provide a flat nailing surface for the roof boards, which look best rough-sawed. If the span is wide, tie beams will be required at intervals to strengthen the roof. If the cabin is to be an all-year-round affair, some form of insulation should be laid on the roof boards before applying the roofing material.

The roof itself should receive careful consideration, for it should be in keeping with the walls. A cheap modern roof is most disappointing with log construction. The small cabin shown with the hooded porch has a simple shingled roof, which is eminently satisfying to one's sense of the "fitness of things."

Stone, which is generally available in one form or another, plays an important part in cabin building, and, to an unusual degree, the beauty of the masonry de-



Snow adds its beauty to the silver birch walls of the Byron B. Horton cabin

pends upon its wise selection. Set up with plenty of mortar it is always attractive, and lends a definite character to the building that no other material will produce. It gives the structure a feeling of rigidity and strength, appropriate both outside and in. The natural stone fireplace has a sense of rightness in the log cabin, impossible in the usual plastered and trimmed room, where it is distinctly out of place.

A slaty or blocky stone is always better looking than the rounded field stone, and care must be observed to avoid rotten stone, which all surface stone is liable to be. Where possible it is well to use a water-washed stone which may be taken from the bed of a brook or stream nearby, where it has lain for centuries until the color has mellowed to soft hues. The stone for a certain Canadian log cabin was taken from the Bay of Fundy. Quarried stone is, of course, always the best, and in some localities may be found in beautiful colors. It should be left in its natural state, untooled, and the joints raked out fairly deep to show the full beauty of the stone.

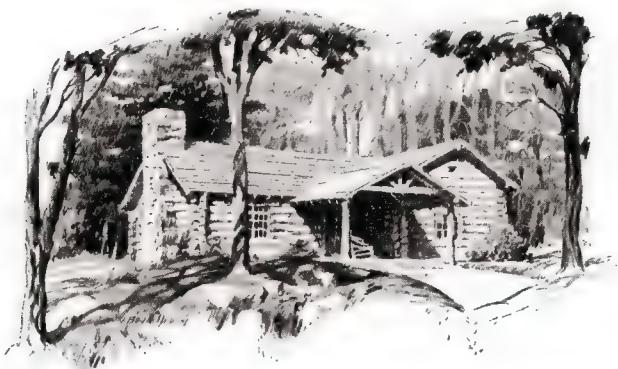
Casement windows seem to be the most appropriate for the log cabin. They are cheerful and attractive, and, if made to swing out as casement windows should, are easy to make weather-tight. The windows in any case should not be too small, especially if the cabin is set among the trees, or the rooms will be dark and stuffy.

The cabin which has no cellar, if built in a dry location, may have a small pit about five feet deep dug underneath and reached by a trap door in the floor. This will be found most convenient for the storage of food and other supplies.

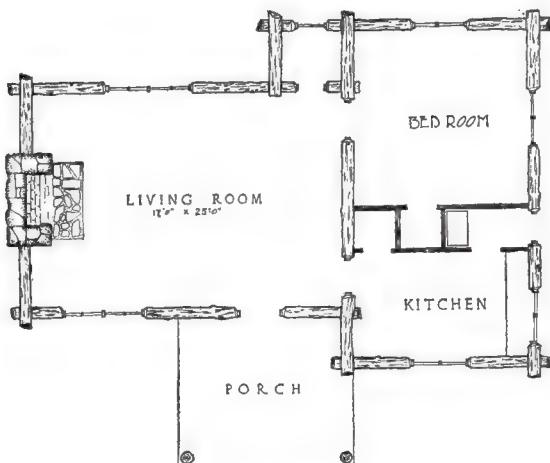
To be most successful a harmony of native materials should be kept throughout. Doors may be quaintly fashioned from slabs and fitted with smart iron hinges and catches made by the local blacksmith; they may be of hand-hewn slabs pegged together [Turn to page 61]

# WHY NOT BUILD YOUR OWN LOG CABIN?

Especially designed for *McCall's Magazine* by  
CARL GILDERSLEEVE, Landscape Architect, Collaborating with  
MARIA MEAD, *McCall's* Consulting Architect



*A small and attractive log cabin which can be built most inexpensively*



**T**o one who loves the out-of-doors, the log cabin has a fascinating appeal—its construction is so reasonable, so truly a part of its surroundings. It makes one's fingers tingle for the feel of an ax in his own hand; one's heart quickens with the desire to build his own habitation.

In order that each and every one so inclined may have a chance to try his skill and have the joy of his own handiwork, we have secured a real out-of-door man with a love of trees to make the design and plans for the attractive cabin shown at the top of this page.

The hooded porch of this cabin is a pleasant diversity of style. The sturdy chimney is of excellent masonry and where fieldstone can be used in the construction of chimney and fireplace the combination of it with the rough logs is peculiarly

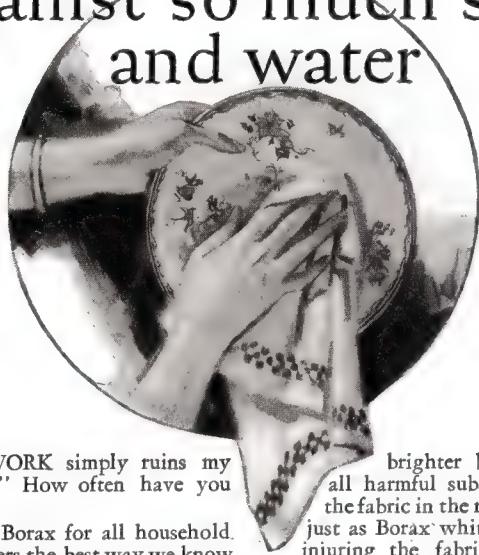
fitting and gives a picturesque touch. Mr. Gildersleeve's plans will show you how to make the lock-notch joint at the angles, how to span the roof rafters, and how to form the fireplace of stone. You may build a three-room cabin as shown, or only a one-room cabin, such as the living-room might be if built alone without the other rooms; or you may build more rooms at the other end of the living-room. In fact, with the help of these drawings and specifications you will be able to plan just the kind of cabin you want.

Imagine the walls erected and the roof in place. How is it going to look then? To build one's own shack in this way will help more than anything else to see all around a problem—its height, its depth and its various dimensions, whether it is a problem of building or of business.

**O**NE complete set of plans and descriptive specifications, with details showing how a log house should be built, will be sold for \$15.00.

Or, if you desire to see plans and designs for other houses, send for *McCall's* Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four to seven room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

**HANDS**  
*that do housework*  
will be grateful for the protection Borax gives against so much soap and water



"**H**OUSEWORK simply ruins my hands!" How often have you heard this?

The use of Borax for all household cleaning offers the best way we know to protect your hands. Why? Because Borax softens water and neutralizes the effect of the caustic in the soap. Borax eliminates the need for strong chemicals and disinfectants, too.

Try it in the dishwater. This will show you quickly how Borax saves the hands. Also it makes the dishes bright with true cleanliness, banishes food odors, keeps glass and silver shining. Nothing is so good as Borax for this purpose.

Use it for all cleaning. To wipe off woodwork, to sterilize the ice-box, to keep the porcelain in the bathroom shining, use Borax. Borax does any cleaning job better, with no harmful effects to anything it touches.

All laundry work can also be done more efficiently with Borax. For Borax whitens the clothes, helps the soap to do better work, sterilizes as it cleans. Borax is safe for colored fabrics, too, for it actually tends to set colors. It keeps them from fading and makes them look

brighter by removing all harmful substances from the fabric in the rinsing. And just as Borax whitens without injuring the fabrics and preserves colors in colored clothes, so too, it saves your hands.

There is danger to your hands in every bit of housework you do. Send for our booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, and learn all the places you can substitute Borax for harmful cleansing agents. And learn too, just what Borax is and why it helps to protect the hands. Though it is now considered a simple household product, Borax was once used as a toilet aid by the early Egyptian beauties and many toilet products sold today contain Borax. It is good for the skin because it is a harmless emollient.

If for certain uses you prefer Borax and soap combined in one product you can secure this combination in Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They are especially recommended for laundering and dishwashing, whether done by hand or by washing machine; and are equally satisfactory for general household use. Write us if your grocer doesn't carry them.

The famous Twenty Mule Team Borax is on sale by your grocer, druggist and department store. Include it in your next order.

**B**Twenty mule team  
**BORAX**

To the PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.  
100 William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, telling all the uses for Borax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



M-8-26



## Don't let his tender skin suffer

A WEE baby feels so acutely any rough, scratchy surface next to his tender skin. Especially in summer when the heat itself is about all he can bear!

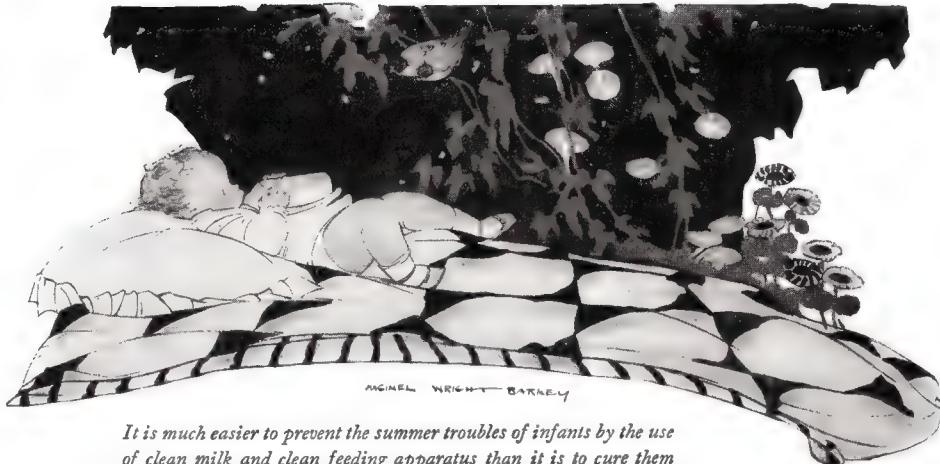
Dress him ever so tenderly and carefully—each pin securely fastened—yet he will be peevish and fretful if the folds of his dear, fat little body are irritated by scratchy, shrunken garments. And there is danger, too, of infection from these irritations—danger of diaper rash, of eczema.

These troubles are often traced to the washing of diapers and woolens with harsh soaps containing free alkali. It is difficult to rinse out alkali—it clings to baby's garments and irritates wherever it touches.

Lux contains no free alkali. It is so pure, so utterly harmless that it cannot injure the daintiest of fine fabrics. Baby's sheer dresses, washed in Lux, will look like new, and his dear little shirts and socks will be fluffy and unshrunken—his diapers, fresh and comfortable. Directions on the package tell you the safest, easiest way to wash baby's clothes. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Baby's bottles washed in Lux so sparkling clean you know they're safe!



*It is much easier to prevent the summer troubles of infants by the use of clean milk and clean feeding apparatus than it is to cure them*

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

MRS. WISE: Good morning, Dr. Syntax. I came to discuss with you the summer management of my baby. He is perfectly well and I did not think it necessary to bring him.

Dr. Syntax: How old is your baby?

Mrs. Wise: He is 4 months old and weighs 14 pounds and is bright and lively—a very happy baby, but he is my first baby and I have heard so much about the dangers of hot weather for babies that I wanted to know just how I should take care of him.

Dr. Syntax: Is he breast or bottle-fed?

Mrs. Wise: He is fed entirely on the bottle. I tried my best to nurse him but just couldn't.

Dr. Syntax: That is unfortunate, as breast-fed babies pass through the heated term with little trouble. If the young mothers of the country only knew how much safer breast-feeding is from every standpoint, they would make greater efforts to feed their infants the way nature intended.

Mrs. Wise: What dreadful things do bottle-fed babies have during the summer? I have been reading a Board of Health pamphlet and it contains a lot of advice about *cholera infantum*, summer diarrhea and dysentery.

Dr. Syntax: All of which are terms employed to describe the different types of stomach and bowel trouble to which infants are particularly susceptible during the summer months.

Mrs. Wise: The health bulletin stated that these diseases were due to infection, a poisoning of some sort. Is that true? What do they mean by infections?

Dr. Syntax: The statement is quite true, and by infection is meant that by some means poisonous germs have entered the gastrointestinal tract and their presence and activities give rise to illness.

Mrs. Wise: How do babies take in the poisonous germs?

ANGELO PATRI

says:

*A CHILD is to be judged by his conduct, not his pose. The quality of him shows in action and if he do nothing one may well be suspicious of that quality. I have no faith in the wisdom of the owl. I prefer the more wide-awake birds though they make a bit more trouble.*

*Buddie came home bearing the traces of battle and his mother was outraged. "You've been fighting again, Buddie Bacon. Disgracing me. I wonder if you will ever learn to behave like a human being. Look at Dicky. That child has never given me a moment's trouble since he—"*

*"Yeah. Look at Dicky. Snooky called him a mut and he made out not to hear him and sneaked home by the back alley. I licked tar out o' Snooky and, believe me, Dicky gets his next time he ducks a fight. You got to stand up for yourself in this burg."*

*Buddie was facing life bravely, while Dicky was dwelling in false peace. Mother cheered the shirker and blamed the trouble-maker who was the better man of the two. So do we love our ease.*

*Child growth is loud and crude and often mistaken, but it is tremendously active. Raising a family is a twenty-four hour duty for about twenty years and the calm hours are few. If silence and brooding result in action, fine; but if not, better study the stillness and stimulate the child to deeds. Mistakes can become stepping-stones but the folding of the hands is death.*

contamination. Only milk bottled at the farm should be used, and when it is delivered at the home it should be placed at once in the ice-box in the upper part where the ice is kept until the mother is ready to prepare it for the baby's use.

Mrs. Wise: Should the milk be boiled before using?

Dr. Syntax: All milk not previously pasteurized should be brought to the boiling-point during the hot months.

Mrs. Wise: What is meant by pasteurized and sterilized milk? Also what is certified milk?

Dr. Syntax: Pasteurization means that the milk has been heated to a certain temperature usually about 155° and kept at this point for about 30 minutes. Many large milk producers now supply the pasteurized milk. Sterilized milk is nothing more or less than boiled milk, milk that has been heated to the boiling-point. Certified milk indicates a high quality of milk as regards its purity and freedom from contamination.

Mrs. Wise: It is much easier to prevent the summer trouble of infants by the use of clean milk than it is to cure them—that is what the pamphlet claims.

Dr. Syntax: Undoubtedly, but the use of clean milk is not the whole story; infection of the baby's digestive system with resulting diarrhea and vomiting may take place through other means than the milk supply.

Mrs. Wise: Do tell me all about it, I am so anxious to take my baby safely through the summer. By what besides milk may my baby be made ill?

Dr. Syntax: Through unclean feeding apparatus. The bottles must always be boiled and cleansed with a stiff brush and a solution of borax in water—one tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water.

They then should be rinsed with boiled water and placed upside down to dry. Likewise the rubber nipples should be turned inside out and scrubbed with the borax solution.

[Turn to page 61]



Dr. Syntax: In different ways. The most usual means is in the use of unclean milk, milk that has been carelessly drawn and cared for. Milk is most susceptible to

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 45]

Russian prison-camps. But he was loose again before you could say snap. Now he makes no bones about his contempt for the government or anything else but his own importance—and Bela Kun's. It looks bad for the new régime."

"Is that what you of the Missions think?" Denise demanded in a flash of hope. "The Republic hasn't long to live!"

"With Bolshevism eating it alive like a leprosy? If you ask me, its normal expectation of life is a few weeks at most." The American made only a brief wait before doubling back to the first cause of his forebodings. "What's worse and more of it? this Szamuely pup is addled about you. You did something or other to him some time that he's never forgotten and hasn't any idea of ever forgiving. I got that much from the talk I overheard from my nest in the straw that night. And if my guess is any good, his plans for getting level are apt to be peculiarly nasty. I do wish you'd take a friend's advice and clear out noiselessly and lie low as far from Buda-Pest as you can get till things have quieted down and Tibor has been given his needs."

"I know, but . . ." The driver switched on the headlamps, and the misty blue of gloaming in the hills was no more but now a purple little less profound than that of night. "The trouble is, I can't very well run away. With my father and brother ill, and the few servants we have left every day harder to handle—I simply cannot leave my mother to bear the brunt of everything." The American said something under his breath, and clear eyes sought his with a smile which even the dark couldn't quite dim. "I haven't the least doubt you are right in everything you say, but . . . What can I do?"

"Then that's that!" This strange man seemed bent on proving himself a comfortably dogged philosopher—or fatalist. "And we've just got to put the best face on affairs we can. Does your telephone ever work out here?"

"We don't have too much trouble. Only our friends who are active counter-revolutionaries complain of poor service and espionage on the wire."

"I'm at the Ritz," Brull volunteered. "And since my standing here is entirely unofficial, you needn't hesitate to call on me, I can put my spoke in whenever it's needed without embarrassing the Mission."

Grey gate-posts swarm into the state of driving lights. The car, supple to its brakes, sedately wheeled in between them. "But what right have I to involve you in my difficulties? You have been too kind already . . ."

"Then you owe me something, don't you?" the American reasoned, chuckling—"at least a chance to make it up for having played it so low-down on you at Eckartsau."

"Please as if that mattered . . . Why remind me that I am much too deeply in your debt, as it is?"

"Sorry," Andrew Brull unlatched the door and jumped down to the stone steps. "Guess I'm hopeless. But thank you anyway, for reminding me. Friends don't keep debit and credit accounts, and that's a fact."

How odd to remember that the last time her hand had taken his, in that selfsame spot, it had condescended to a common soldier's! "Please," the girl said again, a little breathlessly—"won't you come in for a moment? My mother will want to add her thanks to mine."

"Must you tell her?" Brull deprecated, forgetting to release her. "I wouldn't, with all she's got to worry her already. And it's best if I'm not seen by anybody else—I mean, perhaps by some possibly untrustworthy servant. Times like these, you can't play too safe."

"I suppose so. But I am grateful, most grateful, and I hope it won't be long. . . ."

She stammered over words that were strange words for Denise Vay to be saying to any man. "Oh," Andrew Brull laughed, "trust me!"

The Mission automobile whisked away through the rift its bright blade slashed in the clinging night. And several minutes after that had healed, the noise of the door at her back, which her mother came wondering to open, started Denise out of

a reverie whose nature, when she woke to recognize it fairly, a little shocked the girl, it was so out of temper with every caste-tradition she had been bred to reverence.

THE villa was a tomb of biting cold in all but the two rooms where the convalescents were quartered. There, in porcelain stoves, poor fires smouldered, of twigs and scraps raked up in the park, giving out little to blunt the edge of the chill. Away from these apartments, one could be comfortable only in bed. In her own Denise lay awake for hours whose peace, measured by the music of household clocks, was otherwise flawed only by occasional murmurings from the room where her mother sat by her father's bedside.

The open night was not so tranquil. The authorities, incompetent even to check the carnival which the lawless kept in Buda-Pest, made no attempt elsewhere to discourage highway robbery or pillage of homes whose owners had fled to the city, where at least loneliness was subtracted from their terrors. Every night one or another forsaken villa in the neighborhood was looted, and the marauders, making free with well-stocked cellars, brawled in their cups and slew one another for possession of more precious spoils. Denise had witnessed from her pillow too many skies lurid with the glare of dwellings given to the torch to cover proofs of burglary and fouler crimes.

Something after midnight she was startled out of her first drift into dozing by a specially vicious fusillade from the direction of the gates. The girl got out of bed, wrapped a fur-lined cloak round her night-clothing, and, making no light, crept through the black corridor to the door of her father's bedchamber, to be at hand if needed. While she waited there, shivering and listening, the disturbance passed on, the final stutter of shots died out afar; and she was stealing back to her room when she noticed a line of gold beneath the door to her brother's.

Nicholas was sitting up on the side of his bed, in breeches and a woolen dressing-gown, trying to worry on his boots, and uttering querulous curses on the weakness that made his efforts clumsy. Denise somehow managed to wangle him back beneath the covers, then, to prevent his getting up again, should new alarms occur, made up the fire in the stove and, perching on the foot of the bed, set herself to talk the invalid asleep. But Nicholas was more bed-weary than drowsy, and in a savage fret.

"It was bad enough to be beaten and winged, and know I'd never be a whole man again; but to be keeled over by this filthy flu just when I was getting in shape to be of some use to father and mother and you—and Hungary!"

"Don't, dear," his sister begged. "We'll manage somehow till you're well again and strong. Hungary, too, we can trust. Only give it time; it's sure to win back its health and reason and be again the Hungary we love."

"You're only talking—saying words to pacify me, that don't mean anything. We don't know what's going on—can't, so long as I'm bedridden. It's maddening—I tell you, I'll go mad if I'm prevented much longer from getting back into active service."

"Whose service? The King's or the Republic's? The King has no more army; and as for the Republic—why, the day it was proclaimed Linder, the new Minister of War, declared: 'I don't want to see any more Hungarian soldiers'—and the mob applauded."

Nicholas was very still and silent for a long minute. Beneath the tan of the wasted young face on the white pillow, pallor pulsed like a white flame burning.

"What for?"

"If we let that cry of a cur go to the world undisputed, how long will it be before there isn't any Hungary left to do without its army?"

"What can you do?"

"How can I know [Turn to page 50]

# Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the dingy film that ordinary brushing won't remove



Please accept a full 10-day test of this NEW way that world's dental authorities advise for lightening clouded teeth and protecting gums

is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

#### Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansings won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

#### It removes that film And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now.

#### Hidden by film

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that

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Mail this for  
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**Pepsodent**  
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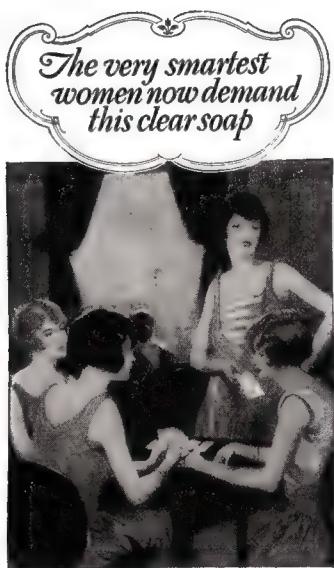
Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

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Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.



## *It Thoroughly Cleanses then Quicken Circulation*

Why are smart society women who prize good looks turning so generally to Jap Rose?

Because beauty specialists have shown them that this clear soap is the one that cleanses pores most thoroughly and stimulates them to normal action.

Jap Rose cleanses so thoroughly because its ingredients are so pure that they dissolve completely in water and can enter tiny pores that coarse soaps clog.

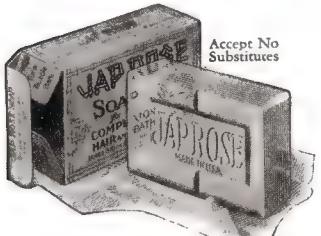
It stimulates because it contains two natural tonics.

You can tell that it is improving your complexion by that healthful tingle that follows its first use.

Get it today.

# JAP ROSE

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin, 10c



while I lie here and nobody tells me anything? But give me twenty-four hours in my clubs in Pest and I'll have my hand in whatever they may be planning."

His eyes blazed to hers; and Denise knew a breath of panic. Nothing now would hold the infuriated boy; and for him to venture out in his condition would be suicidal. She had said too much, and now must say more—give up the secret she had patiently withheld against a day when her brother would be strong enough to be trusted with it.

"You must keep away from them, Nicky. Promise me you won't go near them and get yourself involved in their plans, whatever they may be. Do nothing to make yourself suspect. It would be fatal—"

"I'm not afraid."

"I don't mean that, dear. I mean, if you were to be put under surveillance for any reason, you could do nothing for the King, who needs you."

Nicholas narrowed a stare. "What the deuce are you driving at, Denny?" She told him then the story of her summons to Eckartsau. "And now," she concluded, "won't you give me your word to pull wide of known counter-revolutionaries? It can't be long now, if you'll only be patient, till you are well enough to do what the King asks of you in his hour of need."

"No fear!" the boy laughed with a new glad note that put warmth into his sister's heart. "By Heaven, Denny, you've given me something to live for, something to do! See here: could you draw me that plan from memory?"

It was three in the morning before he would suffer Denise to leave him. She went back to bed so weary that even icy sheets could not for two minutes end stave off sleep. And her mother let her rest till she woke up of her own accord toward noon, dressed in contrite haste, and ran downstairs to find the household rejoicing. About mid-morning, it appeared, a wagon-load, a whole wagon-load of coal had been delivered.

Save on the theory that Providence had miraculously intervened to thaw the coal-dealer's heart, this event was inexplicable to every one but Denise; she, passing the front door, noticed a gleam beneath it, and found it to be an envelope bearing her name plus prints of coal-fouled thumbs. It held a curious message, penned in a schoolboy's formless longhand:

"I send you proof of my power to protect and make you happy, gracious Denise Vay. Does this amaze you, after yesterday? But if I am patient, it is because I know how to make patience serve my ends—which, believe me, I never fail to gain. You may be sure, too, I never forget. Tell that to the fool who struck me down from behind."

"Tomorrow I shall expect you, Denise, to have luncheon with me at the Hotel Hungaria. We have much to say to each other, you must know that now, much to discuss—not forgetting the question of further allotments of coal.

"I shall be waiting for you at one o'clock. I hope very truly you will not be so ill-advised as to disappoint me. I should be sorry to feel obliged to prove my power again—and in another fashion.

"Till tomorrow, then and always,  
"Your most devoted and humble servant,  
"T. S."

This the girl straightway destroyed. She could foresee no profit of seeking Brull's advice, but only the peril which he had warned her, should their friendship become known. Then, too, he could only tell her to do what she meant to do in any event, treat the invitation as though it had never come into her hands.

It was not until the third day following, that occasion arose to take her again to Buda-Pest. Nothing more had been heard of the carriage or their old Szekler coachman. Denise had to walk several miles to the nearest tram-line, with every prospect of finding, when she got there, no trams running. But the day was fine, one of the few brave days that fell Autumn doled out to a people destitute of every ordinary encouragement; and she addressed herself to the journey in better spirits than she had known since her return from Vienna. Only Nicholas chose to worry her a little at the outset. She had not seen him since shortly after breakfast,

# THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 49]

when she had dropped into his room to find her brother up in his dressing-gown, and busy sorting out an accumulation of papers, putting some few aside, thrusting others into the porcelain stove—preparing, he didn't need to tell her, for the great mission his King had charged him with, destroying in advance everything that might be used against his family should any fault of his lead agents of the People's Council to search the villa. They had spoken then of his great improvement, and Nicholas had cheerily prophesied that he would be out and about before the end of the week.

Now, however, as Denise swung down the driveway, she saw Nicholas waiting for her between the gates, a soldiery figure of a staff officer in full uniform, the badges of his rank shining like new gold and his bosom brilliant with decorations.

"Nicky! you're not going out—?"

"Why not? It's too rare a day to lose frowning indoors. Besides, you're only a frail and timid little woman; you need a strong man's arm to lean on."

Nicholas balked dead. "You're not coming with me, and that's flat. You're not strong enough even to walk as far as the trams, and I may be away all afternoon." "Oh, very well," Nicholas grinned. "Don't fly at me in my enfeebled condition, it might be fatal. Besides, I was only pulling your leg: I need a walk, and it won't hurt you to let me tag along part of the way."

"That's different," the girl laughed, reassured. "I was afraid for a minute you meant to go to town with me and hunt for trouble in your wretched clubs. If you were mad enough to try it in that rig, you wouldn't need to look so far."

"In my uniform, you mean?" The boy's face clouded as he dropped into step. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, except it's Crown livery and out of style; and only idiots who want to see how the hospitals are doing wear their decorations in public."

After this he turned their talk to St. Stephen's emeralds, pointing out that he could hardly form practicable plans to abstract them without knowing the number and disposition of the guards in the castle at Buda by night. Old Count Illes-hazy ought to know, Nicholas thought; as likely as not Denise would find the old man at the Szaparys', where she proposed to stop for tea.

She promised to do what she could, and succeeded presently in persuading Nicholas that it would be an unwise tax on him to make this first constitutional overlong. About midway between the villa and the tramline he consented to turn back. They parted at a turning in the road, and from the next Denise looked back to see her brother resting where she had left him. She blew him a kiss, and took with her a warm memory of the farewell he waved—as gallant and handsome an officer, she was sure, as ever the King's cloth had graced.

Toward the end of the afternoon a

stroke of luck befell just when it was most needed, when Denise was beginning to feel a little faint with weariness and disappointment, and wondering whether it would be wise to take tea with the Szaparys', in spite of her promise, seeing that it would be dark before she could get away and her chances of hiring a conveyance of any kind more than ever problematic. Then, while she held up on a corner of the fashionable shopping district, dubiously debating her most sensible conduct, an automobile slipped in to the kerb, and the Countess Stephen Zikes called to her.

"Denise! Frances Szapary told me you were coming to tea today, and I'm going on there as soon as I have stopped at the National Casino to pick up Stephen. Don't you want me to give you a lift? And later, if you like, you can have the motor to take you home."

"You are an angel from Heaven!" Denise declared, and jumped into the car before anything could come between her and this boon of fortune.

The most luxurious motor in Buda-Pest, not even excepting that which yesterday had been the King's, moved on in majesty through the narrow busy streets that web the Inner Town, but necessarily

made slow progress. Not that either of the young women was in a hurry or noticed anything untoward till the car was obliged to make a full halt in Varoshaz street near its junction with Kosuth. A small crowd had formed there, found the entrance to a business building, blocking the sidewalk and extending out into the roadway. Voices harsh with anger rode the collective mutter, like wave-crests brawling on the surface of an ugly sea. The Countess Stephen Zikes impatiently enquired of the chauffeur what the matter was, and the man rose from the wheel, craned his neck and in an anxious tone reported that an officer of the army was apparently on the point of being mobbed.

Premonition took Denise by the throat. She jumped up and stared over the heads of the rabble, and gave a low, inarticulate cry such as a worried animal will give.

Conspicuous both because the press had forced him up on the doorstep, and because he wore still his uniform of a staff officer a-blaze with insignia, Nicholas stood hemmed in, back to the wall. Several men in the drab of the Republic's disdained army, thugs of the most vicious description, heading the mob, held him in a menacing ring. One taller than his fellows was savagely demanding something of Nicholas in terms of which, thanks to the thickening rumor of the mob, Denise could make nothing but black blasphemies. When the fellow paused for reply, he got it in words from white lips that cut like so many stripes of a knout. He drew back snarling and flung out a hand into which another pressed a naked knife. Nicholas grew rigid, like a figure of stone. The long blade flickered wickedly at his throat but didn't stop there, fell to his bosom, instead, and began to hack at his decorations. For one moment more Nicholas permitted the sister, of whose presence he was not aware, to hope he would suffer his humiliation meekly. Then, without warning, he snapped a fist to the jaw that jolted the ruffian's head back to his shoulders. With a roar of fury the pack surged forward in a mass to make its kill. Nicholas went down fighting, like a swimmer beaten under by a murderous surf.

Gladys Zikes made a vain snatch at the girl's cloak; the chauffeur moved too late to stop her. Without knowing how she came to be there, Denise found herself in the thick of the rabble, screaming, kicking and clawing for way. Men turned on and cursed her and struck down her hands. A brutal elbow was jammed into her breast, and the girl reeled and moaned, taken with a lancinating pain that blinded her and wrung their strength like water from her limbs.

When she was able to see again, her path to Nicholas was clear, the mob recoiled, disintegrating, ebbing away in every direction, as if in dread of instant retribution for the foul thing it had done.

The girl tottered on and sank to her knees by the side of the trampled horror that had been her brother.

The Countess Zikes, getting down to go to her, saw and, sickened, covered her eyes and sank back against the car.

A dark presence came between the crouching woman and the sky. If she felt, she did not heed it. A hand took her by one shoulder, another lifted her head by the chin till she looked up into a colorless face.

"My heart bleeds for you, Denise Vay," Tibor Szamuely said without the faintest accent of emotion. "But those who would flout the Revolution must pay. If you had only let me know this poor boy was contemplating any such madness, I might have saved him."

The girl's eyes, though fixed to his, had a glaze, her lips moved but were soundless. The man's features twitched a little.

"I'm sorry you did not see fit to accept my invitation the other day," he said, very softly. "But those who would be friends with me know they can find me at the Hotel Hungaria every day at the luncheon hour."

Receiving no response, only that vacant stare, he released Denise, and turned away.

She dropped in a whole faint across the body of her dead.

[Continued in SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]



## IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE WOODS

BY DOROTHY GILES

EVERY boat, train, trolley and interurban—not to mention the twenty million automobiles that America is driving itself about in—that takes the road these midsummer days is crowded with eager vacationists. Fifty million holiday seekers in holiday mood! A million "hikers" gaily following the gypsy trail over mountain ridges and upland pastures, and along disused, moss-carpeted tracks in the deep woods where lately the deer ventured shyly, and where, at any moment, the crack of a dry branch under foot may startle rabbit, or scare a fat, brown woodchuck out of his stodginess!

If you are starting out, either for a day's motor picnic, or for a camping trip of several weeks' duration, there are several "Do's and Don'ts" that you will want to know about, the observance or neglect of which will have much to do with the success of the vacation trip. Because "Do's" are so much pleasanter than "Do Nots" let's take them first. And the first of these is: Do learn to recognize that you can avoid the two evil genii that sometimes haunt even the most innocent looking woodland picnic spots—the poison-ivy and the poison-sumac. Poison-ivy is, as the name implies, a vine. You may know it by its glossy, ovate leaves which grow in groups of three, distinguishing it invariably from the quite harmless Virginia creeper which has five leaflets. The berries of the two vines vary greatly—those of the poison-ivy are whitish and grow in a thick cluster; the berries of Virginia creeper are carried in a loose spray and are colored a rich dark blue.

Poison-sumac—poison-elder is another name for this tall shrub that grows in damp or swampy spots—sometimes attains a height of twenty feet. It is handsome at all times, but never more so than when the first frost turns the leaves to a rich crimson. Then, one is sorely tempted to gather sprays of it to carry homeward but with disastrous results, alas! The harmless sumac grows in dry soil, by the roadsides and on upland slopes. The fruit of the swamp variety, which replaces the loose panicles of small whitish flowers, is smooth and colorless, quite different from the upward thrusting bunches of furry crimson berries that make the upland sumac so decorative in autumn and even after the first snowfall.

Now for the second "Do:" Do squeeze into your knapsack, briefcase, or duffle bag, a book on wild flowers. A very small



book is best—one that can be slipped into a pocket and taken along on a hike. There will be so many flowers and leaves that you will want to "look up," and to be able to make one's study on the spot is not only more fun but more effective.

Every true lover of wild flowers must shudder at thought of the thousands of automobiles turning cityward on Sunday evenings with their running boards piled with bouquets of dogwood, wild azalea and laurel. I wonder sometimes how many of them find their way to the dust heaps that same evening? For all of these plants, which are so tempting to the casual woodland visitor, wither almost at once after they are exposed to the sun and wind, and it is seldom that they revive in water. But for all this, year after year, thousands of "trippers" carry away from the woods armfuls—amounting to tons—of drooping vegetation in the pathetic hope of creating in city rooms and offices the atmosphere of the great out-of-doors.

There are so many wild plants that are not only unharmed by being picked, but which, being flowers of the open fields, do not wither so quickly as to make the cutting of them a wasted effort. The handsome ironweed, which is now so decorative along our roadsides, is one of these; so too are the many late summer asters, goldenrod, loosestrife, Bouncing Bet; toadflax—once a garden plant but now escaped to the freedom of the fields; Queen Anne's lace, which with orange field lilies makes a particularly lovely bouquet, and one too which will last in the house for three or four days.

Best of all, by picking our wild flowers with economy—and how I wish that every seeker after flowers would carry a pair of scissors or a sharp knife and *cut* flowers instead of pulling them—we are going to have more and not fewer wild flowers every year.

Reforestation is going forward in many sections of the country. Only the hiker who is careless with matches, the picnicker whose gipsy patter is an empty sardine tin, and those motor-bandits who ravage the roadsides of every spray of bittersweet—and are not any too careful of the farmers' orchards. When these thoughtless ones—for they are usually more heedless than willful—whose plea is that they "just love wild flowers" are content to "love 'em and leave 'em," there will return to our hills and woods the beauty that was theirs long ago.

**Mrs. Strack will never do another wash with soap alone  
Here's the reason**

*"Using La France with soap, according to directions, I had the easiest wash-day of my life—a wash so quickly done and so clean and white it was almost like waving a fairy wand."*



From a letter written by  
MRS. MARY A. STRACK,  
Washington, D. C.

**I**S IT HARD for you to believe that two table-spoonfuls of La France, added to your laundry soap, can make such a difference?... Read more of Mrs. Strack's letter! It tells you just what you, too, can expect from this marvelous cleanser.

### In using La France follow these directions!

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water two heaping tablespoonsfuls of La France and  $\frac{1}{2}$  less soap than usual—flakes, powder or chipped bar soap. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it only half the usual time.) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done! La France has loosened the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

P. S.—Make your ironing easier, too! Add Satina to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, makes the clothes glossy and smooth, and gives them a sweet fragrance.

Mrs. Strack writes: "La France saves you both physically and financially; it saves soap, it saves bluing, it saves rubbing, and so saves the clothes. By saving the clothes it saves a great deal of money. Last but not least, La France saves a woman's strength, which means so much!"

And Mrs. Strack isn't the only one! Over a million other women are using this wonderful cleanser each washday—adding it to their regular laundry soap, in a washing machine, a washtub or a boiler. . . . La France saves hours of labor and makes your clothes snowy-white and sweet-smelling, whether they're dried indoors or out.

La France is absolutely harmless, of course. Use it for dainty lingerie, linens and woolens—white or colored. And trust your hands to it, too! It really tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only ten cents a package—enough for three washings. Get La France from your grocer—or, if you wish us to send you a trial package, mail the coupon below.



LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.  
113 Sansom Street,  
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Enclosed is 5 cents—to cover mailing charges on a full size package of La France (reg'lar price 10 cents) and a sample of Satina.

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Mc. 8-26

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want!



## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

BY ELON JESSUP  
*Author of "The Motor-Camping Book"*

OUR car had stirred up dust and followed through mud in nineteen states. Two and one-half months of go-as-you-please touring from Connecticut west to Idaho, south through Utah and then east again to our home fireside showed a mileage of seven thousand miles.

I dug out a much-thumbed blue-covered cash account and added up expenses. We had written down every cent paid out from start to finish, just to see what an extensive tour of this sort would cost. The grand total came to exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars and eighteen cents. This amount represented all living and traveling expenses for two people—including ice-cream sodas, car repairs, gasoline and a new set of tires—from July the second till September fifteenth.

Some time later I quoted this total to a friend and his wife who had made a motor-tour of only two weeks' duration through New England during the same summer. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him an itemized account. He then proceeded to give me a rough estimate of his own trip's cost. About five hundred dollars. Of course, he hadn't skimped, but neither had we.

Two and one-half months on tour for three hundred and seventy-five dollars as against two weeks for five hundred. Why the illogical difference? I can give you the answer in one word. Hotels!

My wife and I didn't spend a single night under a hotel roof throughout our entire seven-thousand-mile trip. We had a hotel of our own strapped to the running-board of the car which could be erected in about five minutes whenever we needed it. Not once did we even step inside the door of a restaurant. Our own food cooked over campfires or portable stove was better.

Similarly, we ran off on close-to-home tours every now and then. It may be only an overnight jaunt. But we invariably camp out. Our reason for doing so isn't solely to save money. We really enjoy ourselves more that way. When you camp even for a single night, intimacy with the countryside and your general sense of freedom are much more complete than would be possible under a hotel roof.

But how about the physical discomfort of the thing? There are some people who are wholly unfamiliar with camping and there are others who have known two or three unfortunate experiences which have caused them to vow "I'm cured." To them a camper is a queer sort of being closely akin to a savage who takes unholy joy in discomfort; dozes upon sleeping on a rock pile, running short of provisions

and getting drenched to the skin. Needless to remark, such a camper is a mythical character. No sensible person intentionally invites discomfort.

But through force of circumstances there are some types of camping that are distinctly more comfortable than others. In this respect, camping with a motor-car holds a position that is unique. The car shoulders the pack and you can carry two or three hundred pounds of equipment as against the hiker's twenty or thirty. Fresh food markets are always within easy motoring distance. Comparatively few of the difficulties and drudgeries of other types of camping are applicable to motor-car camping.

Therefore, one's ordinary every-day standard of living at home can be duplicated to a great extent when you go motor-camping; which means in broad terms, dry shelter, a sound night's sleep, satisfying meals and agreeable environment. In case a motor-camper consumes poor food, tosses all night on a hard bed and lives in a tent that leaks, the fault rests with himself. He hasn't properly equipped himself for the trip. Adequate preparation is nine-tenths of the story. Whether the camping tour be a close-to-home week-end jaunt or trip all the way across the continent, the amount of pleasure derived is largely dependent upon the amount and nature of preparation before starting.

The popularity of motor-camping has brought with it an amazing array of new ideas in the way of equipment. For example, there is the trailer; an unpowered vehicle towed behind the car which is a folding bedroom, dining-room and kitchen all in one. It is practically a portable house ready for light housekeeping. Then, there are other devices whereby the interior of the car itself can be utilized as a sleeping compartment. Another type of outfit is a double-width bed, its head bolted to the running-board; a shed-like tent attached to the top of the car covers the bed. And of course, there are various kinds of tents that can be pitched independently of the car. Any one planning a trip should write to various manufacturers for catalogues and visit outfitting stores. In that way you find best what may fit your particular needs.

Perhaps a description of my own equipment and how it is ordinarily used will throw some light upon the technique of motor-camping in general. The tent and bed are set up independently of the car, although when we are traveling they are folded in a roll four feet long attached to the right hand running-board. This weighs about seventy-five pounds, the chief reasons being the [Turn to page 57]

# Just be sure you say DEL MONTE Crushed HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS...



# When children keep well ... mothers stay young

WORRY makes the years creep on you faster. Every mother knows that she is happier—more buoyant—youthful—when her youngsters are bubbling with ruddy health. Think what it would mean not to worry about colds—mild epidemics—dangers of infection from little cuts and scratches!

Lifebuoy *antiseptic* cleanliness does relieve you of that constant underlying fear. With millions of mothers, you too can know that your children are *safely* clean. Your doctor will tell you that there is no better every-day protection.

Start using Lifebuoy to-day. Put it into *every* soap rack. Not only for your children's sake, but your own as well.

Lifebuoy *is* different from other soaps. You come from a Lifebuoy bath exhilarated—tingling with a sense of vigor—skin soft, satiny, glowing with splendid health.

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SETTLE in your own mind and to the entire satisfaction of your palate that the world affords no finer oil—no more delicious oil—regardless of price—than Mazola.

Just follow this recipe for French Dressing—taste it—eat it on your favorite salad—and convince yourself.

Mix together one half teaspoon salt—one teaspoon sugar—one eighth teaspoon paprika. Add eight tablespoons Mazola and three tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar. This delicious dressing may be made in TWO MINUTES!

Isn't it quite logical that Mazola is America's most popular salad oil? A wholesome, clear, pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels—a food itself as delicious to eat as the corn from which it comes.

The genuinely high quality of Mazola is satisfying to the most discriminating taste—and its economy appeals to the modern housewife who practices thrift in her home.



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originality as well as daring. He would have completely deceived Jane if she had not happened, by the merest accident, to discover the relation between him and certain love letters she had begun to find in her desk. She was deceived at first, for the typewriting of these was precisely like that in the letters by Frank Owens. She had been suddenly aware of a wild start of rapture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious condition of her own heart. But she happened to discover in Andy the writer of these missives, and her dream was shattered, if not forgotten. Andy certainly would not carry love letters to her that he did not write. He had merely learned to use the same typewriter, and at opportune times he had slipped the letters into her desk. Jane now began to have her own little aching, haunting secret which was so hard to put out of her mind. Every letter and every hint of Frank Owens made her remember. Therefore she decided to put a check to Andy's sly double-dealing. She addressed a note to him and wrote: "Dear Andy:—That day at the train when you thought I was a poor old schoolmarm you swore you were not Frank Owens. Now you swear you are! If you were a man who knew what truth is you'd have a chance. But now—No! You are a monster of iniquity. I don't believe you." She left the note in plain sight where she always found his letters in her desk. The next morning the note was gone. And so was Andy. She did not see him for three days.

IT came about that a dance to be held at Beacon during the late summer. Jane was wild to go. But it developed that she could not accept the escort of any one of her cowboy admirers without alienating the others. And she began to see the visions of this wonderful dance fade away when Springer accosted her. "Who's the lucky cowboy to take you to our dance?"

"He's as mysterious and doubtful as Mr. Frank Owens," replied Jane.

"You don't mean you haven't been asked to go?"

"They've all asked me. That's the trouble."

"I see. But you mustn't miss it. It'd be pleasant for you to meet some of the ranchers and their wives. Suppose you go with me?"

"Oh, Mr. Springer, I—I'd be delighted," replied Jane.

"Thank you. Then it's settled. I must be in town all that day on cattle business—next Friday. I'll ask the Hartwells to stop here for you, an' drive you in." He seemed gravely, kindly interested as always, yet there was something in his eyes that interfered with the regular beating of Jane's heart.

Jane spent much of the remaining leisure hours on a gown to wear at this dance which promised so much. The Hartwells turned out to be nice people whose little girl was one of Jane's pupils. On the drive downtown, through the crisp fall gloaming, while listening to the chatter of the children, and the talk of the elder Hartwells, she could not help wondering what Springer would think of her in the new gown.

They arrived late. "Reckon it's just as well for you an' the children," said Mrs. Hartwell to Jane. "These dances last from seven to seven."

"Well, I am a tenderfoot from Missouri. But that's not going to keep me from having a wonderful time."

"You will, dear, unless the cowboys fight over you, which is likely. But at least there won't be any shootin'. My husband an' Springer are both on the committee an' they won't admit any gun-totin' cowpuncher." Here Jane had concrete evidence of something she had begun to suspect. These careless, love-making cowboys might be dangerous.

Jane's first sight of that dance hall astonished her. It was a big barn-like room, roughly raftered and sided, decorated enough with colored bunting to take away the bareness. The volume of sound amazed her. Music and trample of boots, gay laughter, deep voices of men, all seemed to merge into a loud hum. A swaying, wheeling horde of dancers circled past her. No more time, then, was accorded her to clarify the spectacle,

## FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 7]

for Springer suddenly confronted her. If Jane needed assurance of what she had dreamed of and hoped for she had it in his frank admiration. "Sure it's somethin' fine for Bill Springer to have the prettiest girl here," he said.

"Thank you—but, Mr. Springer—I sadly fear you were a cowboy before you became a rancher," she replied archly.

"Sure I was. An' that you may find out," he laughed. "Of course, I could never come up to—say—Frank Owens. But let's dance. I shall have little enough of you in this outfit."

So he swung her into the circle of dancers. Jane found him easy to dance with, though he was far from expert. Jane felt strange and uncertain with him. Then soon she became aware of the cessation of hum and movement.

"Sure that was the best dance I ever had," said Springer, with something of radiance in his dark face. "An' now I must lose you to this outfit comin'" Manifestly he meant his cowboys Tex, Nevada, Panhandle and Andy, who presented themselves four abreast, shiny of hair and face. "Good luck," he whispered. "If you get into trouble let me know."

What he meant quickly dawned upon Jane. Right then it began. She saw there was absolutely no use in trying to avoid or refuse these young men. The wisest and safest course was to surrender, which she did. "Boys, don't all talk at once. I can dance with only one of you at a time. So I'll take you in alphabetical order. I'm a poor old schoolmarm from Missouri. It'll be Andy, Nevada, Panhandle and Tex."

Despite their protests she held rigidly to this rule. Each one of the cowboys took shameless advantage of his opportunity. Outrageously as they all hugged her, Tex was the worst offender. She tried to stop dancing, but he carried her along as if she had been a child. He was rapt, and yet there seemed an imp of mischief in him.

"Tex—how dare—you!" panted Jane, when at last the dance ended. "You ought to be—ashamed. I'll not dance with you again."

"Aw, now," he pleaded.

"I won't, Tex, so there. You're no gentleman."

"Ahuh!" he ejaculated, drawing himself up stiffly. "All right, I'll go out an' get drunk, an' when I come back I'll clean out this heah hall."

"Tex! Don't go," she called, hurriedly, as he started to stride away. "I'll take that back. I will give you another dance—if you promise to—to behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to ranchers and their wives, to girls and their escorts. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He talked all the time. He was witty and engaging, and he had a most subtly flattering tongue. Jane could not fail to grasp that he might even be worse than Tex, but at least he did not make love to her with physical violence. She enjoyed that dance and admitted the singular, forceful charm about this man. Jones demanded, rather than begged, for another dance, and though she laughingly explained her predicament in regard to partners, he said he would come after her anyhow. Then followed several dances with new partners, between which Jane became more than ever the centre of attraction. It all went to her head like wine. She was having a perfectly wonderful time. Jones claimed her again, in fact whirled her out on the floor; and it seemed then that the irresistible rush of the dances was similar to her sensations. Twice again before the supper hour at midnight she found herself dancing with Jones. How he managed it she did not know. He just took her, carried her off by storm. Jane did not awaken to this unpardonable conduct of hers until she discovered that a little while before she had promised Tex his second dance, and then she had given it to Jones.

Then came the supper hour. It was a gala occasion, for which, evidently, the children had heroically kept awake. Jane enjoyed the children immensely. She sat with the numerous Hartwells, all of

whom were most kindly attentive to her. Jane wondered why Mr. Springer did not put in an appearance, but considered his absence due to numerous duties. When the supper hour ended Jane caught sight of Andy.

"Andy, please find Tex for me. I owe him a dance, and I'll give him the very first, unless Mr. Springer comes for it."

Andy regarded her with an aloofness totally new to her. "Wal, I'll tell him. But I reckon Tex ain't presentable just now. An' all of us are through dancin' tonight. There's been a little fight."

"Oh, no!" cried Jane. "Who?"

"Wal, when you cut Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put our outfit in bad," replied Andy coldly. "At that, there wouldn't have been anythin' come of it here if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' then sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too, I'm sorry to say. Wal, we had a dickens of a time keepin' Nevada out of it. But we kept them apart till Springer come out. An' what the boss said to that outfit was sure aplenty. Beady Jones kept talkin' back, nasty like—you know he was once foreman for us—till Springer got good an' mad. An' he said: 'Jones, I fired you once because you was a little too slick for our outfit, an' I'll tell you this, if it comes to a pinch I'll give you the blamest thrashin' any smart-aleck cowboy ever got.' You can bet that shut Beady Jones' loud mouth."

After that rather lengthy speech, Andy left her unceremoniously standing there alone. Jane looked for Springer, hoping yet fearing he would come to her. But he did not. She had another uninterrupted dizzy round of dancing until her strength failed. At four o'clock she was scarcely able to walk. Her pretty dress was torn and mussed; her slippers were worn ragged. And her feet were dead. From that time she sat with Mrs. Hartwell looking on, and trying to keep awake.

At length the exodus began. Jane went out with the Hartwells, to be received by Springer, who was decidedly cool to Jane. All through the long ride out to the ranch he never addressed her. Springer's sister, and the matronly housekeeper were waiting for them, with cheery welcome, and invitation to a hot breakfast.

Presently Jane found herself momentarily alone with the rancher. "Miss Stacey," he said, in a voice she had never heard, "your flirtin' with Beady Jones made trouble for the Springer outfit."

"Mr. Springer!" she exclaimed, her head going up.

"Excuse me," he returned, in cutting, dry tone that recalled Tex. Indeed, this westerner was a cowboy, the same as those who rode for him, only a little older, and therefore more reserved and careful of speech. "If it wasn't that—then you sure were much taken with Mr. Beady Jones."

"If that was anybody's business it might have appeared so," she retorted, tingling all over with some feeling she could not control. "He was a splendid dancer. He did not maul me like a bear. I really had a chance to breathe during my dances with him. Then, too, he could talk."

Springer bowed with dignity. His dark face paled. It dawned upon Jane that there was something intense in the moment. She began to repent of her hasty pride. "Thanks," he said. "Please excuse my impertinence. I see you have found your Mr. Frank Owens in this cowboy Jones, an' it sure is not my place to say any more."

"But—but—Mr.—Springer—" faltered Jane, quite unstrung by that amazing speech. The rancher, however, bowed again and left her. Jane felt too miserable and weary for anything but rest.

About mid-afternoon Jane awoke greatly refreshed and relieved, and strangely repentant. She dressed prettily and went out into the courtyard, and naturally, as always, gravitated toward the corrals and barns. Springer appeared, in company with a rancher Jane did not know. She expected Springer to stop her for a few pleasant words as was his wont. This time, however, he merely touched his sombrero and passed on.

Then she went on down the lane, very thoughtful. Jane's sharp eyes caught sight of the boys before they espied her. And when she looked up [Turn to page 56]

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# Resinol Soap



again every lithe back was turned. She went back to her room, meaning to read or sew, or do school work. But instead she cried.

Next day was Sunday. Heretofore every Sunday had been a full day for Jane. This one bade fair to be empty. Her attention was attracted by sight of a superb horseman riding up the lane to the ranch-house. He seemed familiar, but she could not place him. What a picture he made as he dismounted, slick and shiny, booted and spurred, to doff his huge sombrero! Jane heard him ask for Miss Stacey. Then she recognized him. Beady Jones! She was at once horrified, and something else she could not name. She remembered now he had asked if he might call Sunday and she had certainly not refused. But for him to come after the fight with Tex and the bitter scene with Springer! What manner of man was this cowboy Jones? He certainly did not lack courage. But more to the point—what idea had he of her? Jane rose to the occasion. She had let herself in for this, and she would see it through. She would let Springer see she indeed had taken Beady Jones for Mr. Frank Owens.

To that end Jane made her way down the porch to greet her cowboy visitor. She made herself charming and gracious, and carried off the embarrassing situation—or Springer was present—as if it were perfectly natural. And she led Jones to one of the rustic benches down the porch.

Manifest, indeed, was it that young Jones felt he had made a conquest. He was the most forceful and bold person Jane had ever met. Soon he waxed ardent. Jane was accustomed to the sentimental talk of cowboys, but this fellow was neither amusing nor interesting. He was dangerous. When Jane pulled her hand, by main force, free from his, and said she was not accustomed to allow men such privileges, he grinned at her. "Sure, sweetheart, you have missed a heap of fun," he said. "An' I reckon I'll have to break you in."

Jane could not feel insulted at this brazen lout, but she certainly raged at herself. Her instant impulse was to excuse herself and abruptly leave him. But Springer was close by. She had caught his dark, wondering, covert glances. And the cowboys were at the other end of the long porch. Jane feared another fight. She had brought this upon herself, and she must stick it out. The ensuing hour was an increasing torment. At last it seemed she could not bear the false situation any longer. And when Jones again importuned her to meet him out on horseback she stooped to deception to end the interview. She really did not concentrate her attention on his plan or take stock of what she agreed to, but she got rid of him with ease and dignity before Springer. After that she did not have the courage to stay and face them. Jane stole off to the darkness and loneliness of her room.

THE school teaching went on just the same, and the cowboys thawed out and Springer returned somewhat to his kindness, but Jane missed something from her work and in them. At heart she grieved. Would it ever be the same again?

There came a day when Jane rode off alone towards the hills. She forgot the risk and the admonitions of the cowboys. She wanted to be alone to think. Her happiness had sustained a subtle change. Her work, the children, the friends she had made, even the horse she loved, were no longer all-sufficient. Something had come over her. It was late fall, but the sun was warm that afternoon. Before her lay the valley range, and beyond it the foothills rose, and above them loomed the dark beckoning mountains.

She rode fast until her horse was hot and she was out of breath. Then she slowed down and for the first time she looked back toward the ranch. It was a long way off—ten miles—a mere green spot in the gray. And there was a horseman coming. As usual, some one of the cowboys had observed her, let her think she had slipped away, and was now following her. Today it angered Jane. She wanted to be alone. She could take care of herself. And as was unusual with her, she used her quiet on the horse. He broke into a gallop. She did not look back again for a long time. When she did it was to

## FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 55]

discover that the horseman had not only gained, but was now quite close to her. Jane looked hard, but she could not recognize the rider. Once she imagined it was Tex and again Andy.

Jane rode the longest and fastest race she had ever ridden. She reached the low foothills and, without heeding the fact that she would at once become lost, she entered the cedars and began to climb. At times her horse had to walk and then she heard her pursuer breaking through the cedars. He had to trail her by her horse's tracks, and so she was able to keep in the lead. It was not long until Jane realized she was lost, but she did not care. She rode up and down and around for an hour, until she was thoroughly tired out, and then up on top of foothill she reined in her horse and waited to give this pursuer a piece of her mind.

What was her amaze, when she heard a thud of hoofs and cracking of branches in the opposite direction from which she expected her pursuer, to see a rider emerge from the cedars and trot his horse toward her. Jane needed only a second glance to recognize Beady Jones. Suddenly she knew that he was not the pursuer she had been so angrily aware of. Jones' horse was white. That checked her mounting anger.

Jones rode straight at her, and as he came close Jane saw his bold, dark face and gleaming eyes. "Howdy, sweetheart," sang out Jones, in his cool devil-may-care way. "Reckon it took you a long time to meet me as you promised."

"I didn't ride out to meet you, Mr. Jones," replied Jane, spiritedly. "I know I agreed to something or other, but even then I didn't mean it."

"Yes, I had a hunch you was playin' with me," he returned, darkly.

He reached out a long gloved hand and grasped her arm. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded Jane, trying to wrench free.

"Sure I mean a lot," he said, grimly. "You stood for the love-makin' of that Springer outfit. Now you're goin' to get a taste of somethin' not so mushy."

"Let go of me—you—you ruffian!" cried Jane, struggling fiercely. She was both furious and terrified.

"Shucks! Your fightin' will only make it interestin'. Come here, you deceitful little cat." And he lifted her out of her saddle over in front of him. Jones' horse, that had been frightened and plunging, ran away into the cedars. Then Jones proceeded to embrace Jane. She managed to keep her mouth from contact with his, but he kissed her face and neck, kisses that seemed to pollute her.

"Jane, I'm ridin' out of this country for good," he said. "An' I've just been waitin' for this chance. You bet you'll remember Beady Jones."

Jane realized that Jones would stop at nothing. Frantically she fought to get away from him, and to pitch herself to the ground. She screamed. She beat and tore at him. She scratched his face till the blood flowed. And as her struggles increased with her fright, she gradually slipped down between him and the pomel of his saddle, with head hanging down on one side and her feet on the other. This was awkward and painful, but infinitely preferable to being crushed in his arms. He was riding off with her as if she had been an empty sack. Suddenly Jane's hands, while trying to hold on to something to lessen the severe jolt of her position, came in contact with Jones' gun. Dare she draw it and shoot him? Then all at once her ears filled with the tearing gallop of another horse. Inverted as she was, she was able to see and recognize Springer ride right at Jones and yell piercingly. Next she felt Jones' hard jerk at his gun. But Jane had hold of it, and suddenly she had her little hands like steel. The fierce energy with which Jones wrestled to draw his gun threw Jane from the saddle. And when she dropped clear of the horse the gun came with her.

"Hands up, Beady!" she heard Springer call out, as she lay momentarily face down in the dust. Then she struggled to her knees, and crawled to get away from proximity to the horses. She still clung to the heavy gun. And when, breathless and almost collapsing, she fell back on

the ground she saw Jones with his hands above his head and Springer on foot with levelled gun.

"Sit tight, cowboy," ordered the rancher, in a hard tone. "It'll take mighty little to make me bore you."

Then, while still covering Jones, evidently ready for any sudden move, Springer spoke again. "Jane, did you come out to meet this cowboy?" he asked.

"Oh, no! How can you ask that?" cried Jane, almost sobbing.

"She's a liar, boss," spoke up Jones, coolly. "She let me make love to her. An' she agreed to ride out an' meet me. Wal, it sure took her a spell, an' when she did come she was shy on the love-makin'. I was packin' her off to scare some sense into her when you rode in."

"Beady, I know your way with women. You can save your breath, for I've a hunch you're goin' to need it."

"Mr. Springer," faltered Jane, getting to her knees. "I—I was foolishly taken with this cowboy—at first. Then—that Sunday after the dance when he called on me at the ranch—I saw through him then. I heartily despised him. To get rid of him I did say I'd meet him. But I never meant to. Then I forgot it. Today I rode for the first time, I saw some one following me and thought it must be Tex or one of the boys. Finally I waited and presently Jones rode up to me ... And Mr. Springer—he—he grabbed me off my horse—and handled me most brutally—shamefully. I fought him with all my might, but what could I do?"

Springer's face changed markedly during Jane's long explanation. Then he threw his gun on the ground in front of Jane. "Jones, I'm goin' to beat you half to death," he said grimly, and, leaping at the cowboy, he jerked him out of the saddle sprawling on the ground. Next Springer threw aside his sombrero, his vest, his spurs. But he kept on his gloves. The cowboy rose to one knee, and he measured the distance between him and Springer, and then the gun on the ground. Suddenly he sprang toward it. But Springer intercepted him with a powerful kick that tripped Jones and laid him flat.

"Jones, you're sure about as low-down as they come," he said, in dark scorn. "I've got to be satisfied with beatin' you when I ought to kill you."

"Ahuh! Wal, boss, it ain't any safe bet that you can beat me," returned Jones, sullenly, as he got up. As they rushed together Jane had wit enough to pick up the gun, and then with it and Jones', to get back to a safe distance. She wanted to run away out of sight. But she could neither do that nor keep her fascinated gaze from the combatants. Even in her distraught condition she could see that the cowboy, fierce and active and strong as he was, could not hold his own with Springer. They fought over all the open space, and crashed into the cedars and out again. The time came when Jones was on the ground as much as he was erect. Bloody, dishevelled, beaten, he kept on trying to stem the onslaught of blows.

Suddenly he broke off a dead branch of cedar, and brandishing it rushed at the rancher. Jane uttered a cry, closed her eyes and sank down. She heard fierce imprecations and sudden blows. When at length she opened her eyes in terror, fearing something dreadful, she saw Springer erect, wiping his face, and Jones lying prone on the ground.

Then Jane saw him go to his horse, untie a canteen from the saddle, remove his bloody gloves and wash his face with a wet scarf. Next he poured some water on Jones' face. "Come on, Jane," he called. "Reckon it's all over."

He tied the bridle of Jones' horse to a cedar, and leading his own animal turned to meet Jane. "I want to compliment you on gettin' that cowboy's gun," he said, warmly. "But for that they'd have had to kill him, Jane . . . Here, give me the guns . . . You poor little tenderfoot from Missouri. No, not tenderfoot any longer. You became a westerner today."

His face was bruised and cut, his dress dirty and bloody, but he did not appear the worse for that fight. Jane found her legs scarcely able to support her, and she had apparently lost her voice. "Let me put you on my saddle till we find your horse," he said, and lifted her lightly as a feather to a seat [Turn to page 86]

## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

[Continued from page 52]

steel construction of the bed. With the exception of an air mattress, a really comfortable bed is bound to weigh a good deal. Distributed between tonneau and left running-board are such articles as a portable stove, cooking-kit, one folding-table and two folding-chairs, a refrigerator-basket, food-box, a suit-case containing clothing and other personal belongings, a thin wool mattress and several blankets. Various bundles on the left running-board are secured in place by a metal luggage-carrier along the outer edge of the board.

The construction of cars and nature of equipment varying as these do with different camping parties, a packing system that goes for one might not do for another. In all cases, however, various articles of equipment should be in as compact a form as possible. Bulky pieces are likely to prove a nuisance.

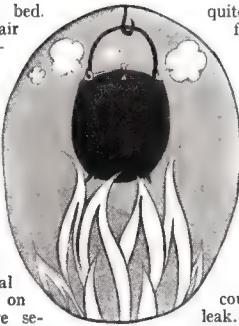
Most camp furnishings are manufactured essentially from the standpoint of compactness, which is one of the chief reasons why articles made especially for camp use prove more satisfactory on a trip than do corresponding home furnishings. Cooking utensils are a case in point.

Compactness implies utensils which when being transported take up only a fraction as much room as they do when in actual use. There is no loss of cooking efficiency, and packing problems are very much simplified, when a dozen utensils of varying sizes nest one within the other. And thus, you have only one package to pack instead of twelve. This is accomplished through the absence of protruding handles, spouts and ears on ordinary utensils. For example, the camp frying-pan and coffee-pot are provided with folding handles. Camp outfitters sell complete nesting outfits of this sort designed respectively for two, four and six people. In case you don't care for metal cups and plates, you can readily substitute with enameled ware without disrupting the nesting capacities of a given set.

All bundles attached to the outside of the car should be wrapped in waterproof canvas covering; a necessary precaution against dust, rain and mud. For example, in dry weather on dirt roads a good deal of dust will edge its way into a suit-case unless the case is provided with an outer covering. And because of the inevitable jouncing of the car, all bundles should be well secured. Another point in this connection; distribute your load in such a way that the car will not ride lopsided.

When my wife and I tour we usually quit for the day and make camp at about four o'clock in the afternoon. There's not much fun in tumbling and fumbling around in the dark. Presently we are occupants of a mighty comfortable canvas dwelling. The canvas roll on the running-board has become a spacious tent having living quarters at one end and a four-foot-wide bed at the other. The bed, with its steel frame, steel springs and mattress is as easy to sleep upon as any in our own home. Various manufacturers make comfortable beds of this general type.

We set up our folding-chairs, table and portable stove. In case the weather is clear and there are no local rules against the building of wood fires, we are not likely to use the stove; for there's nothing



quite comparable with the cheerfulness of a campfire. None the less, the stove always earns its way, especially in wet weather. At such times we cook under the tight shelter of the tent. The stove is a two-burner affair having the general appearance of a small suit-case. It gives a hot blue flame that compares not unfavorably in its intensity with that of a gas range at home.

Rain doesn't worry us. Of course there are tents that do leak. But that means inadequate preparation. A prospective camper should always take pains to learn what manner of canvas he is buying. There are two types on which reliance can be placed. One of these is cloth that has been through a thorough waterproofing process. The other is standard U. S. Army duck. In this connection it is worthy of note that the general term "army duck" may mean almost anything. But the term "standard U. S. Army duck" means only one thing: the best quality you can get.

A sound night's sleep is of the utmost importance. A comfortable bed is one-half the story. Requisite amount of covering on the other half. Take plenty of blankets, especially if you are headed toward high altitudes. Nights up there are considerably colder than you think summer nights could be. Blankets should be of pure wool or as close to this as possible.

All camp clothing should be selected primarily with a view to service and comfort. The knickerbocker suit, either of khaki or tweed is the most satisfactory sort of outer attire. A man, as a rule, carries in reserve a suit of unionalls which he draws over his clothes when about to tinker with the car; otherwise, his clothing would be ruined by oil and grease. Any woman who expects to act as her own garage-man may be guided accordingly, and in making preparations it should be remembered that all laundry work has to be done on the road! Any one planning to camp in the mountains or other sections where cold nights are prevalent should have medium-weight wool underwear and wool stockings to fall back upon. So far as stockings are concerned, wool is the most suitable material for almost all camping conditions. A sweater is a necessity.

The necessities of a comfortable motor-camping trip might be summarized briefly as follows: dry shelter, comfortable bed, plenty of blankets, good food, suitable cooking and dining utensils, portable stove, serviceable clothing, mosquito netting, small ax, small shovel, flashlight, water-bag or pail, soap and towels, water and dust-proof coverings for equipment, tools and extra parts for the car.

To your list, as you deem fit, can be added numerous other items such as folding furniture and an ice-box. The needs and facilities for carrying equipment varies with different campers. There is perhaps a common tendency to load up with too much. Any article for which you will not have definite and fairly continual use should be eliminated.

Preliminary attention to various details mentioned in the foregoing means all the difference between comfort and discomfort. Once having acquired the right sort of outfit, you can pack it away neatly in the attic until needed. Then at any time on about ten minutes notice, get away to the open places for a night, week or month.



## SOFT delicate baby skin cannot stand harsh, impure talcum — be careful, Mother

Leading physicians and skin specialists caution great care in the choice of baby talcum. There are a few real baby talcums. They alone are worthy of a mother's trust. Make sure, for the little one's sake, that you choose

ly—progressing, advancing with science. Nothing ever has taken its place. Ask your own physician.

Constant chemical analysis in the Laboratories assures the purity and unvarying high standard of Mennen Borated Talcum.

In "Diseases of the Skin," Dr. Henry W. Stelwagon, a very famous skin specialist, declares that grittiness must be avoided in dusting powders used for children.

Dr. J. P. Crozer-Griffith, another noted physician, in his book "The Care of the Baby," advises against the use of any strongly scented powder for little ones.

Some powders, not intended for baby use, are so drying that they increase friction and irritation, instead of lessening it. Others actually burn a child's skin. These powders might not trouble adults. Yet the skin of infants is too delicate to bear their harshness. Your own family doctor will tell you this.

Highly scented talcs, intended solely for adult use, are adequate for their purpose. But they carry too much perfume for Baby. It even gets into and irritates the membranes of the child's nose. A headache results. The baby cries—and the mother doesn't know why.

There are many types of talc, varying in chemical construction, varying in fineness, in color, in absorbent qualities, etc.

Talcums not made especially for baby use, and not medicated, may be gritty, irritating or caustic. They may contain mica, or lime which burns, or tiny, flint-like particles. Too small for ordinary eyesight, they can cut and grind infant skin until it's raw.

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On the other hand, some talcums may be too drying. These increase friction and irritation, rather than lessen them. But you can be sure of Mennen's correct medication.

Remember this, Mother: Baby talcum is good for adult skins. But adult powder can't be depended on for Baby's.

### One for Every Mother

Let Belle Roberts send you copy of the wonderful Mennen Baby Book. Every page is helpful. From planning his layette and furnishing the nursery until the little youngster, romper-clad, is romping—it guides and counsels each phase of Baby's development.



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Mennen's is as wonderful for your skin as for Baby's. Use after the bath. Shower body and feet to prevent friction and give ease of movement.

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When skin gets dry, rough or inflamed, apply Mennen Baby Ointment. Wonderfully cooling and alleviating. Heals, soothes, lubricates. Softens scales so that scalp may be gently, safely cleansed. Invaluable for dozens of nursery uses.

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The plan never came true! Congress failed the boys! But the plan died hard.

Why was the "National Soldier Settlement Act"—for that was what the plan outlined in the little pamphlet was called by the Committee on Public Lands, which recommended it in 1919—why was it thrown aside by Congress? An attempt to explain what Congress does or does not do must always begin with politics. Only in war do you agree with your opponent, and even then it is permissible to foul his play, if it can be done without immediate disaster. But, while an investigator must agree that the politics behind Congressional actions is first to be considered in this bill as in most others, he must not stop there. No little honest opposition to the Soldier Settlement Act came from the fact that it proposed something quite outside the experience of many, perhaps most of the members of Congress.

But Congress refused to approve the plan. It was enough for some of its members that it would have credited those whom they wished discredited; but it was also beyond the experience of most of them. They did not realize that they were not being asked to try out new theories—but to apply a set of principles already well established. Among those who had aided Secretary Lane in the development of his plan was the present head of the United States Reclamation Bureau—Elwood Mead. Mr. Mead could tell Congress how under his direction Australia had already demonstrated the entire practicality of the principles of scientific colonization—he could tell them how the State of California, impressed by what Mr. Mead had done in Australia, had bought a tract of 6500 acres and set aside \$250,000 with which he (Mr. Mead) was then establishing a similar settlement—one now famous—Durham.

But it was not necessary to go so far away; there was a really brilliant demonstration not 200 miles from where Congress was sitting—six prosperous settlements, all within 30 miles of one another, built up by Hugh MacRae of Wilmington, North Carolina, through twenty years of experiment. If Congress had asked Mr. MacRae to tell how he had succeeded, he would have told them:

1. Sell no land which you have not proved fit to grow what you tell your settler it will grow; that is, sell only certified land—and have at least an acre or two ready for a crop.

2. Pick your settler. Be sure he loves the soil—has had experience on it—will work—is thrifty—ambitious.

3. Furnish expert advice as to soils—crop diversification—methods. Be a friend to the new-comer.

4. Supply credit when wise.

5. Place your settlers in groups where they can build up social life—community interests—schools—roads—amusements.

6. Encourage cooperation.

THE National Soldier Settlement Act is dead. But though a great opportunity of successfully undertaking scientific colonization on a large scale was lost in 1919 when Congress refused Secretary Lane's plan, the principles will not down. Indeed, today they are being forced on Congress as the only practical solution of a grist of economic and human problems which threaten to put an end to one of its favorite, and very expensive, undertakings—reclaiming of the arid lands of western states by building dams, impounding enough water to give steady and sufficient irrigation. It is now twenty-four years since this policy was adopted. In that period twenty-four irrigation projects, scattered over thirteen states, have been undertaken, and over \$200,000,000 spent in them. More than \$100,000,000 is needed for their completion.

Enthusiasts will tell you that there are today 134,000 individuals living on the thirty thousand and more farms that have been developed from sage brush desert through irrigation. They will tell you that last year nearly \$78,000,000 worth of crops were harvested from these reclaimed lands. All of this is true. But what the enthusiasts do not tell you is that more than one of the projects yielding a rich return is no longer owned and tilled by a group of independent individual farmers, but has become the property of an individual or company who carries it on as a business, employing tenants, usually Mexicans in the South West, Russians in the Middle West, and North. That is, both the economic and social end of the irrigation policy is being defeated. This transition from the individual small farmer, to the absentee landlord or corporation has been slow. The system of tenancy is threatening in more than one project the hope of the few settlers who have hung on, of finally establishing a satisfactory social life for themselves and children. They cannot do it in a community of aliens of low standards.

Now do the enthusiasts tell you that more than 60,000 acres of one much heralded development are still untouched; that on another, 500 settlers left in two years, utterly discouraged—their hopes and capital gone. They do not tell you that these settlers again and again have been unable to meet their payments to the government—that while there are projects which have paid all the money they owe, others have not even covered the operating expenses. When the government undertook reclamation it was with the expectation that in twenty years the money it had invested would be returned to it by the settlers' gradual payments for land and service. The original investment was to become a revolving fund to be used over and over in further reclamation. The failure to meet payments sets back the entire undertaking. The wise men of the Reclamation Bureau have not glossed over the facts. Reclamation, they have been insisting, is more than an engineering problem. Economic and human problems must be mastered before the

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

[Continued from page 12]

land can be made to yield. Congress has been willing to take the first step—furnish water—but that is not enough under present circumstances of life.

They have insisted that the plan which the government has followed in choosing settlers must be changed. It has been little better than a lottery. There is in Nebraska a reclamation project—the North Platte. Six years ago eighty farms were opened to settlers; 3298 people applied for them and spent their money to be on the ground at the drawing. The government gave the tracts to those who drew the lucky numbers. The result is today that the majority of North Platte farms are in the hands of alien tenants. Those who received them were either not fit for the struggle, or else they were out and out speculators.

THE folly of unselected settlers on reclaimed land finally penetrated Congress, for a bill was passed a year and a half ago, changing the lottery to intelligent selection. Applicants for irrigated farms must be in good health, must have had two years experience at farming, must prove that they are fairly industrious and of fairly good character. Also, they must have at least \$2,000 in money. These requirements go a long way toward lessening the risk the government has taken before in getting settlers, but they do not go far enough. For what is a settler's problem on so-called reclaimed land? What has the government done for him? Here is an actual experience from the Durham (California) settlement.

A man thirty-two years old who had never done anything but farm, and who wanted to do nothing else, with a wife of like mind, and a capital of \$4,000, bought a forty acre tract. Mr. Kreutzer, then manager of the Durham project, was particularly pleased with the new settler, thought him a sure thing. Then one day, in passing, he saw thirty acres of alfalfa going to seed. Now, one of the cardinal principles of the Durham manager was to prove to the new settlers at the start that he was a friend. He wanted to be the first friend they made in the enterprise. The result was that when he scented trouble he had a claim for confidence and received it. He quickly found in this case that the young couple had used all their capital in building and stocking and that the man, frightened by the lack of cash for temporary needs, had taken a job in town. It is an old story in colonization and one that can only be met by giving temporary credit.

"Your problem is as quickly as possible to get an income from your farm," Mr. Kreutzer told the man, "not let it go to ruin. You have no debts. Our scheme allows you to borrow 60% of your equity. You have food for cows here in your alfalfa, but you have only one cow—too much for two persons, and not enough for the creamery. Borrow from us enough to buy ten, and the week after they come on the place you will have an income, more than you are earning at daily wages."

And so it turned out. The ten produced an income of \$200 the month they were bought. The terms of the loan required a payment of about \$38 a month. The man was saved by friendly, practical help at the critical moment which comes to nearly all settlers on new land—saved by intelligent advice, and a reasonable advance of money.

One difficulty in settling the government's irrigated projects has been the lack of masons, plumbers, mechanics. How are you going to get laborers, mechanics, into community of this kind? There are land-minded tradesmen of all sorts, land-minded laborers—but the difficulty has been to work out a system by which it is practical for them to own land and ply their trades. Under the plan of scientific colonization this has been arranged. Take Durham—it took from its 6500 acres thirty tracts of two acres each for this class of man. They were selected, like the settlers, for experience, character, love of land—and they had to have at least \$200 in pocket. The tracts were snapped up.

Growing familiarity with the private and public efforts at scientific colonization, coupled with the unsatisfactory showing of many of the irrigated projects, finally brought the Senate to a determination to test the principles. In March it passed a bill authorizing an appropriation of \$500,000—all to be returned to the government with interest at 4%—for what it called "aided and directed settlement," on not more than two projects and in settlement of not less than one hundred farms. "Aided and directed" means giving settlers what Durham gave them and what Hugh MacRae gives them.

But the bill never reached the House. It was killed in committee—although the same committee recommended that \$12,000,000 be spent on more dams. Millions for engineering, but not a cent for putting the results of the engineering within the reach of energetic farmers unblest with money.

Scientific colonization has little hope of Congressional backing at present. Probably the best chance for the demonstration of our principles lies with private colonizers.

The problem of developing land, generally speaking, is the problem of getting men on land which they can in time own. Every state in the Union faces this problem. Seventy-five percent of the rich agricultural land of the Middle West and South today is owned by absentee landlords and farmed by tenants who usually have no hope of ever owning a foot of it—and farmed accordingly. But give them a chance and see what they do. Here is an experience of a Florida banker, M. B. Anthony of Jacksonville, who gave such a chance in Georgia twenty-five years ago, and what came of it.

"I put it up to them," he will tell you, "that they should pay yearly no more than the rent they had been paying for

the tenant farms on which they had raised cotton. The Lord was with us, for cotton went up that year. They paid, some of them, as much as \$75.00 on their tract and I got a bigger interest than I had dreamed. That is the kind of colonization we must have in Florida. Put it up to the men, give them a chance to pay out of their crops on land which we know will grow things and give it to them at a moderate price."

FLORIDA has a wonderful opportunity to apply scientific colonization for she is more awake to its necessity for her future growth than any other state is at the moment. But the first two rules of scientific colonization have been violated again and again in her past. She has sold, or allowed to be sold, land which could not in a lifetime of hard work be made fit for human habitation and cultivation and she has not picked her settlers.

Today, however, the State, through its Immigration Bureau, is actively interesting itself in bringing in settlers, and they are not left to the land sharks when they arrive, for there are excellent agencies for looking after them. I do not know where you will find a better market commissioner than Florida has in L. M. Rhodes, or one who gives more cordial and personal service. From him newcomers can get information about soil, be put in touch with markets and receive daily and nightly marketing reports. The Agricultural College, of which I have already talked in these pages, gives splendid service. The difficulty is that the lone farmer does not always know that in every well-regulated town there exists today more or less efficient agencies created to guide him, and he does not demand the service which the State pays large sums to provide.

A multitude of private large scale land settlement projects are on foot—more or less well thought out and nearly all of them giving some attention to our principles. Boca Raton—elegant and exclusive as it promises to be—poses something of this nature. At Venice on the West Coast where the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is investing money, some 20,000 acres have been set aside for "little ranches," which are not to be sold until the soil has been tested and the essentials for work and living provided.

The truck farm in Florida is a winter proposition largely, and can easily be combined with a trade which in the north is seasonal. It is practical, too, for Northern wheat and potato and vegetable growers who can do little or nothing from December to April. Not a few farmers are finding this out. On a tour of observation in Florida last winter I ran across an Idaho potato grower looking for land which he could cultivate, while his northern tract was under the snow.

There are several large cooperative land developments on foot in Florida. One of the most notable is Flordale in Escambia County. The land at Flordale, some 80,000 acres, is one of those great cut-over tracts which are such a problem to their owners. These acres were owned by a Kansas lumberman, Senator E. F. Porter. Senator Porter was a public-spirited and far-seeing person. He had a feeling of responsibility toward the acres he had denuded—he believed they were capable of redemption and that his sons could not devote their fine training and talents to a better end than proving that such development was practical and profitable. He advised in his will that the lands be kept together—cleared—made productive.

It was a man's task he put up to these college-bred youths and their wives, and they knew it and grasped it. It has meant isolation, doubts, experiments, patience, but the showing today is exciting and promising. The results are only another example of the large number of products new to the United States that intelligent and patient experiment has proved can be grown in what the Floridian's love to call "our last frontier."

THE most original and promising large scale colonizing scheme in the state so far as I know is that which has been undertaken by J. C. Penney—the founder of the Penney Chain Stores. I had not been long in Florida last winter before I was advised to "see what Penney was doing. He's started something," they insisted, and that was my conclusion after a day with Mr. Penney going over his project.

He is attempting to colonize scientifically—no doubt of that—but not as an end, rather as the means by which he hopes to demonstrate the soundness of an idea. Mr. Penney believes he has a contribution to make to our muddled economic situation and he is testing it out in Florida. All this comes out as you follow him through the town of Green Cove Springs, thirty miles south of Jacksonville on the St. John's River, six miles out to the farms.

The town cannot be passed by in considering the undertaking, for Mr. Penney is making it an adjunct to his enterprise. Most Florida developers begin by building a town and then opening a back country as a second thought. Mr. Penney has reversed the process. He bought his land and then seeing the relation to it for good or evil of a watering place but six miles away, he bought springs, hotels, and some 800 lots.

On the edges of the town one finds the explanation of the rumor pretty general in Florida that Mr. Penney is settling with broken down preachers. The people who spread that rumor don't know Mr. Penney! When he bought, a little over a year ago at a foreclosure sale, the land which he is colonizing, he took over with it a defunct sawmill and an abandoned industrial village made up of forty or fifty comfortable but dilapidated cottages. Mr. Penney's thrifty soul revolted at the idea of destroying these houses. There were so many people in the world who needed them! He told me, with tears in his eyes, as he drove up to the place, that he believed that [Turn to page 60]

# McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS



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## A WHO'S ZOO PARTY

IF you would like to give the most amusing and unusual party of the summer—when original parties are so hard to think of—try a Who's Zoo Party.

Our new leaflet giv-



ing explicit directions for the party may be had by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## FASTING—ITS BENEFITS AND DANGER

[Continued from page 40]

contaminating substances in the body fluids. Most persons eat too much protein-rich food and their blood tends, year after year, to contain more waste products. Consequently the kidneys are taxed greatly by the constant demand upon them to excrete the nitrogenous wastes.

Primitive people were generally accustomed to alternate fasting and feasting and evidence proves that the short abstinence from food was not nearly so detrimental as over-indulgence when food was available.

Fasting creates in the normal person an imperious demand for food, so it may be wise for one who is about to undergo a period of over-feeding for the purpose of increasing the weight first to go without food. It then would not be such an effort to eat the extra food as it would if one tried to eat freely when he had no appetite. Those who suffer from so-called "sick

headache" caused by over-loading the digestive apparatus day after day, generally know from experience the benefits of going without food for a day or two.

The practise, followed by those enthusiasts who treat persons suffering from pronounced gastro-intestinal disturbances, of fasting their patients for two weeks or more before placing them on a diet which is planned to correct the supposed causes of the condition, is certainly to be condemned. Shorter fasts would, we believe, accomplish all that "resting" the digestive tract ever could accomplish.

Exponents of fasting often assert that long fasting brings about the rejuvenation of the body tissues. This is true in the case of certain of the lower orders of animal life such as mites and the buffalo moth. But the many observations on the higher animals and on man do not show that one can regain youthfulness this way.

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

[Continued from page 37]

the iced refrigerator required about 200 pounds of ice a week, and the electric registered in the neighborhood of eight kilowatt hours. In the average household where the refrigerator is constantly used and the room temperature varies, it is reasonable to estimate the cost of running a refrigerator at twice these amounts. Thus, if your ice costs 60 cents a hundred pounds, and your electricity 12 cents a kilowatt hour, it would cost \$2.40 a week

for ice as compared with \$1.80 for electric current.

Refrigerators are invariably too small to allow the storage of food in any considerable quantity. The refrigerator should be big enough, as well as efficient enough, to do its work properly. You are compensated for the extra cost of running a larger refrigerator by being able to do quantity-buying and so saving much time in marketing.

**"Wouldn't think of making jam or jelly without it...."**

*say women who use this simple method to overcome the variation in fruit which once caused jam and jelly failures*



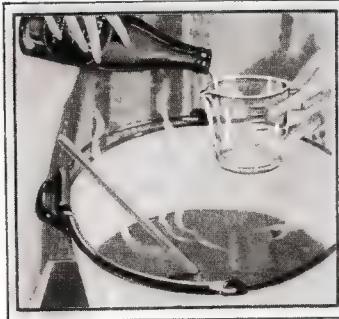
Nine-tenths of jam or jelly failures are the fault of the fruit. You can have success now every time.

**N**INE-TENTHS of the difficulty in making good jams and jellies has been due to the fact that the jelly forming substance in fruit is constantly changing—always decreasing in quantity as the fruit ripens, so that when the flavor is finest, the jelling power is lowest.

Very few fruits have enough of this jelling substance to jellify all the juice they contain.

That is why by the old-fashioned method the juice had to be boiled down until the jelling element was concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

But now you can use any fruit you like—when it is ripest and full-flavored—and, even without previous experience, you can make



You just bring your fruit—or fruit juice—and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal.

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Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with the recipe book. I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) to cover postage.

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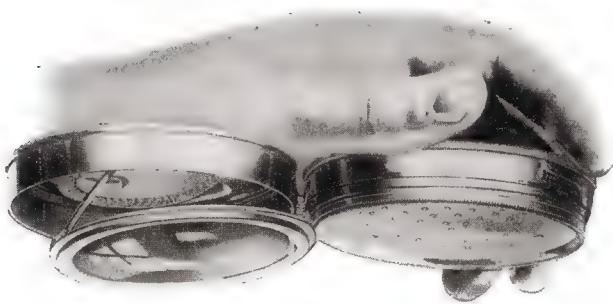
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it's empty, you refill it with any kind of loose powder you prefer.

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A generous sample of  
Norida Fleur Sauvage  
(Wildflower) Powder,  
in your favorite shade  
—Naturelle, Blanche  
or Rachelle. Simply  
send name and address.

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

[Continued from page 58]

the solution of the problem was an inspiration from the Divine.

"All my life," he said, "I have wanted to do something for broken down preachers and missionaries. I wanted to do something in memory of my father, who was a Baptist preacher, working without salary and supporting his family by farming. In his old age his church excommunicated him because he advocated Sunday Schools, a salary and education for ministers. Even today the minister comes to old age without enough income to care for him. Often he is tired out, needs a change, a year in another climate. It was revealed to me that I could put these cottages in good condition, and say to the boards of different churches and missionary societies: 'Here are comfortable houses, close to a good town and a beautiful river, live oaks all around them, room for gardens. I will give them rent free to any tired out people you wish to send here.'"

He immediately carried out his scheme, painting the forty or fifty houses inside and out, putting in electricity, and making things comfortable, if simple. As soon as they were ready they were filled. There is no time limit. If you like it and are a good neighbor, you can stay on and on.

We went from house to house, calling on the people—a young man broken down—two or three missionaries, women, one who had spent forty years in Persia, another as long in China. Several of the men had gardens. Others had gone fishing. Everybody seemed happy.

Mr. Penney's joy in this enterprise is genuine, but he is too good a business man not to see that, eventually, this tract of land must be used for something besides frame cottages, so he has taken a square in town and is building there three hundred small apartments to be used in the same way as the lumber cottages, as a permanent memorial to his father. The location is so beautiful, the town so pleasant, the Springs so health-giving, that this is bound to be a blessing to a large number of broken down people. This visit over, we started for the land.

"In order that you may understand what you are going to see," Mr. Penney told me "I will have to tell you something about myself. When I was eight years old, my father, who you know never had much money, told me from that time on I must earn all the clothes I had—and I did. For a number of years I clerked in stores in one state or another. Finally in Wyoming where I had been some time, my employer said to me, 'Jim, I want to start a store. If you will put in your savings and take charge I will give you a half interest.' That was my chance! My wife and I had saved \$500. We put that in, borrowed a little more and I became a partner. Finally I was able to buy the store. Then we began to think about our obligation to pass on the opportunity that had been extended to us. I had a clerk, who was honest, energetic, reliable, thrifty, so I looked around and found a town that needed a store and I made him the same proposition that had been made to me. He jumped at it. But I had other clerks coming on, just as good men—all they needed was a chance and so I made it my business to find a way to give it to them. The idea developed until now there are six hundred and seventy-six Penney stores and last year they did a business of \$91,000,000.

"A great many of these stores are in farming communities and the difficulty of the farmers in recent years set me to thinking that perhaps the Penney Chain Store idea could be used in farming. I couldn't get it out of my mind, but I saw no chance to apply it until about a year ago when I learned that 120,000 acres of land, five or six miles from Green Cove Springs, 10,000 of it cleared and fenced, was to be sold at a receiver's sale. Here was my opportunity. I immediately bought the land and I am trying by colonization to pass on opportunity—to give people who are willing to work a chance to own a farm and a home."

A man who has been able to find partners fit for developing six hundred and twenty-six stores and carrying on the tremendous business of supplying them with goods and supervising their methods

can be trusted, if anybody can, to find partners for such an enterprise as he now proposed. It looks as if he had succeeded admirably, for you rarely find an organization, even in Florida, more devoted to an undertaking than these Penney associates.

Mr. Penney had a definite idea of the kind of farmers that he wanted on his tract. It was not the broken down, the failures, the runaways from hard situations at home; he wanted only men and women who had the intelligence and character to carry through what they undertook. He began to get them at once. Nobody comes on any misunderstanding, as the following extracts from the out-and-out statement of plan and qualifications show:

"Our plan is to ask no one to pay anything down when he selects his farm. We allow him free use of the farm for one year. The only thing we ask the farmer to do is to insure the house for at least \$750.00. This will cost approximately \$8.55 for one year. The price of the farms range from \$4,500 for farms which will be on the highway, to \$3,000 for those located some distance from the highway. This price includes the house, the land cleared, fenced and plowed. It also includes in some instances outbuildings, such as shelter for mule and tool shed."

"Upon the completion of the first year it is our intention to sit down with the farmer and agree with him upon the amount which he can and should pay at the end of each year, so that at the end of a certain period he will have paid for his farm out of the profits taken from the place. This is the plan which Mr. Penney has operated for so many years in connection with his store managers, who pay for their stock interests out of the profits obtained from the operation of their store under their own management."

When I made the rounds with Mr. Penney in April of this year forty settlers had joined the community. They were working eagerly, hopefully and cooperatively. Most of them were under thirty-five; all of them had had either practical experience at farming or had the land tradition and mind.

Many colonies fall down because of the dearth of social, educational and religious life. These features are being very carefully and zealously cultivated in the new colony. But the living force in the colony is the feeling on all sides that here is opportunity for independence. Mr. Penney himself is that rare person, a man of wealth—very great wealth I believe—who has not forgotten that an essential factor in his career, his first opportunity, came from outside. He seized it and built on it, but he did not create it. He believes there is an obligation to do for others what was done for him, and he believes the world is full of young men and women who are as ready to act when the opportunity comes as he was in his day.

This idea, as well as the principles of scientific colonization, are not exclusive to wealth and power; that is, it does not require a Penney or a United States Government to put them to work. The man of moderate acres and moderate means can pass them on, if it be to but one individual. There are numbers of men in this country in a position to give one right man the opportunity to earn a home on a farm. The great industrialist, employer of many men, always concerned about their attitude towards the industry, their failure to understand his problems as they believe he fails to understand theirs, has in Mr. Penney's idea and in these principles of land settlement a tremendous opportunity to spread knowledge of sound economics. Let him help his men to the 2 to 3 acre tracts within reasonable distance of his factory or mine—which in hundreds of places the country over is practical—and he will establish the greatest labor college in existence, for the farm is the greatest of teachers.

The soil teaches the relation of capital and labor; that capital is the seed which must be saved if we are to have future crops. Russian peasants fleeing from famine starved rather than touch the seed corn which they carried with them.

The home on a farm is not only a road to economic independence, it is a school in reasonableness, patience, understanding.

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

[Continued from page 48]

They should then be rinsed with hot boiled water and placed in the boiled water until feeding time. The mother or nurse should always wash her hands with soap and water before beginning the preparation of the baby's food. The habit of thumb and finger sucking and the use pacifiers and the like are all dangerous, as they furnish a means of conveying harmful bacteria to the mouth of a child.

*Mrs. Wise:* Are all healthy babies, who have been properly cared for, apt to have summer diarrhea, Doctor? It would seem that a little germ or two might not do mine so much harm. He is so strong.

*Dr. Syntax:* It is not a case of a germ or two but of millions of them. The growth of bacteria in neglected milk or in the digestive tract is extremely rapid—I have known some of the finest babies to have been made violently ill by means of unclean milk. It is quite true however, that the baby who has never been ill, never been subjected to digestive disorders possesses a much better resistance than the one who has had frequent stomach and bowel disorders.

*Mrs. Wise:* What is *cholera infantum*?

*Dr. Syntax:* *Cholera infantum* is a term used to express what is really gastro-intestinal intoxication of a most severe character. The child usually becomes ill suddenly with active prostration, high temperature, persistent vomiting and loose watery evacuations. It is the most fatal form of the summer disorders. So-called summer diarrhea and dysentery, while less dangerous, are often followed by fatal results.

*Mrs. Wise:* What can one do when a child becomes ill with summer troubles?

*Dr. Syntax:* The first step is to send for the family physician. While awaiting his arrival, stop all milk foods, even breast-milk if the baby is nursed, and give barley water. No mistake will be made if one teaspoonful of castor oil is at once given the patient. If there is fever a sponging with alcohol and water or plain water for 15 minutes will give much comfort. The important thing however, is to stop all milk as a food. The mother should never attempt treatment of the mildest case without a physician's directions. The province of the mother lies largely in prevention. Keeping the baby cool and comfortable during the hot months helps not a little and whether in the city or country, on hot days, two or three fifteen-minute sponging periods with water at 60° is advisable.

*Mrs. Wise:* The health pamphlet suggested that the food strength be reduced on hot days—is that a good plan?

*Dr. Syntax:* Very good indeed, for the reason that the infant's digestive capacity is lessened at such times and a convenient way for doing this is to pour out an ounce or two of the formula allotted for one feeding and replace it with boiled water—a couple of ounces of plain water given between the feedings occasionally is also a beneficial custom.

*Mrs. Wise:* Thank you very much doctor. I will remember and follow out all your suggestions and I am sure my baby will keep well during the summer.

*Dr. Syntax:* I am sure he will, if you exercise extreme care in his management and avoid the gratuitous advice of any friend that is contrary to what I told you.

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

[Continued from page 46]

and fitted with wooden latches and pulls; they may consist of two thicknesses of boards set vertically and spiked to wooden cross-pieces with large-headed clout nails. Even roughly constructed, they are ample protection and artistic as well.

A stairway of split logs adds a note of interest, if put together with dowels, after the manner of mediaeval craftsmanship.

Hand-made furniture of unpeeled cedar saplings is both picturesque and appropriate in the cabin, if constructed according to primitive joinery. But most in-

triguing is the simple furniture of our forefathers, such as the slat-back chairs of New England, the trestle table, the open-shelved plate dressers with up-standing cottage china decorated in gay colors, the pine and maple tables belonging in such a setting and the high-backed settle by the open fire. Such furnishings, with an abundance of hooked rugs and cretonne hangings of colors to match the flowered plates, are reminiscent of the spirit of the past, which has been carried over into a living present of loveliness and comfort.

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 13]

Aline, he returned home to find Birrel waiting. She was in evening-dress and had taken off her wraps.

"Good luck! I didn't expect to see you. Going out to dinner?"

She raised her eye-brows in a puzzled manner. "Going out to dinner! No. Aline asked me to dine here, but—"

He glanced around, annoyed and embarrassed. "Where is she? Hasn't she come in yet?"

His eyes fell on a note, placed conspicuously against the clock on the mantel piece. It was addressed to him in his wife's hand. It read, "I've invited Birrel to dinner. I may not get back before eleven. If I don't, please entertain her for me."

They waited till half-past seven. At first Dan was anxious; he spent his time in listening for her step. He heard hardly anything of what Birrel was saying. Then his anxiety was replaced by a sense of anger at her injustice. She hadn't any right to treat him cavalierly. It was unlike her. Besides, he hated to own it, he missed her most confoundedly. Later, came the child's desire to show how little he cared.

He looked at Birrel. He noticed the deep red-gold of her hair—how it lay like metal against the whiteness of her forehead. He glanced into her eyes, and discovered that he could make them shy if he gazed too

long at them. He found that by giving her his attention, he could make her thoughts leap out towards him and could intercept them—the way we can the thoughts of people who are more to us than friends. He became interested in the discovery—a little proud of it; he was a piper with a knack of magic, seated on the edge of a woodland, compelling wild things to steal out from cover spell-bound. That was how it all commenced.

After dinner she seated herself at the piano, singing, humming, wandering like a bee from flower to flower of sound. His thoughts went back to the woman of dreams as his illusions had conjured her. He pushed his chair nearer to the auburn-haired girl. At the end of a motif, he leaned forward and stayed her hands. As their fingers met, they lingered. Hers trembled. What was he going to have said? Their eyes came together.

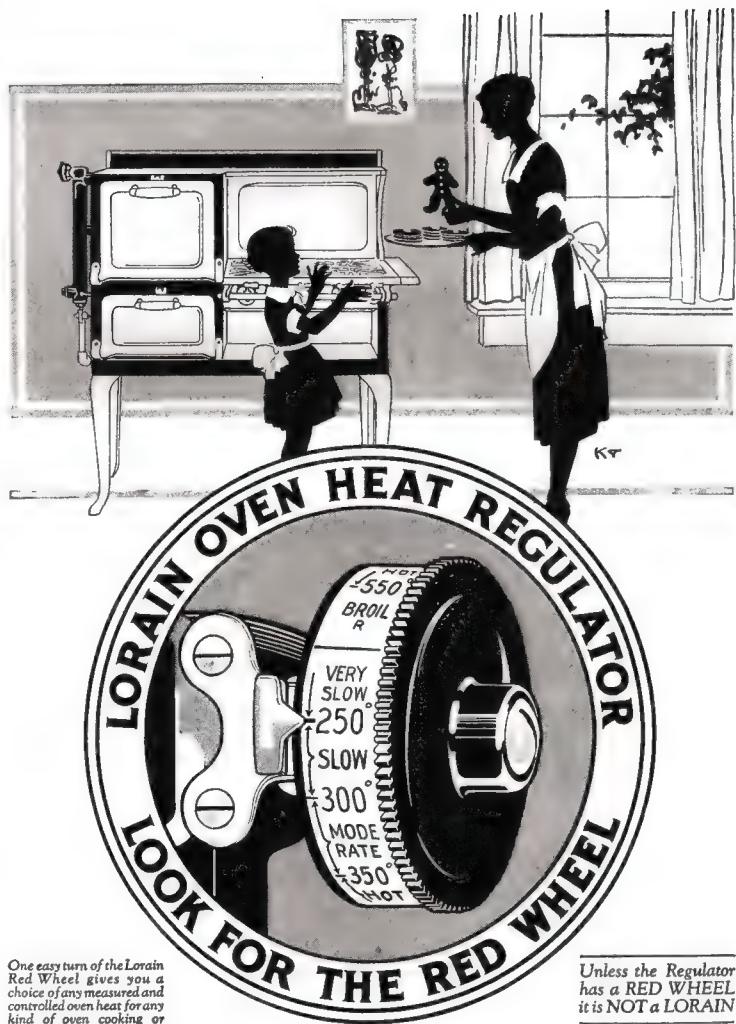
"You're not happy?"  
Her voice quivered: "And you?"  
He shook his head.

She bent forward. Her hair touched his. He caught its fragrance. She breathed, hardly spoke, the words: "Can I help?"

He awoke to the risk of his foolishness. "It's too late for that."

She laughed tremulously. "It's never too late to—"

Her hands flashed [Turn to page 85]



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McC. 8-26

# The FAIRY from the RADIO

BY HELEN MORRIS

CAROLINE sat alertly beside her daddy's radio. She had the earphones carefully held to her ears, the way her daddy had showed her. She was listening to a lovely story about a princess and a prince, and what a dreadful time they had with a cruel witch who hated the princess because she was so lovely, and who made her go through many cruel tasks to win her prince. The voice that was telling the story over the radio was so low and pleasant, that after a while Caroline settled back in the Morris chair, and didn't try to listen too hard. The story was coming closer and closer to the happy-ever-after place, and Caroline rested her head against the chair-back, and had the snug feeling of hearing a wonderful lullaby. She felt as though she were sitting on her mother's lap with mother telling her her very quietest sleepy story.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright and the earphones hung tipsy on her head for a moment and then fell into her lap. For the soft voice had suddenly broken into an equally soft laugh—a twinkling sort of laugh that came from over her head. She looked up, and there, perched on the tip edge of the loud-speaker, sat the dearest fairy, prettier than even the colored pictures of fairies in Caroline's books. Her little dress was of palest green silk and fluted as if it were made of wee leaves at the very minute that spring uncurls them from their winter nap. It floated around her as if a little breeze kept it moving. Caroline stared so hard that the fairy laughed again and floated a little kiss out to her.

WHY are you so surprised to see me when you weren't a bit surprised to hear me out of the loud speaker?" she asked.

"Was it you telling that lovely story?" asked Caroline. "I thought it was a different sort of voice at first. The first voice was like a school-teacher—you know, nice, but she wants you to hear every single word. You made it like a happy song. Was it you or her or who?"

"Oh, such grammar," laughed the fairy. "Yes, it was both of us. I know children get tired of that kind of voice now and then, and so sometimes when the story-lady doesn't know it, I get right in front of her at the microphone—you know what that is—the little instrument that people talk into?"

Caroline nodded. Daddy had told her all about it long ago, when he first bought their radio.

"Well, then, sometimes I get right in front of her and finish her story for her. It doesn't hurt her, for she doesn't know she isn't doing it any more, and I know the little children like the difference."

"But," asked Caroline suddenly, "they can't ever announce you, can they? Do you have a name too, like us?"

"Yes, indeed I do, even if they don't ever announce it. My name is Tempa. I have some other names, but I like that one best of all. It means time in a language I knew long ago. And all the little children who are my friends in other countries can say that easily, no matter what language they speak."

"Do you know children in other countries?" asked Caroline eagerly.

"Yes, my dear, wherever there is sound—and that is everywhere in the world—the children know me. And little, long-ago children knew me before clever men found out about radio and learned how to tell stories to you from far away over a little wire that goes into a wall in your house. Long ago I used to catch sounds I liked very much, and I saved them to listen to later and sometimes I wove them into stories to tell children at bedtime. Now you see it is an advantage to be a fairy. Other people can just let you hear the sounds that are happening at that minute, but I bring you sounds from the past."

Caroline's eyes shone. "Tempa, if I'm very good, will you tell me some sounds from the past? Please, please."

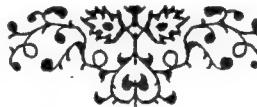
TEMPA'S eyes danced into Caroline's. "If I do," she said sternly, "will you listen—really listen—and will you stop pretending to be the lady on the radio who tells you to eat spinach and brush your teeth carefully three times a day?"

Now Caroline blushed a little, for mother was always so anxious to have her hear the health-lady's talk on Friday evenings, and sometimes Caroline was rather naughty about not wanting to listen.

"Honest, I will," she promised. "Every single week."

Tempa swung a little green-slipped foot back and forth. "Now what would you like, I wonder," she mused. "Sit back and shut your eyes and I'll let you see the picture with your eyes while I'm bringing the story out of the past for you. That," she chuckled, "is more than the radio can do for you, as yet any way. Now shut your eyes."

So Caroline obediently closed her eyes and listened to the fairy humming a little buzzing



sound—just the kind the loud speaker makes before music or talk comes through it.

Suddenly before her eyes came the picture of a queer place, a queer room. It had tall white columns painted in purple and gold, and one wide space opened like a window out upon a lovely garden, full of flowers and busy bees. A woman in a white dress, with long, fair hair drawn back with ribbons, stood beside a queerly shaped cradle in which lay a lovely little boy fast asleep. You knew from the way she looked at him that she was the baby's mother. Another woman who looked like a nurse was busy in a corner. Suddenly Caroline saw a dozen bees come in at the window and fly about the child's cradle. Some settled on his lips and his little pink hands. The mother started



Suddenly a dozen bees flew about the queerly shaped cradle and settled on the baby's lips and his little pink hands

forward in alarm, but the nurse stopped her.

And now Tempa's sweet voice began, and Caroline settled back easily, with no headphones to bother her.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, in the stately land of Greece, Where olive trees smile and gay bees hum in a lazy southern peace, A wee boy lay in his cradle soft and his mother over him bent, And rejoiced at his bonny baby strength and his smile of sweet content. But while she watched, from the garden near, with its fragrant mass of bloom, Through the window-space some straying bees flew buzzing into the room. They flew round the lovely baby head, they sat on his warm red lip, As if they had found to their delight the loveliest honey to sip. The mother hurried in wild alarm to brush them off, but her arm Was stayed by the nurse who drew her away and quieted her alarm. 'They will not hurt him a bit,' she said, 'and in days that are yet to be, The reason they came will be clear to all—they are only a prophecy. This boy will not be great with the sword, nor conquer his neighbor's land, But the lords of earth will bow to his words, to the work of his brain and hand. Poems he will write and songs he will sing and sweet words he will say. That will fall from his lips like honey, in a future grown-up day."

And sure enough, there were the bees flying away again through the open window, as if they were perfectly satisfied, and there was the boy's mother smiling now at her fear, and looking more proudly than ever at the sleeping baby.

And then the picture changed, and there was a tall, beautiful man standing up very straight before a great crowd of people. All were in long queer clothes, and the tall man had a wreath of green leaves round his head, and he was reading to the people from a long scroll in his hands. She could hear a lovely singing sound, but what the words were she did not know, for they were in a different language, but she knew it was lovely, and all the people listened very eagerly. Then she heard Tempa's voice.

THE little boy, whom the bees had loved, grew up a famous man And from his lips, like honey rare, the loveliest poems ran. Around his head folk placed a crown to honor his gift of song, For when he sang, they saw life fair, and they hated fear and wrong. And when he read, they forgot their wars, and thought of naught but peace; So did he sway them, the man with the wreath, Pindar, the poet of Greece."

The picture faded away, and Caroline opened her eyes to look at Tempa, still perched on the loud speaker.

"Is it a true story?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," nodded Tempa. "I used to go to see him when he was a baby, and when he was a tall man I often listened to his songs. Perhaps some day when you study the beautiful language called Old Greek you will read some of his poems, and know the bees spoke the truth, for his poems are wholesome and sweet like honey. But, my goodness, I must be going. I must help out a story-lady in a few minutes."

CAROLINE looked sad, as she saw Tempa folding her green ruffles. "But you will come again some time?" she begged.

"Oh, yes, some day when you don't expect me, and then I will tell you a story of another great country of long ago called Rome and of a little boy who helped to build it. And another day you shall hear the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table."

The next time I come—I'll tell you about a little girl who lived in France and fought and died for her country." The loud speaker buzzed a little and Caroline looked down into it, and when she looked at the top again, the little green figure was gone. Caroline felt more lonesome than if one of her playmates had gone home just when they were having a lovely time.

But Tempa had promised to come again and Caroline was pretty sure that a good fairy always keeps her word.

## ALIBI

[Continued from page 11]

clerk had not told him what time she had left her room.

Another thought occurred; he went back to the telephone, called up the night-porter of his apartment house, and explained that he was expecting a guest, and that she was to be shown directly to his suite.

This attended to, he opened the door of his suite so that she would not be obliged to ring. Also, because from where he sat he could listen for the elevator and watch the corridor, now dimly lighted from the landing outside . . . The corridor through which he had watched for her so many times—so many times.

How often, in the waning light of the studio, he had laid aside palette and brushes and had seated himself here in this deep chair to think of her, wait for her return from shopping tour or social gaiety in the gray of approaching evening.

To listen for her . . . as he was listening now . . . Heaven help him . . . Still listening . . . Through all these years.

Always hers had been a gay little greeting—a light gesture as she hurried through the corridor toward her bedroom—"Hello, dear! I'm late!"

Well, it was a dark world—a vast, dim space between dark horizons . . . difficult to see one's way about . . .

Her taxi should have arrived . . . It should have arrived . . . He lay deep in his chair, listening.

About three o'clock both candles burned out. But the corridor was lighted from the landing. He listened from his armchair in the darkened room. He had not heard the distant clash of the elevator—nor any sound at all when

she came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same light gesture—the faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late—"

Blindly he got to his feet, to the corridor; and saw her near the door of her locked bedroom—locked during all these years . . . He saw her—or thought he did—in the obscurity . . . Near her bedroom door. When he had searched every room from landing to terrace he went once more into his bedroom and sank down by the telephone. After a moment he called her hotel . . . Her room did not answer.

"I'll speak to the maid on duty on that floor," he said . . . And, presently: "Are you the maid?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say she has not yet returned?"

"No, sir."

"What time did she leave her room?"

"About one o'clock."

"You saw her?"

"I was on duty; yes, sir."

"You saw her leave her room? And you have not seen her return?"

"No, sir."

"Listen to me. I am her husband. Open her door with your pass-key and say that I must speak to her—on—on matters of life—and death."

"Yes, sir. One moment—please hold the wire—"

After many, many years, the maid's voice, shrilling on the wire:

"She's in there on the floor! I've rung up the house physician . . . The night-clerk says she is—he says that she—"

"Yes," he said, "I understand . . . I'll come . . . at once."

[THE END]

## MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 21]

and raised the lid of Sarghan's small stove but put it jealously away again, aghast at himself.

And then came the day when he faced the issue and marched across the basin to sit on his accustomed stump. He opened it with fingers that shook a bit despite himself and gazed at its few lines with dilated eyes.

"David John," it said abruptly, "the earth is dry down here. There has been little rain and all the rounded slopes of this gentle country are brown with drouth. I think often of your green hills, singing with their waters. Also I think of you and the look of your eyes, which is never the look of a soldier's eyes. \* \* The war is done, I hear you say. No, it isn't; not for you. You are in the trenches yet and are likely to be for many weary years; and you are all but swamped by the enemy coming over the top. Forgive me for saying this—it is unpardonable presumption—but I cannot see a soldier lie down on his job. Bite on the bullet, David John. There's another ounce of fight left in you—shell it out."

Mara Thail."

All but swamped! Yes, he was. The sheet in his fingers shook with their shaking. He gazed somberly at the green slope before him and was not conscious of the shining shape which starred it, did not see the tossing head in its cloud of creamy mane. Palermino, watching his idol with wide dark eyes, was astonished at its silence. It was only when the wild horse stamped with a striped white hoof and neighed shrilly that David Buchanan shook himself literally and came back to the present. He thrust the letter back in the pocket and slid off the stump.

It had not been pity after all! It had been an order, stern and sharp. Thank God! *It had not been pity.*

A strange feeling of exultation swelled his throat. With some inner flash he saw a bridge spanning a rugged gorge. What that vision of achievement could have to do with Mara Thail's command he could not have said; yet it was there. A slow surge of something very like hope went through him painfully. He flung up a hand, snapped his fingers.

"You yellow nuisance!" he said, "come here!"

And there came into his handling of the horse today a new touch, a firmer confidence. Twice he slapped the shining hide with resounding blows, pushed the nuzzling head with playful roughness.

Palermino squealed and strutted and for once David Buchanan laughed at his antics outright, and when he marched away across the meadow the golden stallion came with him far out, obedient to the hand upon his mane.

MONSIEUR," said Buchanan that night as he smoked in the matchless twilight, "what are the signs of a soul's defeat?"

Sitting primly in the same chair where Mara Thail had sat in another twilight, he put his fine hands on his ragged knees, considering. The long white hair was immaculately dressed. The Vandyke beard was neat as care could make it. He wore the shirt with the only slightly frayed cuffs, the smaller holes at elbows, the missing collar.

"Signs of ze soul's defeat, M'sieu?" he repeated, "I would say—after ze mature contemplation—I would say there ees only one—*la Mort.*"

"Eh?" said the younger man.

"*La Mort,*" said Monsieur firmly. "No living soul ees defeated so long as zere comes another day. Only death can end ze fight, M'sieu."

Buchanan frowned in the shadows. So! Only death could end the fight!

Monsieur, hands on knees, peered earnestly at his companion. His old blue eyes were alive with the hope that sprang eternal in him.

"In Denver I know a man," he said earnestly, "wizout his legs. He ees ze owner of five news-stands. Een his employ are seven men wis all their members. An' he ees ze beeg boss, M'sieu, wizout ze doubt. He wears a medal on hees breast—And there ees a woman, too, who stood by, an' still stands by; she loves him."

Buchanan stirred on his bench.

"I didn't think they made that kind these days," he said.

"Today an' while ze [Turn to page 64]



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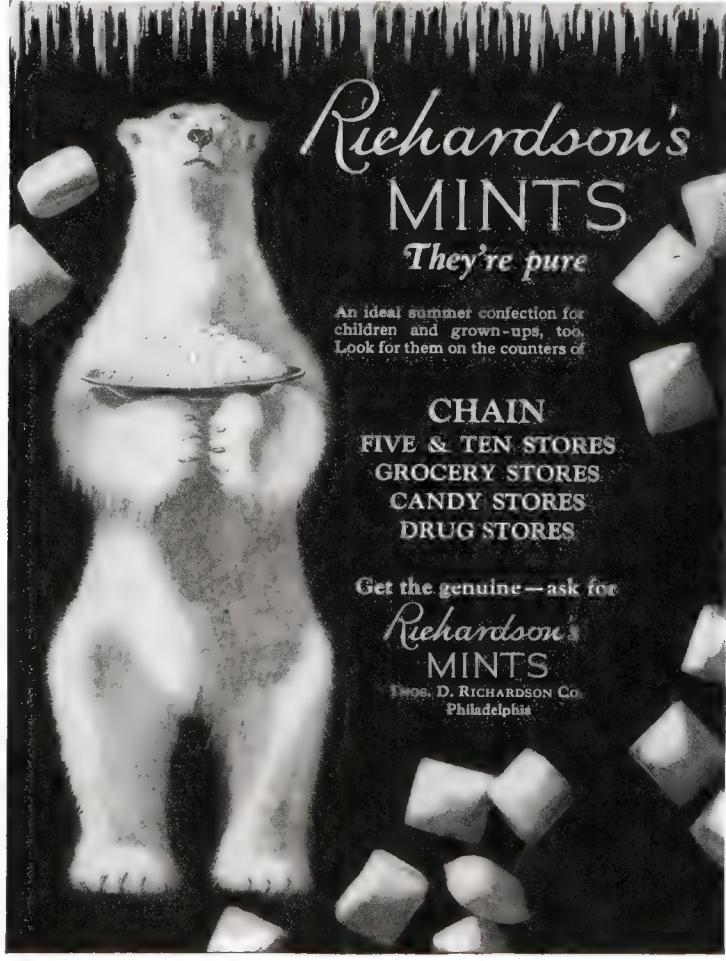
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worl' stands, M'sieu!" cried Monsieur eagerly, "ze heart of woman ees as ze sea—forever ze same."

Unconsciously the old man was pleading the cause of the face upon the bill-board, the marvelous woman he had seen shining like the Queen of Sheba in the mimic city. David John Buchanan felt this unerringly, and frowned in the darkness. A ragged old hobo and a—cripple! Fools! Idiots! Suddenly he flung back his head and laughed, wild laughter that startled Monsieur like a dash of icy water.

"Ho!" he laughed, "the comedy of fools! The great burlesque of life! How rich it is!"

Buchanan rose and flung away around the cabin, muttering. Until two of the night he sat with his back beside a pine tree on the far hills' skirts, his arms folded on his knees, his face upon them. What were they doing to him? The old tramp with his shining hope, his eager faith in life and its beauty, and Sarghan with his dog-like love, and Mara Thail, the actress, with her firm command? Why could they not have left him alone? He had troubled no one.

And the woman—when he thought of her the despair within him was wine of Gehenna. He all but hated her—and taking the envelope from his shirt pocket he laid it beneath his forehead where the sweat stood cool in the night.

He was trembling with the facing of a possibility which he dreaded—the possibility of once more plunging forward in the fight for normalcy. For—he had said there was another ounce of fight in him. \* \* Monsieur said that the only end of it is death. \* \* Six years back he would have said so, too. Now—

Mara Thail, resting in her specially appointed paradise above the Pasadena hills, got no answer to her little kindly note. More than once she thought of it and the haggard eyes of the man who had inspired it. She did not resent his silence, his ignorance of her effort. So deep and simple was her human heart that she seemed to know full well the why and wherefore. And she did not forget those eyes. They were sick eyes, misunderstanding, agonized.

To Marcelo Ensalez she did not speak of him, nor of anything that touched upon the personal between herself and the screen idol. The tenderness which she had felt for Ensalez had received a set-back with the quarrel between them. Yet he came as was his wont, his dark eyes always burning with the fire that smoldered in him. In another month he would be once again at work, and Mara would not be with him. Therefore he made hay while the sun shone, and he was subtly clever in his harvesting. He who was such a bold lover for the delectation of the public became humble in his hours alone with her; but Mara Thail distrusted him.

She could have reached out her hand and had any man it chanced to touch. But she had seen so deep into the ghastly vortex of life that there was in her a grave sense of values. She who had so much was not easily dazzled. Neither was she ashamed of her interest in the man of the high meadow with his homestead, his fifty cows, his dragging foot and his army clothes.

Monsieur Bon Coeur she had forgotten completely. David John Buchanan she did not forget. And so there passed a few weeks when all things were quiescent. The woman rested and drove about in her limousines. Ensalez came back from somewhere.

**MONSIEUR** Bon Coeur made a hundred modest improvements in the cabin for its owner's comfort, and that owner had set himself a task. There was a different set to his lips, he held the drooping shoulder grimly up in line with its mate for hours each day. That the effort drew his face with strain was negligible. In a hidden glade close to Palermeno's flowery spring he took up, slowly and carefully, the old drudgery of setting-up drill. It was drudgery now and no mistake, what with the slow foot that must be reckoned with. Patiently, hour by hour, he began the slow and painful process of salvaging his body. And with the whip of discipline he lifted his spiritual head, looked down the future.

They were right—they all were right—Sarghan, Monsieur, the woman with the tender eyes. What right had he, who had offered up his sacrifice, to refuse the ultimate mead exacted by that sacrifice? And the first thing to conquer was his bitterness. This was hard, but he was a fighter born. And so he began "shelling out" that last ounce.

Summer was going fast, especially in the High Sierras. The golden days were getting appreciably shorter. There was a hint of frost in the late nights. David Buchanan knew that before many weeks he must round up his cattle and drive them down through the canyon to the winter feeding grounds which he had arranged for in the great valley below. In this task he would have two wonderful allies, the white-ringed collie and the little shepherd mother who, since their advent in the basin, had proven Monsieur's wisdom in saving them from the pound. Together they had caught and killed the sly old coyote which had taken three of the new calves in the spring. The bounty money would go expressly for a sack of meal to feed them through the winter, which arrangement had delighted Monsieur beyond reason.

The negro disapproving at first with jealous selfishness, had accepted Monsieur with a better grace, since he found that something in the old man's simple philosophy did more for his master's state of mind than all his songs and his foolishness.

And by the stump beyond the meadow David John Buchanan had laid a master's hand on Palermeno. The horse had become accustomed to a rope about his neck, the feel of a hackamore upon his regal nose, the weight across his back of Buchanan's saddle-bags. In the man's clearing

## MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 63]

mind a purpose was well formed. He meant to tame and ride this glorious free creature, to own him body and soul, to master his great strength, his marvelous speed, and that, he knew in his inmost soul, would be a man-size job, worthy of one with all his wits and vigor.

Day after day he spent at the hill's fringe, and farther and farther Palermeno heard his whistled call and came trotting down in answer. The stallion was tractable and kind, ruled by love alone, and he took to rein and burden without fear. But the ultimate trial, when he should find upon his back a man who clung, would be a different matter. That Buchanan knew. He knew, too, the risk it would mean. But the risk was part of the game, a simple game that yet meant so much to him.

So the day came, in late September, when he went early from the cabin, his braided hackamore hung to his arm and the pocket of his shirt bulging with cubes of sugar.

Sarghan was busy at the wood-pile, singing as he worked at the winter's growing ricks, and Monsieur Bon Coeur whittling industriously at the long white panels of thin fir-wood on which his pictures were taking shape. There were a dozen of these pictures inspired by their surroundings. One day they would go marching down to the hectic city streets, framed exquisitely with the halves of tiny pine cones tacked to their edges. Monsieur hoped greatly from this stock-in-trade. A hat now, and shoes.

So Monsieur carved meticulously, lost in the dreams that never lost their lure through unfulfillment, believing in them still. The sun went up along the heavens in majesty. There was a sweet crisp coolness in the air. The sky was sapphire blue and a profound stillness hung upon the lofty world.

It was because of this very waiting silence that presently the sedate collie, lying at Monsieur's knee, pricked his short ears, turned his wise head, listening. After a little he rose and trotted away around the cabin. At the same moment Sarghan paused, his axe uplifted. For a keen space he stood, then dropped the tool and stamped after the dog. Monsieur, sensing something unusual, laid down his work and followed.

A play was being enacted in the amphitheatre of the basin spread out before them, a play that made Sarghan lift and shake his clinched fists in the face of the serene heavens.

Where the great green floor stretched widest a thing that was entirely mad and uncontrollable shot and circled this way and that, leaped in the golden light with a shaking of cream-colored plumes, twisted and spread-eagled, struck at the empty air, screamed to the peaks with wide opened mouth, while along its wild back a man lay crouched, his hands clutched in the cloud of mane, his feet clamped to its sides, his desperate face white as a moon in fog. Buchanan from his stump had dared the issue, and Palermeno had gone mad with fight!

"Th' gun! Fetch me th' rifle, H'old Man!" whimpered Sarghan; "urry!"

But Monsieur Bon Coeur, without a second's bewilderment, understood.

"Non!" he cried, "Nevala! He ees once more a man! He fights for the mos' priceless theeng—hees soul alive!"

There was no sound in the suave day except the thunder of the sweeping hoofs which came and receded in waves as the horse shot hither and yon. Its golden hide was a spot of glory on the level green, the long pale fan of its tail swirled with its turnings, spread and whipped taut, and once more spread. The great head hung up like that of a swimmer drowning, sank down and shook from side to side. The man on its back clung like a leach. He was flat above the withers, his elbows bent, his back in a bow, and the head on his shoulders snapped this way and that like the cracker on a whip.

For an hour by the sun the Palermeno fought. His mouth was open, his eyes were rimmed with red, and the whistle of his breath could be heard above his flailing hoofs. At its slowing end he stood over by the canyon's mouth, still and done. On him Buchanan hung like a rag, and his hands, loosing their cramped grip on the tangled mane, slid round the sweat drenched neck. His face was white as it would ever be in death, there was a blue line round his mouth, and tears that came in a flood dripped down the trembling shoulder.

Shaking in every limb, weak and spent to the last ounce in him, he rolled down to his feet and putting a hand on Palermeno's hanging head, he began a march about the basin, for after his raging passion of effort, to let him stand and panting, turned wearily after.

Buchanan did not sleep in the house that night. Instead he took a blanket and in what lone glade of the mountains he spent the hours of peaceful starlight he did not say. When he came in at dawn he led the wild horse with him, and Palermeno was no longer wild. So the lone runner of the hills learned the taste of barley in a box, the meaning of a fence, although he was not a captive. The corral gate was open and he was allowed to go, but his master followed and the old play was kept in force. Sarghan was grimly opposed to this but, at Monsieur's behest, he kept his counsel.

**OCTOBER** came in. Frost in the Sierras touched the foliage with its magic fingers, so that great swathes shone in gold and crimson on the hills' skirts. On the pine tree by the mountain spring the man had a mark where his drooping shoulder touched and he kept jealous watch of it. His mouth was very tight what time he took his observations, for the mark had risen full three quarters of an inch. He felt, too, as if the slow foot had, in some mysterious fashion, become a bit less heavy. This he would scarcely admit, would build no hope upon it, but in his inner consciousness

he knew it was so. He had a "hunch" about it. He still carried the envelope in his pocket, soiled and ragged. Each time the sneering bitterness attacked him he would lay a hand upon it.

It was an order and he was "shelling out" the ounce. And he had made another trip to the valley, where at the little theatre he had seen once more the face of Mara Thail advertised for a coming film. It was strange what emotions gripped him with the sight of that pictured face, what a tightness came in his throat, what a sea of despair rolled in and threatened to engulf his new decision. He resolved sternly that he would think no more of the woman herself, but only of the effect her word might have upon his life.

A week later he was again in the town, was entering the lighted lobby with the careless crowd, and was trembling in every limb. He sat in breathless tension and when she moved before him in all her grace and beauty he found his hands clenched into fists, the sweat starting on his body.

That very night, looking from her parapet, the woman in the flesh was thinking of the broken soldier, wondering if he was making his good fight.

Justin Sellard, smoking in his bachelor apartments, was toying with a new idea for a film, a tender, wistful thing, different from the usual run, dealing with forgotten days in France, in another and more gallant generation. He wondered if he could make his public see the delicate appeal of character irrelevant of age, of beauty, or of jazz.

And Marclo Ensalez was talking earnestly with the sleek young man who had driven the long car across the path of David Buchanan that day outside the town in the northern valley.

"It might be risky," he was saying, "just in the actual act, but later it would be a cinch. If you can put it over in the first place I'll attend to the rest—alibis, honest owners and all. I'm obsessed with the thought of the golden horse. What a knockout he'll be, under a Spanish saddle thick with silver! His pale mane and tail—they'll take the light like Lillian Gish's wonderful hair, silver white and misty! Standing against him, I'll come out sharp as black on white! Get the picture of him at the bull-fight. Lay your plans well, Banny; they'll be worth two thousand bucks to you flat if you put them over. And a good deal more to me."

"Leave it to me," said Banny confidently, "I know where Mex Contrillo is, and if he can't pull a horse deal, either tame or wild, I'll forfeit the little old two thou."

**DAVID BUCHANNAN** began to make the long ride down the canyon more often than was needful, and each time he studied avidly the announcements of the picture world. Each time, too, he went to the post-office for the mail. He did this with a shame-faced feeling, and once, in his room at the hotel he drew, quite cleverly, a graceful sketch of a mountain slope, a pine tree and a man with a drooping shoulder making a mark upon it. This was all, but he put the sketch in an envelope, got a stamp from the clerk, addressed it to the name and place in the soiled missive in his pocket and dropped it, beyond recall, in the letter slot at the post-office.

And Mara Thail, opening the envelope two days later, felt a thrill of true joy in her woman's heart, for she read it exactly at the first glance.

She sent a prompt reply, and this was nothing more nor less than a little gilded frame, swinging on its stand, entirely empty. There was no word with it, but David John, getting it the next week, drew a deep breath and jerked his shoulder up in line.

So the days went by. Monsieur's shakes were finished, a bulky bundle, wrapped with brake-fern dry and soft.

"Wat you theenk, M'sieu?" he asked Buchanan anxiously, "would I be justified in asking, say, one dollar and ze one-half for each?"

"Monsieur," replied the younger man most gravely, "you'll get two just as easy, and you'll be perfectly within your honest rights."

Shades of prosperity!

And yet, if M'sieu Buchanan said so, they must be worth so magnificent a stipend. Hope, ever at the boiling point in Monsieur's heart, poured over the top. The hat, now, of a surety, and the shoes! Perhaps the pants! Glorious vision!

In late October Buchanan gathered his cows from the slopes. They were all there, along with almost as many calves. It made a sizeable herd and he wished fervently for help to make the drive, but the little shepherd-dog mother was like a flash of energy and craft, falling into the work like a veteran, and with the more quiet aid of the old collie, he worked them into the canyon's mouth and the rest was easy. He camped that night at the foot of the cliff. Next day he saw his worldly wealth safe in their winter pasture and for the first time the broken ambitions seemed to know a modest compensation.

He could eat his meals now in the dining-room of the small hotel at the regular hour without the burning sense of humiliation. He forgot for longer spaces his slow foot, walking on the pave. But was it so slow? The first time he knew for a certainty was on this occasion of the cattle drive, when, in stepping off the curb he found it swinging forward without the usual halt which heretofore had marked that act. That day his lips set straight and his face flushed so keenly as to be painful.

The following week he made another sketch of the pine tree with two marks upon it, the second a scarce perceptible fraction of space above the first. He meant to send it after its mate.

"Monsieur," he said grinning, "I'm trailing a rainbow, though Heaven alone knows what lies at its foot."

A little of Monsieur's hope was in his eyes these days, a new excitement which had to do with the intriguing plan which he had formed to ride Palermeno down the canyon to the valley town.

[Continued in SEPTEMBER McCall's]

## TIPPITY-WITCH

[Continued from page 17]

flapjacks?"

It didn't, having something to do with the fact that Peter belonged to the interesting profession of producing—not acting in—motion pictures. But, under the spell of her blue eyes, he would have sworn it meant a chef's certificate if she'd asked for one. "Can I?" he cried. "You ought to see me! Nice, crispy brown ones, you know! Sort of sizzled around the edges. The kind that melt in your mouth—a great golden stack of 'em!"

With sublime recklessness, she capitulated. "Oh, you *may* turn out to be an escaped convict! But would being murdered be worse than starving? If I eat another cracker, I'll turn into a parrot!"

"Crackers?" He eyed the wagon.

She read his look. "The stove blew up," she confessed. "Twice. It's funny—I never had a stove to do that before. So it was a choice between crackers and cold hot dogs. I ate three—but I was afraid I'd bark." She went so far, now, as to plead with him. The thought of those flapjacks obsessed her. "Perhaps you may understand stoves, being a Molasses Spreader. There's flour and cans of things—and botties of things, inside. Will you?" and she looked pleadingly down at him.

And Peter did. Because, having served as everything from aviator to K. P. in France during a certain War, he could. Leaving the wheel still perched on his bumper, he went into the van itself. And there, out of the confusion, he evolved something that looked very much like a tall stack of flapjacks.

They smelled quite as convincing as they looked. Whereupon the girl with the bright, tawny hair reached out greedily.

But Peter, who could be quite as firm with little witches as he could be successful with the frying-pan, moved the plate out of her reach.

"I told you my name," Peter reminded her. "My real name," he added. "D'you think I cook flapjacks for perfect strangers, even if they are tippity-witches?"

"Tippity-witch? What is that?"

"You!" and he smiled engagingly.

The girl thought of all the things people had told her about encountering strange young men. She also sniffed at the flapjacks. The latter won.

"I'm called Tamiesie Dhu McKay!" she said. "Now, can I have them?"

"Not so fast." He shook his head. "It's a funny name. Almost as queer as mine."

"It's merely Scotch," she said defensively. "My father is. So are my brothers. But I'm a heathen."

Peter was compassionate. "All right, little Miss Tamiesie Dhu. Dig in. But, remember, you'll tell me about the van while I'm putting its cunning wheel back on," and he pushed the flapjacks under her hungry little nose.

But Tamiesie Dhu, fortified with some ten flapjacks or so, regained her caution, and cleverly though he led the conversation, Peter had to put on the striped wheel without learning much more.

"If you are running away—you ought to go back," he suggested.

"Does any one run away," she asked logically, "with a horse called Primrose and a Hot Dog Wagon that looks like a stick of candy?"

"To be perfectly candid," he returned, "nobody but a witch who told fortunes would possess such a van or such a horse. So I'd say that, in all probability, you live, when you are at home, in a pumpkin. And your father is a black Ogre."

"My father," she said conclusively, "is as red-headed as I am. He is not a black Ogre. He's a harassed man. And when I live with him it isn't in a pumpkin at all. It's in a state of argument!"

Peter didn't look surprised. He felt, inwardly, sympathetic to her father. She might be just a kid, he thought, from the length of her dress. But that was the style, he reflected. And Tamiesie Dhu had two good reasons for wearing hers very short.

"Now I think I'll be going," she said. "Primrose has a weakness for habits. If he stands very long, it sort of grows on him. And—" as an afterthought, "I've my business to attend to."

Peter felt as if he were being dismissed. "Aren't you going to tell me *anything* at all?" he asked despairingly.

She was sitting up on a narrow little

seat behind the docile Primrose. In her hands she clutched, unscientifically, two slack reins. "Oh, yes!" she cried brightly, and she screwed her radiant head about so that Peter feared for her balance. "I wasn't going without that! Goodbye!" And with a jerk of her reins, and a duck of her head, she was off.

Peter, back in his car, drove on. And while outwardly he looked like a stiffly controlled young man, inwardly he was a raging fury. For Peter was curious, and his curiosity had gone unsated. He was interested, and his interest had been disregarded. Had he passed, at that moment, either a Spanish hacienda or an English lane, he'd have given both a cold eye. For what was the use of discovering places, when people—and particularly, one person—remained unfathomable.

Whereupon he put his foot down on the throttle with such efficiency that by dusk he had a good many miles between himself and Miss Tamiesie Dhu McKay.

It had been, Peter had noted, an extraordinarily lovely September day. It became, perversely, a cloudy twilight. And the twilight turned to a dark evening. Peter, of course, had no special interest in whether or not the moon chose to hide its light behind a cloud, but he couldn't help reflecting upon the thought of a red-headed girl facing a dark, moonless night with only a horse called Primrose for company. "And if she gets hungry—"

But that thought was too much for him. Like every man, he loved to reform people. And, next to that, to rescue them. From anything, it mattered little what! And so, turning his car about, he started back through the dark to the point where he had left the "tippity-witch."

He didn't need to do a great deal of hunting. Even in the gloom of the shadows, the outline of the van loomed up. Seeing it, Peter stopped his car. The van was pulled to the side of the road, and a pale object that shifted at his approach, turned out to be Primrose.

The van was empty!

He called sharply. "Hi!" Then, wondering if his approach had frightened her back into the field beyond—"I say—it's only me! Peter Durant! Are you all right?"

A sound—fiendishly shrill in the darkness—filled the night! A thin, piercingly sharp, inhuman sound that made his blood run cold! And, almost instantly, desperate, terror-stricken screams! A girl's screams!

Peter dashed across the field in the direction from which they came, and as he ran he called: "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Simultaneously, the night became hideous with sounds. That insistent, uncanny sound as of a bell ringing—gasping, panicky cries from a girl's lips—the thudding of running feet—grunts—screams—

And then, into his very arms she ran! A tiny, scurrying figure whose progress was hindered by a long blanket that was muffled about her, mummy fashion, and dragged behind her in a long, tail-like train. "Oh—oh—oh—" she was gasping, and Peter caught her close in his arms. "Who—who are you?" she panted.

"Peter Durant! From this afternoon, you know! Here—Tamiesie—dear—" he couldn't bear her trembling. He picked her up in his arms. And Tamiesie Dhu, lying contentedly in them, sniffed a bit and then grew quieter.

Peter reached the van. Gently, he put her down. Then, reaching for his flashlight, he turned it on her—thinking to see how badly she had been hurt.

He saw a funny, bundled little figure, with a pale, heart-shaped face, blue eyes that met his with relief—and the whole framed in a circle of red hair that was stuck full of wisps of straw.

But even as he started to question her, that terrible, jangling noise filled the air again, and Tamiesie Dhu, with a shriek, held out a round object to him. "Turn it off!" she cried.

Peter took it bewilderedly. An alarm clock! That, then, had been the horror that had filled the night!

Grimly, he turned it off. Grimly, too, he turned to Tamiesie Dhu McKay—only to find her crumpled up on the ground, rocking in a paroxysm of laughter!

Peter regarded her stiffly. "I suppose," he began, "it's too [Tur] ... page 66]



## Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOB Co., 642 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

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much to ask you to stop that racket and tell me—" he broke off abruptly. "I thought you were being killed! What in the name of Sam Hill, were you doing out there?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes. "Sleeping! It's night, isn't it? I've never had a chance to sleep on top of a straw stack before, so when I got sleepy I just rolled a blanket about me and climbed up! And then it went off!"

"What did?"

"Oh, the alarm clock, silly! I wanted to get up early, so I wound it up and put it under me down in the straw. And the silly thing started to go off! And I reached down to get it. And touched snake! I did! Wriggly and cold and slick! That's probably when—you heard me!"

"But—" protested Peter—"I heard feet! People running!"

She drew a deep breath. "I know! It—it was pigs!"

Peter stared. "Pigs?"

She nodded, the tears blinking on her lashes. "Pigs! I know, because they grunted! After the snake, I sort of fell off the stack—over the side. And hit something round that moved beneath me! Pigs! A whole—herd of them! Sleeping beneath my straw stack!"

Suddenly Peter saw it all. The grunts—the thudding feet—the cries! And with Tamiesie Dhu limply joining him, he burst out into a shout of laughter!

But later, as she dropped off to sleep under the safety of the van's roof, secure in the thought of Peter Kensington Durant parked out in a pup tent well within calling distance, Tamiesie murmured to herself: "All the same, I'll have to learn to cook hot dogs. If I don't, he'll follow me—and get suspicious—and bully me—and goodness knows, what with Primrose and a striped van on my conscience, I've enough to explain to Papa without a rescuing young man too."

Peter woke to three disturbing convictions the next morning. First, that he had left a certain place called Hollywood and come to another place called Oregon for a definite purpose, which he was now shelving in the interests of a red-headed, runaway girl. Second, that he didn't know a thing about her. And third—not in importance but in realization—that he was falling in love with her!

But Tamiesie Dhu woke to only one. That she was hungry! She sniffed the air. Was that the alluring smell of bacon? And was it—could it be the aroma of coffee?

It both could be and was. Peter had seen to that. And Tamiesie Dhu, tumbling out into the crisp morning freshness, found herself invited to share his breakfast with him.

Peter, deciding at the first glance at her that he had sufficient excuse for falling in love with her, heaped a plate for her. He also said: "I suppose, from your remark about your father sending some one after you, that you're up to some kind of mischief. But it's not safe, you know. It was pigs last night—but it might have been tramps."

Tamiesie transferred her absorption from the bacon she was eating with a great deal of relish, to him. She looked actually captivated. "Oh—are you?" she almost crooned. "I didn't know they drove cars!"

"They don't! I mean—I'm not!" Peter groaned. "How does one argue with a girl?"

"One doesn't," Tamiesie Dhu was sure.

"But," went on Peter, and Tamiesie decided that no man had any business being as attractive as Peter Kensington in a cajoling mood. "See what you've done to my peace of mind, Tamiesie Dhu! I find you, looking like a curly chrysanthemum, knocking around a mountain road with a yellow horse for company. And then you refuse to tell me how you got here or why! As if you weren't a mystery at all—but really did—"

"Sell hot dogs for a living!" finished Tamiesie Dhu for him.

"You don't." He said it conclusively. "You can't even cook 'em."

Tamiesie considered. Then, "Papa does the cooking," she explained. "I ballyhoo—and drive Primrose." She became like one inspired. "I can also dance a Spanish dance—and be a human seal—and have knives thrown at me—and do a prance dive—and—"

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried Peter weakly.

Tamiesie Dhu rose imperiously from his breakfast table. After all, she had eaten everything on it, so she could make a dramatic exit without any personal loss. "—and the only reason why I'm here is because Papa, who has no sentiment, wants to trade Primrose for a Ford!" she finished triumphantly, and she walked away with a smug little grin on her face. For Tamiesie, considering the fact that she'd never laid eyes upon either Primrose or the van until the day before, felt she'd done pretty well in the matter of weaving a romance out of the material she had on hand.

Now danger, to Tamiesie Dhu, had never meant men. So

they returned to Yarmouth, it was to Lady Hamilton as much as to Nelson that went the plaudits of the crowd. It was known that she had assisted in the victory of the Nile, and besides the glory of the hero shed over her a golden dust. Lady Hamilton went on from Yarmouth to London. She did not realize that English morals were outwardly more severe than those of Italy. The Queen refused to receive her, perhaps not because she resented Lady Hamilton's past and Sir William's complacency, but because she considered that they had brought shame upon an English embassy. On the other hand, Lady Hamilton was admired by the Prince of Wales, an acquaintance that is interesting because of the attitude of Nelson. He suffered because he knew Lady Hamilton's vanity and her ambitions. He trusted her and he did not.

Yet he should have been sure of Lady Hamilton, for soon after was born their child, Horatia, the motherhood of whom was attributed to a certain Mrs. Thomson. The birth was kept secret, and Horatia was brought up under that assumed name. Naturally, the birth of his child had

## TIPPITY-WITCH

[Continued from page 65]

she proceeded to enjoy the adventure of Peter Kensington Durant with no thought of what might come of it. She used the excuse of a need of resting Primrose for lingering on in the green and scarlet fall beauty of the little back roads district.

The first time that Peter spoke out of a clear sky and announced to Tamiesie Dhu that he was in love with her, she gasped, blinked rapidly, then snickered.

Peter, now in a dreamy mood, went on: "Marriage with you, Tamiesie Dhu, would be like entering the Garden of Eden."

"So would playing with the snake," Tamiesie murmured.

"Don't hedge," returned Peter sternly. "Argue if you must—but stay to the point. The fact is, while I realize your hair is much too gaudy to be genteel, it is nevertheless like a flame, Tamiesie Dhu, that has touched my heart to fire. And your eyes, I cannot forget, sleeping or waking. While your mouth—" he reached out an audacious finger and touched her scarlet lips—"You will admit it was made for troubling men, Tamiesie Dhu!"

"And eating!" She said it hastily.

Peter flung a moody glance at her. "Need you talk of food, when you know very well that—I'm in love with you?"

The second time he was looking at her as she sat contemplating an unusually nice sunset—but Peter thought she went the sunset one better. He laid a hand over hers. "Will you marry me, Tamiesie, and go away with me to be with me always?" And the sound of his voice in her ears was like a caress, and the touch of his hand was like a kiss.

Tamiesie told herself that she was letting madness get the best of her. She sighed for the sweetness of that madness—but she drew her hand away. "Have you no need, Peter Durant, of knowing whom you marry? I might be an adventuress, you know, and then where would you be? Besides, I've got an uneven temper—and you know not a thing about me beyond the color of my hair."

"I don't," Peter pointed out, "have to eat a whole lemon to know that it's sour! Nor—" as she gasped in indignation—"do I have to drain the wine of the gods, to know it is nectar and ambrosia!"

But the third time—and the last time—Peter said nothing at all. He just took her in his arms and kissed her. He put a firm hand beneath her chin, and the eyes he bent upon hers were laughing no longer—but steady. "Tamiesie Dhu, do you love me?" he asked.

She would nod, but from beyond the curve of the road there came a sound—an unfamiliar sound upon that road. Tamiesie pulled away from Peter's arms. For Tamiesie, it was known, had recognized the honk of that car. She paused for a brief moment. "Oh, Peter—now you'll know!" she wailed, and in the next moment she was gone.

Peter turned bewildered eyes from her flight to find a smart blue roadster swinging around the curve of the road, and the next second it had stopped before the painted van and a tall young chap had swung down from it.

"Hello," he said, seeing Peter in apparent possession, "What are you doing here?"

Peter considered him. "It's a question I was thinking of asking you."

The younger chap flushed. "Nervy of you. But we'll let that pass. I'm looking for a carrot-topped, pert chit of a girl who skipped out in this thing," and he wagged a thumb at the van. "And when I catch her, I'll wring her neck."

"Do—when you catch her," murmured Peter; "Only I don't think you will."

But the young chap was suddenly curious. "I say—you're my fraternity!" and he shot a glance at Peter's shirt.

Things began to brighten for Peter. "Durant's my name," he vouchsafed. "Yale. Where are you?"

"I'm Washington. My name's McKay!"

"McKay?" This was coming along.

"Yeh. Huntin' my crazy loon of a sis. You see, she started to elope, as far as we can find out from the youngster who was party to the crime. But being Tam, she changed her mind down near Medford or so. So she hops out of the train leaving Jimmy—that's the kid—flat. Jimmy follows, but he can't find her. Then he wires me—and I get there and find out she bought this darned van with a diamond ring and about thirty dollars. Started for home in it, the lunatic. So I shipped Jimmy back and came after her."

Peter, whose eyes had darkened at mention of Jimmy but who sought consolation in the fact that, at least, Tamiesie

hadn't gone through with it, chuckled. Then, at something the younger chap said, he started. "I say," demanded Peter, "Are you telling me that this isn't a public highway?"

The other's eyes twinkled. "I say, Tam's around, I'll bet. Been pulling your leg, eh? I wouldn't put it past her to sell you hot dogs, if she had 'em! Matter of fact, this is all private property, as Tam knows. Dad used to own it."

Peter shouted. He thought of Tamiesie's wild tales about parachute dives and the like. He turned suddenly to young McKay. "Pulling my leg! She's had me dancing on a string. But, I say, I'm going to marry her, you know. So I'd like you to help me turn the tables on her!" and with Brian McKay gleefully falling into both the prospect of such a famous brother-in-law and the thought of Tam's getting her just deserts, the two got their heads together.

Peter returned triumphantly after seeing Brian McKay off down the road, to the pleasant prospect of getting back at Tamiesie Dhu. Instead—he found that young lady missing, and with her had gone his own car!

Peter, feeling as if the ground were swept away from beneath him, sat down abruptly on the step of the van. There, staring him in the face, he found Tamiesie's note.

"Dear Peter," it read. "I like eating tables; not turned ones. Besides, you pumped Brian. I heard you from behind the tree!"

"So I'm going. I hope you don't mind my borrowing your car. I've only borrowed it slightly. You'll find it at Merlin, where I catch the train. I'm leaving you Primrose to remember me by—Tamiesie Dhu."

Peter read it twice—hardly able to believe his eyes. For that was all! Not a word of ever seeing him again. Not a word of anything important. And with dismay, Peter realized that he had let Brian McKay go without a word of where he could ever be found again!

Peter eyed Primrose. "Primrose for remembrance," he chuckled. And because he was one of those dangerously erratic individuals who rise to difficulties like a fish to bait, he added, "And does she think I'll not find her, if I have to hunt the state over to do so?"

Thus it was that, some two weeks later, there came to the largest city in the state a certain marvelously painted Hot Dog van, drawn by a no less amazing yellow horse and driven by an exceedingly alert young man.

For Peter, be it known, had spent fourteen fruitless days in trying to find Tamiesie Dhu among the hundreds of McKays who dotted the state of Oregon, and he was now trying out a new theory. Faintly defined, Peter's idea was to acquire so much notoriety and publicity because of Primrose and that fantastic van, that Tamiesie Dhu could not help knowing just where he was. He would become a topic of such gossip that she'd have to look him up out of curiosity.

Now, it was Peter's firm intention to do this thing intelligently. But like many another artist Peter was carried away with his enthusiasm. He did the thing too well.

With an eye out for dramatic effects, Peter came upon a crowded intersection and a truck at almost the same moment. Instantly, he began manipulating Primrose in such a manner that he drove the truck driver into instant and furious rage. But the crowd that gathered to watch the fun went to Peter's head. Recklessly, he threw discretion to the winds. Excitedly he slapped the reins across the bewildered back of Primrose. Then, seeing the truck driver throw in his gears, Peter suddenly pulled back on the reins and with the spirit of a Don Quixote and the gesture of a Daniel going to his doom, he waited for the inevitable!

When Peter woke for the first time, it was to pain so unbearable that he promptly fainted again. When he woke the second time, it was to find a white robed individual bending over him. But when he woke the third time—it was to see Tamiesie Dhu McKay sitting very close to his cot.

Peter whispered: "So—you came—Tippity-witch?"

Tamiesie, who had needed only to nearly lose Peter to realize how she loved him, nodded mutely. Then, because the sight of him hurt her so, she cried, "Oh—but why did you do it! For I doubt not, it was on purpose!"

A weariness, like a soft, murky blanket, was wrapping in about Peter. But he murmured: "Had to—find you! Love you! Must marry you!"

Then Tamiesie, with her eyes shining, but in a very small voice made reply. "I—expect you will have to! Papa—you see, it was one of Papa's trucks—that hit you. And Papa—he had a Scotch fit—about the damages, you know. But I—" and now her voice grew very small indeed, and her cheeks were almost as scarlet as her hair—"I convinced him—that a trouousse—would be cheaper!"

And Peter seemed satisfied with that.

## LADY HAMILTON

[Continued from page 18]

upon Nelson the effect of drawing him still closer to his beloved. Indeed, when Lady Hamilton became a widow in 1803, Nelson was striving for a divorce from his wife. He wanted to marry Emma, and his glowing destiny was denied her only by the death of Nelson at Trafalgar.

A pathos clings about Nelson then. When Nelson is at sea, always the thought of Lady Hamilton is with him. With rashness and with feeling he writes to her:

"You, my own Emma, are my first and last thoughts, and to the last moment of my breath they will be occupied in leaving you independent of the world, and all I long in the world that you will be a kind and affectionate mother to my dear daughter Horatia. But, my Emma, your Nelson is not the nearer being lost to you for taking care of you in case of events which are only known when they are to

happen and to an all wise Providence. I hope for many years of comfort with you, only think of all you wish me to say, and you may be assured it exceeds if possible your wishes. May God protect you and my dear Horatia, pray ever your most faithful and affectionate."

He died in battle, and these were his last words: "Take care of my poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy. Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter to my country." Lady Hamilton was extravagant. She could not afford to live at Merton, and twice she was imprisoned for debt. She began to pester ministers to grant her money for services done to her country, to pester them in the name of Nelson. But all hated her, because she shed upon the great name no longer the lustre of the beauty she had afforded it when Nelson lived, but only the memory of shame. Without Nelson she was nothing, and at last, in poverty, she died in Calais at the age of fifty-two. Perhaps Nelson asked too much of a virtuous nation when the last breath that the hero drew framed these unheard words: "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter to my country."



# Proud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

THAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the often aging, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. In fairness to yourself, try this.

#### *Do this for one week Mark the difference that comes*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

#### *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

#### *Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



*l'Echo de Paris*

## GODETS ARE THE WINGS OF FASHION

Men cannot cavil now at our inability to move about in our skirts. They no longer hobble us. They are as free as trousers. The godet has done it, although the name now includes all our old friends, the flounces. Wherever a skirt wants to be widened, the godet does the work, but it takes on the shape of pleats very often. Observe these skirts; see how the young women stride along in them. If they were long they would suggest age. Short, they proclaim youth. As skirts widen, bodices narrow. This makes an excellent contrast and gives character and a natural grace to the silhouette.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4599  
Emb. No. 1526



4601

No. 4599, The side flare, jabot revers, and lengthened kimono sleeves are charming details of this frock. Sleeve motifs, painted or embroidered, may be made from Embroidery No. 1526. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4601, An effective two-piece frock has a front-closing blouse in cutaway effect, and a two-piece camisole skirt. Three box-pleats at front allow the freedom required of sports frocks. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4607, The new bloused effect, Shirred back, and a girdle tied gypsy fashion, strike a new note in this frock. A stitched-in panel fastens at center front. Long set-in sleeves. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



4609  
Emb. No. 1352

4577



4609

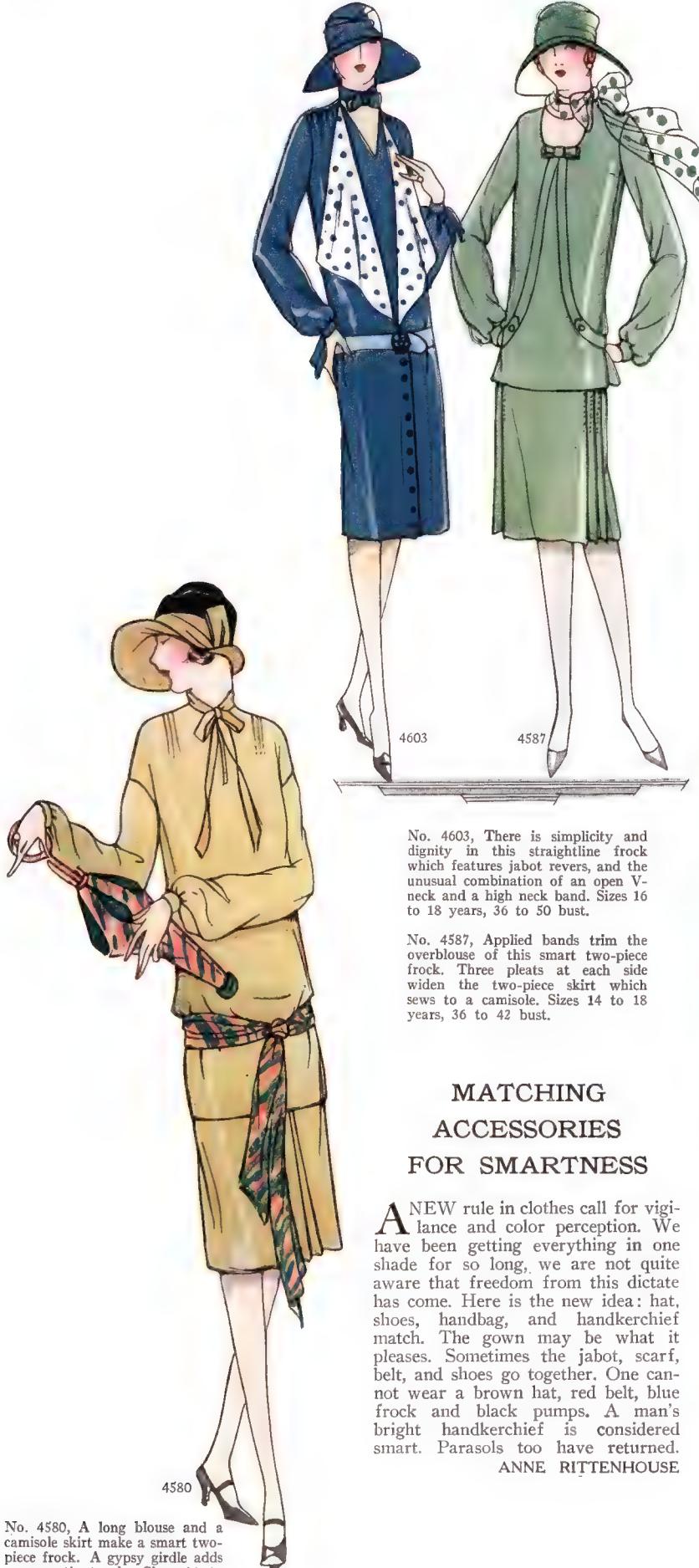
4577

4599

4601

4607

*l'Echo de Paris*



No. 4603, There is simplicity and dignity in this straightline frock which features jabot revers, and the unusual combination of an open V-neck and a high neck band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4587, Applied bands trim the overblouse of this smart two-piece frock. Three pleats at each side widen the two-piece skirt which sews to a camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

### MATCHING ACCESSORIES FOR SMARTNESS

A NEW rule in clothes call for vigilance and color perception. We have been getting everything in one shade for so long, we are not quite aware that freedom from this dictate has come. Here is the new idea: hat, shoes, handbag, and handkerchief match. The gown may be what it pleases. Sometimes the jabot, scarf, belt, and shoes go together. One cannot wear a brown hat, red belt, blue frock and black pumps. A man's bright handkerchief is considered smart. Parasols too have returned.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4580, A long blouse and a camisole skirt make a smart two-piece frock. A gypsy girdle adds a romantic touch. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.



No. 4612, An interesting frock of the coat type introduces a shawl collar and tucks. There is fullness at the shoulder and the long sleeves are close fitting. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4586, This Misses' and Juniors' two-piece frock has a raglan blouse and a two-piece camisole skirt with box-pleats. Embroidery No. 1360 is suggested. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



## L'Echo de Paris



DESPITE rumors of masculinity, our frocks have much coquetry. Summer gowns are so flirtatious they remind one of birds' wings. Knife pleatings have no intention of being quiescent. Regard the frock at upper right with perky flounces running to a hip bow. The bow is the mark of fashion. It is everywhere.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

A POLKA-DOT is no longer what it once was. It is as likely to be a half-moon arranged in pyramids. Whatever its exact shape, it has come about that dress designers are delighting in it. It makes a cuff, a flounce or a scarf with equal smartness, and contributes much to the success of the present styles.

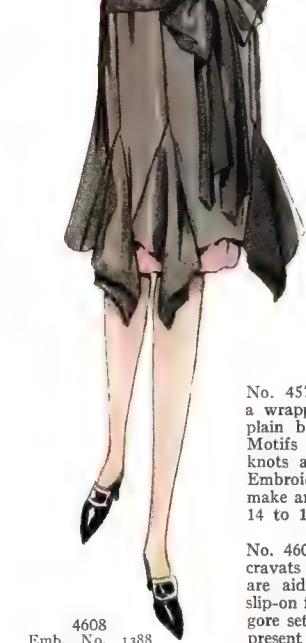
ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 4595, This slim one-piece frock acquires charm and grace by the addition of revers, bell-sleeve sections and a gathered circular tunic with band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4589, Fashion approves of the full blouse. This one is cut with short kimono sleeves and joins a tucked skirt. Appliqué No. 1524 would be smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4608, Bows are worn in front and hemlines are uneven. Beaded Embroidery No. 1388 would add a chic touch. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

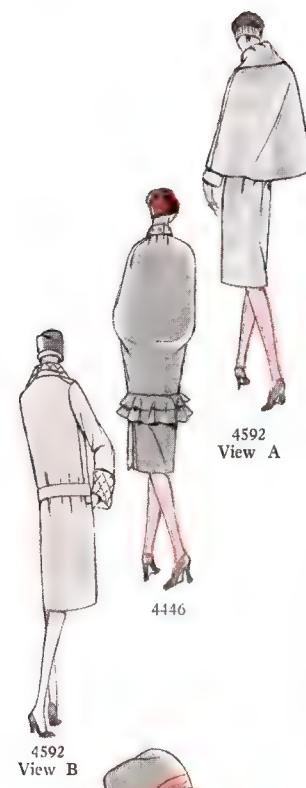


4608  
Emb. No. 1388

No. 4575, Fine pleatings edge a wrapped skirt which joins a plain blouse with full sleeves. Motifs worked in French knots and running-stitch from Embroidery No. 1507 would make an attractive finish. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4606, The newest ideas in cravats and loose belted panels are aids to smartness in this slip-on frock which has a shirred gore set in the front. The ever present scarf adds a chic touch. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



4592  
View B

4446

4592  
View A

4446



4446

4592  
View A4516  
4570  
45194592  
View B

## L'Echo de Paris

### WRAPS FOR MIDSUMMER DAYS

AMERICANS have taken a strong liking for light weight coats and capes to cover the thin frocks. This partiality is new. The French have always delighted in an outer garment of this sort. They consider it as necessary a part of the costume as the hat. The Americans never did. Now they do. Under such stimulation, summer coats gained in distinction. The cape is now highly ornamental and exceedingly useful. One shown here, with narrow ruffles and polka-dot lapels, gives grace to a polka-dot frock. Shoulder capes give a fine swing to a straight coat. Shirring defines the hipline, and quilted collars and cuffs, also embroidery on sleeves are good.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

For description of  
No. 4570 see Page 80.



4516

4605

4605  
Emb. No. 1315

No. 4592, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, view A, 4 yards of 54-inch; lining, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; view B, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4446, LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-PIECE ENSEMBLE. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, skirt and cape, 4 yards of 40-inch; blouse, and cape lining, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 4516, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT; with cutaway front; patch pockets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch.

No. 4519, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with three-piece yoke; slightly low-waisted. Sizes 27 to 37 waist. Size 31 requires 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards.

No. 4605, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' COAT; sleeve in one with yoke. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch; lining, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1315 may be used.

*Echo de Paris*



4578

Emb. No. 1267



4578

4591

4596

4579

4611

NO. 4578, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1267 suggested.

NO. 4591, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch; shield,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Darning Embroidery No. 1496 may be used.

NO. 4596, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch; shield,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Darning Embroidery No. 1496 may be used.

NO. 4579, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Sleeve motif may be worked in cross-stitch from Embroidery No. 1417.

NO. 4611, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with chemise. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

4579  
Emb. No. 1417

4611



## DIVERSITY

### IN SLEEVES DEMANDED

SLEEVES are long this season, but they are as different, one from the other as pleated skirts, which have many ways of being done. This page shows how sleeves can be long yet unlike. They set well at the shoulder; or drop below it. They bulge at the elbow or cling to it. They are cuffed or tied. Fine muslin cuffs, turned back, return to fashion. The ornamental sleeve reappears. The low armhole has also been revived. It is well to remember that the type of one's figure and frock governs the choice of sleeves.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

*l'Echo de Paris*



## FASHIONS FOR YOUTHFUL TYPES

YOUNG girls continue to clothe themselves like juveniles. Some of their garments, abbreviated, could be used for the nursery. Yet such clothes suit the type of schoolgirl America produces. She seems to be a different type than the schoolgirl of other days. The gown with full skirt, tight bodice, short sleeves and turnover collar is one of her delights. In it she goes on pleasure bent. A plaid jumper with applied bands of plain material is her nearest approach to a tailored effect. Belts are her special extravagance.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4593, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4602, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch; vest,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

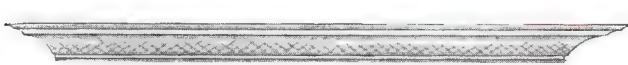
No. 4590, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with camisole. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; pleat insets at sides. Sizes 12 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Single-stitch Embroidery No. 1525 suggested.

No. 4581, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; six-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

*Echo de Paris*

For descriptions  
see Page 80



### THE WIDE-BRIMMED HAT

SUMMER hats, having been large, are working their way into autumn. This is comforting to women who look their worst in small hats. The high round crown has little or no trimming. A ribbon or a flower suffices. The brim flaunts its extra width. Usually it tilts down at the sides. The verdict is that hat, shoes, handkerchief, handbag, and fur neckpiece must be assembled, not to match the gown but to harmonize with it.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE





For descriptions  
see Page 80

4593  
Emb. No. 1467

4513

4535



4522



4522

4593

4513

4535

4589

4599



4599  
Emb.  
No. 1524

*Le Echo de Paris*

# An Arctic Dessert for a tropic day

Peach  
Snow Balls  
(Six servings)

1/2 envelope Knox  
Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
1 cup canned peaches, apricots or pineapple, pressed through a sieve  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/2 cup boiling fruit juice  
Whites of 3 eggs  
Few grains of salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling fruit juice. Add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add canned peaches, apricots, or pineapple pressed through a sieve. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and mold in egg cups.

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Send your grocer's name and 4c postage for Mrs. Knox's recipe books; "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy".

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108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Hang Pictures Without  
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Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points.

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### In Infant Feeding specialists today recommend it

THE object of milk modification is to make cow's milk as nearly as possible like mother's milk, so that it may be readily digested.

When your baby's doctor recommends barley, be sure to ask for Robinson's "Patent" Barley, the standard in infant feeding for 100 years.

ROBINSON'S  
"PATENT"  
BARLEY

*Echo de Paris*



For descriptions  
see Page 80

4590

4611  
Emb. No. 1297

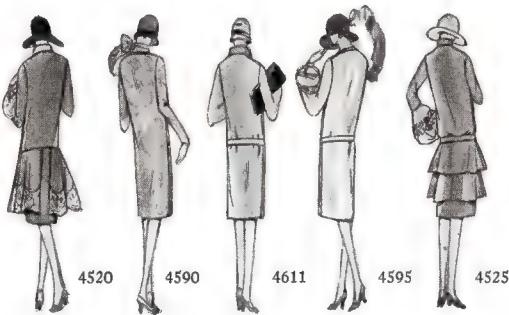
4595



### LACE AND FINE MUSLIN

French designers have insisted upon the return of lace. It gives that touch of elegance which is the apex of fashion this season. They agreed to introduce collars and cuffs of fine muslin, tucked or embroidered, and Americans have gladly accepted the fashion. Lace evening frocks, and lace flounces in black or dyed shades, give the floating movement demanded. Tucked vests, sleeve puffs, and inserted bands of lace are new.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4525  
Emb. No. 1457



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

## 12-TO-20 MODES SPONSOR PLEATS AND GATHERS

4537  
Emb. No. 14844538  
Emb. No. 1492

4528

No. 4528, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke and jacket front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; contrasting  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch.

No. 4538, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; straight gathered ruffles. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. French knots and lazy-daisy-stitch suggested for Embroidery No. 1492.

No. 4537, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' Two-PIECE DRESS; pep-loom blouse; camisole skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch. Trimming in single- and outline-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1484.

No. 4581, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; six-piece gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; collars and cuffs,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4606, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch. An effective trimming in buttonhole-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1350.

No. 4586, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' Two-PIECE DRESS; raglan sleeves; camisole skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch. Monogram may be worked in satin-stitch using Embroidery No. 1267.

No. 4605, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' COAT; shirred across front; with belt at back. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch.

4586  
Emb. No. 12674606  
Emb. No. 1350

For back views  
see Page 80

4605

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# Wanted: Women and Girls to Decorate Art Novelties



## No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the many organizations of Fireside Industries. The work is wonderfully interesting and pays unusually well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. You can do the work in your home, wherever you live, and under the new and exclusive system of instruction devised by Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit, the Art Director of Fireside Industries, after twenty years of experience, the work is made so easy that almost anyone can do it.

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Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wall toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? There are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for the pleasure of creating beautiful things, but it is also a splendid way to make money at home, for there is a tremendous demand for art novelties.

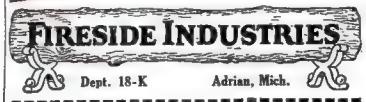
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Fireside Industries guarantees entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things you can make. Think of earning \$2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a pair of candlesticks! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

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Address .....

City ..... State .....



### Keep the Underarms Dry and Odorless !

WARM days are here and with them came that dreaded annoyance—Excessive Armpit Perspiration. Surely you will not again spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman there are few things you dread more than armpit odor and unsightly perspiration stains.

Old reliable NONSPI has brought glorious freedom to a million women. Why not to you? Harmlessly and certainly this wonderful preparation keeps the underarms normally dry and free from odor. And it is a preparation that trained nurses use, that physicians endorse and that toilet and drug dealers everywhere advocate.

Practically no inconvenience to use—two simple applications weekly—frees you from armpit odor and protects your gowns from ruinous perspiration stains. Purchase a bottle from your dealer (it is but 50c)—Or send us your name and we will gladly mail you a liberal FREE sample.



THE NONSPI COMPANY  
2630 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.  
Please send free testing sample to address listed below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



### Just Touch a Corn or Callus With This

Acts like anaesthetic  
Stops all pain in 3 seconds

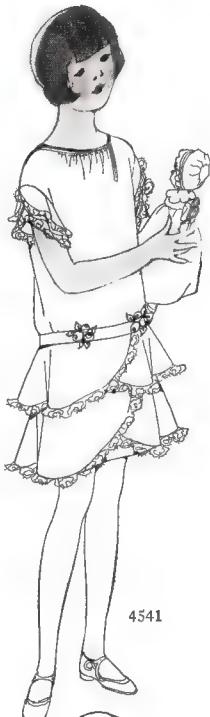
HERE'S scientific treatment for corns and calluses. A new way that's ending dangerous paring, that's ending old-time ways. First it deadens all pain. Then it removes the corn completely.

A single drop will take ALL PAIN out of the most painful corn. Instantly and at once, you walk, dance, stand in comfort. Acts just like a local anaesthetic.

Then the corn begins to dry and shrivel. You remove it with your fingers, like dead skin.

Noted dancers use it. Doctors approve it. You will find it a great comfort. The name is "GETS-IT." At all druggists. For your own sake, try it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

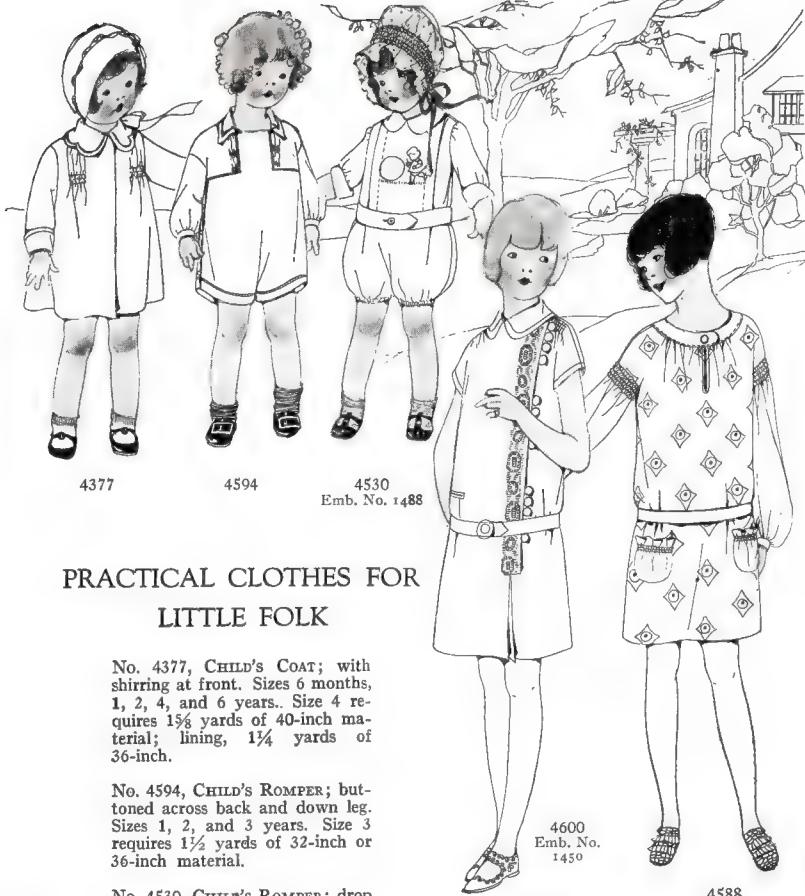
**"GETS-IT"** *World's  
Fastest Way*



4541



4248



### PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR LITTLE FOLK

No. 4377, CHILD'S COAT; with shirring at front. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material; lining, 1¼ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4594, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoned across back and down leg. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material.

No. 4530, CHILD'S ROMPER; drop back; with two tucks at front. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 2½ yards of 27-inch or 2¾ yards of 32-inch material. Embroidery No. 1488 may be made in outline-stitch.



For back views and other de-  
scriptions see Page 80

No. 4248, GIRL'S COAT; with circular cape. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4428, GIRL'S COAT; with wide revers collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 36-inch.



YOUTHFUL MODES  
STRESS SIMPLICITY

No. 4521, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1448 in cross-stitch may be used.

No. 4598, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; closing at center back. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; collar, cuffs and front band,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4529, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 years. Size 6,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch.



No. 4534, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; front in bolero effect; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4610, GIRL'S CAMP SUIT; consisting of bloomers and separate waist. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; tie,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 4-inch.



For back views and other descriptions  
see Page 80

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co.,  
236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



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No. 4449, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN COMBINATION. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4511, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; bands, 2 3/4 yards of 4-inch net.

4512  
Emb. No. 1338



No. 4164, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP; with shadow-proof hem; inverted pleat at each side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36- or 40-inch material; band, 1 1/4 yards of 1-inch lace. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 4512, LADIES' AND MISSES' DECOLETTE STEP-IN CHEMISE. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1338 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 4467, LADIES' AND MISSES' REVERSIBLE NEGLIGEE. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; reverse side, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4378, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE; with cape. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; lace edging, 8 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1261 in satin-stitch would be effective.

4467 4378  
Emb. No. 1261

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# BLONDEX

*The Blonde Hair Shampoo*

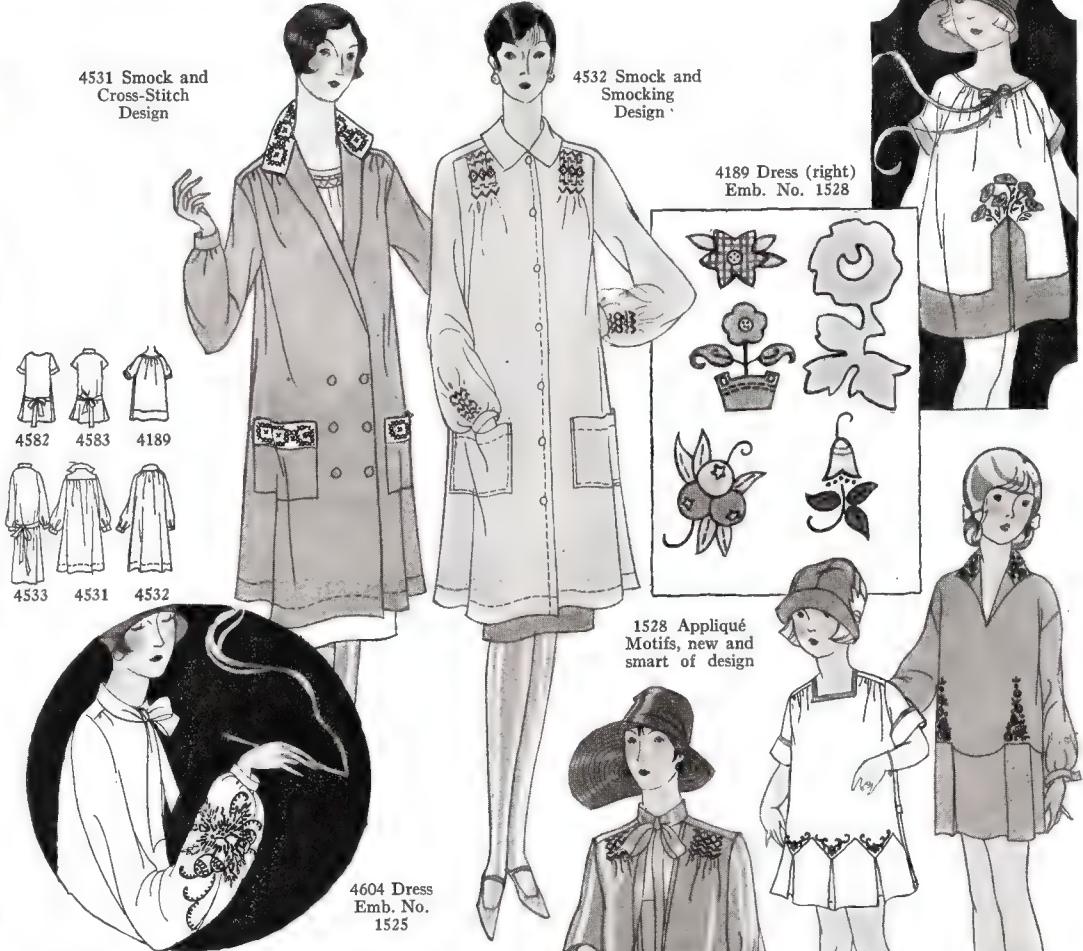


## TOUCHES OF CROSS-STITCH, SMOCKING OR APPLIQUE TELL A TALE OF SMARTNESS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

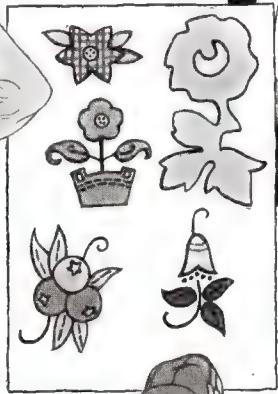


4531 Smock and Cross-Stitch Design



4532 Smock and Smocking Design

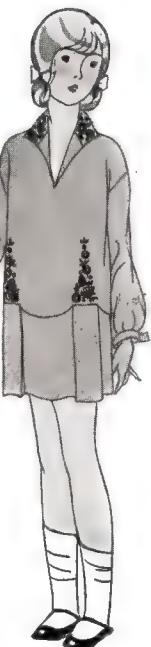
4189 Dress (right)  
Emb. No. 1528



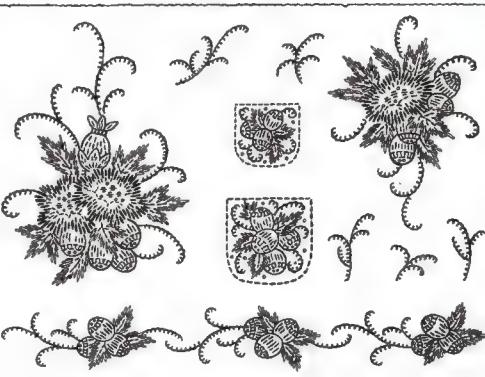
1528 Appliquéd Motifs, new and smart of design



4582 Dress and Emb. Design



4583 Dress and Emb. Design



1525 Motifs for sleeves and pockets in colorful stitches

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. In 11 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 inches bust. To carry embroidery on the sleeves is a sign of smartness. Large motifs, from Design No. 1525, are developed in colorful wools or silks, using straight-stitch, buttonhole-, satin- and running-stitch with French knots. The design contains the other motifs shown.

No. 4533, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. In 8 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Either smocking or shirring looks well between the small pockets of this popular model. Worked in a combination of delicate shades, the ensemble is extremely smart.

No. 4582, CHILD'S EMBROIDERY SLIP-ON DRESS. In 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Floral motifs fit into the points that hold the inverted pleats of the little maid's skirt. Dainty in color matching collar and cuff bands.

4533 Dress and Emb. Design

No. 4531, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SMOCK. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. The embroidered touches in cross-stitch are effective in a deeper shade than that of the smock itself.

No. 4532, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SMOCK. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The smocking in a combination of three colors gives the correct decorative finish.

No. 4189, GIRL'S ENSEMBLE SUIT. Coat not shown. Sizes 6 to 14 years. The trimming accent is placed on appliquéd flowers from Embroidery No. 1528, that harmonizes with contrasting bands on dress, the leaves and stems worked in lazy-daisy- and outline-stitch.

No. 4583, GIRL'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch material. Pointed motifs developed in buttonhole-, lazy-daisy- and running-stitch with French knots, provide contrast and artistic finish.



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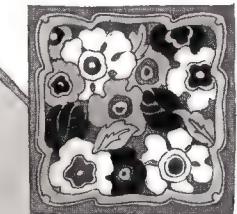
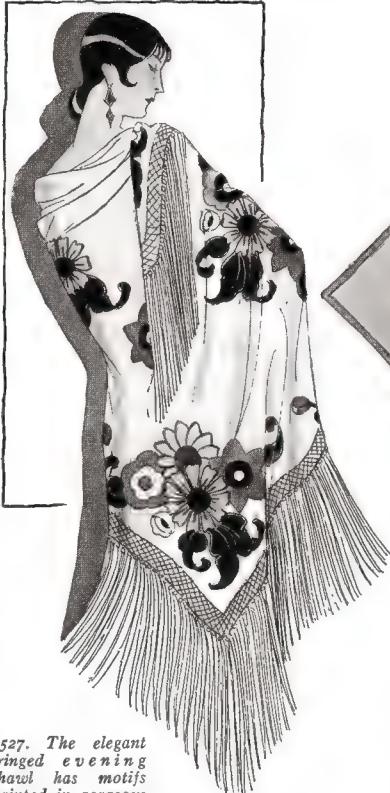


Style 12, One of Our 33 Styles  
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## HAND-PAINTED ACCESSORIES

### THE MODE OF THE HOUR

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

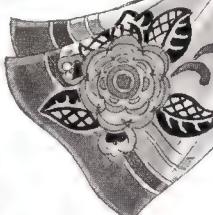


1513. Handkerchiefs are painted in Parisian style.

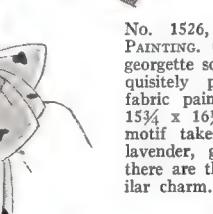
No. 1513, MOTIFS FOR PAINTING. Miss Lady's hand-painted square handkerchief is now an essential accessory to her toilette. She uses the popular textile paints that every one talks about, and may have her choice from several lovely squares, two of which are pictured above. This new art is remarkably simple and is admirably fitted to the demands of fashion.



1527. The elegant  
fringed evening  
shawl has motifs  
painted in gorgeous  
hues.



1527. The smart chin-scarf  
at left combines orange,  
flame and yellow on white.  
The parrot pillow below  
reveals in blended greens  
and yellows.



1526. Outlines in  
raised gold accent  
the colorful border  
of this filmy  
scarf.



1526. Pastel shad-  
ings, typical of the  
mode, are effective  
in diagonal stripes.



No. 1527, OUTLINE MOTIFS FOR PAINTING. A luxurious evening shawl painted in purple, orange, blue and green, is fashioned from a 40-inch square of radium silk or crêpe de Chine, and rivals the smart higher-priced ones seen in the better stores. The twin parrot motif 10 1/2 x 13 1/2 inches, makes a delightful center for a pillow, painted on tan pongee silk.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from  
The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 61]

above the keyboard in a growing riot of passion.

He glanced at the clock nervously. "Aline said she'd be home at eleven."

It was a quarter to eleven now. Birrel rose quickly without explanation, as though her action would be understood. "I'll be going."

When his wife came in, she found him by himself, seated before the fire engrossed in a book.

He glanced up. "Had a good time?"

"Splendid, thank you."

That was all. She had become unapproachable. In the days that followed she seemed less a woman than a figure of mist and dusk, drifting in and out of his room. He suffered intensely—the more intensely because to all appearances she was so contented. Now that she had withdrawn herself from him, he desired her with a hunger of which at the time when he had fancied himself disappointed, he would never have thought himself capable.

Three weeks had passed and there had been no sign of a reconciliation. It was towards evening. He was riding in the Park. On account of the lateness of the hour the bridle-track was almost deserted.

He saw a woman-rider approaching at a canter and drew rein to watch her. Her erectness, her vitality, the lithe swaying of her body took his fancy. She went by him in a flash. Swinging his horse around, he set off in pursuit. Drawing level with her, he laid his hand on her arm. "Birrel!"

She turned to him with her eyes half-closed. "So we meet again, in spite of—"

He laughed shortly. "Why in spite of? But what are you doing here?"

She looked at him steadily, brushing the hair from her forehead. At last she answered: "I came out to be lonely."

He lowered his voice and leaned out from his saddle. "That doesn't sound like Birrel. Why did you want to be lonely?" He covered her hand with his, repeating: "Tell me."

She fidgetted; half-withdrew her hand, then thought better of it. "If you must know, because I couldn't be with you."

His success exceeded his expectations and blunted his daring. "Ah yes, I've been horribly busy lately."

"And Aline?" She enquired.

It was her way of speaking that told him she had guessed everything. He confirmed her conjectures and left the road open. "Nowadays Aline's always busy, as far as I'm concerned."

She pressed his hand. "Poor Dan."

At last, loath to separate, they emerged at the Fifth Avenue Entrance. "D'you often ride so late?" he asked.

She took his meaning quickly. "Sometimes. Do you?"

He stumbled over his words. "Don't you think—couldn't we do it again?"

She gazed into his eyes shyly. "I should like to."

He grew bolder. "Tomorrow, perhaps?"

She laughed outright. "Perhaps—and not perhaps. Call me up tomorrow afternoon."

He watched her ride away into the vivid thoroughfare, with the shield of night spread over her. On the point of vanishing, she turned; he thought she waved at him.

In the hall of his apartment he surprised his wife on the point of departure. Without hesitating, he put his arm about her. "Aline, don't go. I'm sorry. Let's spend the evening together."

Her eyes became fugitive. "I've—I've got to go."

He tried to draw her to him; she resisted and huddled beneath his arm with her face averted. His speech became thick in its earnestness. "There are things we must talk about—things that have made us both wretched."

She stood free from him. "I know—I know—if you'd spoken earlier—but I'm expected."

Where was she expected? By whom? His jealousy was roused. He noticed that she carried something rolled up behind her muff and concealed by it. Before he could ask any question she had slipped out.

Sitting by the fire, waiting for her re-

turn, he tried to read a book; but it was Aline, always Aline, that he saw before him. When at last her footsteps sounded in the passage, he was so unnerved that he scarcely dared rise.

The door opened. He laid aside his reading with a pretence at leisureliness. He rose and took a step towards her. Hastily she drew back, pulling the door after her. "I only came to tell you that I'm home. I'm tired. I'm going straight to bed."

The door closed.

Next afternoon he telephoned Birrel, and the next, and the afternoon after that.

By riding in the Park after nightfall, they had invented a new indiscretion in the least discreet of cities. Its novelty quickened their zest for adventure. Within gunshot of the deluging glare of Broadway, they could be as solitary as Bedouins in a desert. Yet always they seemed in danger of pursuit.

Aline's name was often on their lips. That they should speak of her threw over their conversation the appearance of propriety. Once, when he was speaking of Amboise, she said, "I'd like to go there—just you and I together. I wonder if we shall ever—?" She caught the quick hardening of his expression. In loving her, he was loving Aline by proxy. Should Aline lift an eye-lash in encouragement, her reign would be over. She knew it.

Winter wore itself out, day lengthened, the Park was no longer charitable. A new place of refuge had to be advised. It was he who suggested her house, and she who unwillingly consented. It stood red-fronted and old fashioned, in a quiet street off Madison Avenue. There were only servants to weave from his entrances and exits the materials of romance.

It was a white evening in April. She was at the piano. He crept softly behind her and slipped his arms about her neck. Instead of resisting, she leaned her golden head against his shoulder, still playing, smiling up at him.

"Sweetheart. I've got to go away tomorrow."

Her hands crashed discordantly. He seized them in his own, pressing them against her breast. He could feel, rather than see, that she was sobbing. "I didn't dare to tell you. It's to Europe. A business trip. I've postponed and postponed." He smoothed his lips against her hair; his voice became scarcely audible. "But I don't have to go alone—do I?"

She stiffened. To him her fear was ridiculous.

"No one need know," he insisted. "We can sail together." She tried to clutch herself from him, her eyes wide. He held her fast.

"The boat leaves at midnight. I was so sure you'd come that I've booked a cabin for you. I can get through my business in London in a week, and then—"

"Will you take me to Amboise?"

He winced. There was a halt before he answered. With her woman's tenacity, she was adding one last laurel to her triumph. He hurried over his assent. "To Amboise? If you like. Now will you go?"

Not until he had reached home that evening did he realize the decision at which he had arrived. He watched Aline closely. Let her give one sign to recall him, and—Aline went quietly about, packing his things.

About eight, on the evening of his departure, he rose suddenly. She eyed him nervously. "What is it?"

"I'm going."

"But you don't need to go for three hours yet."

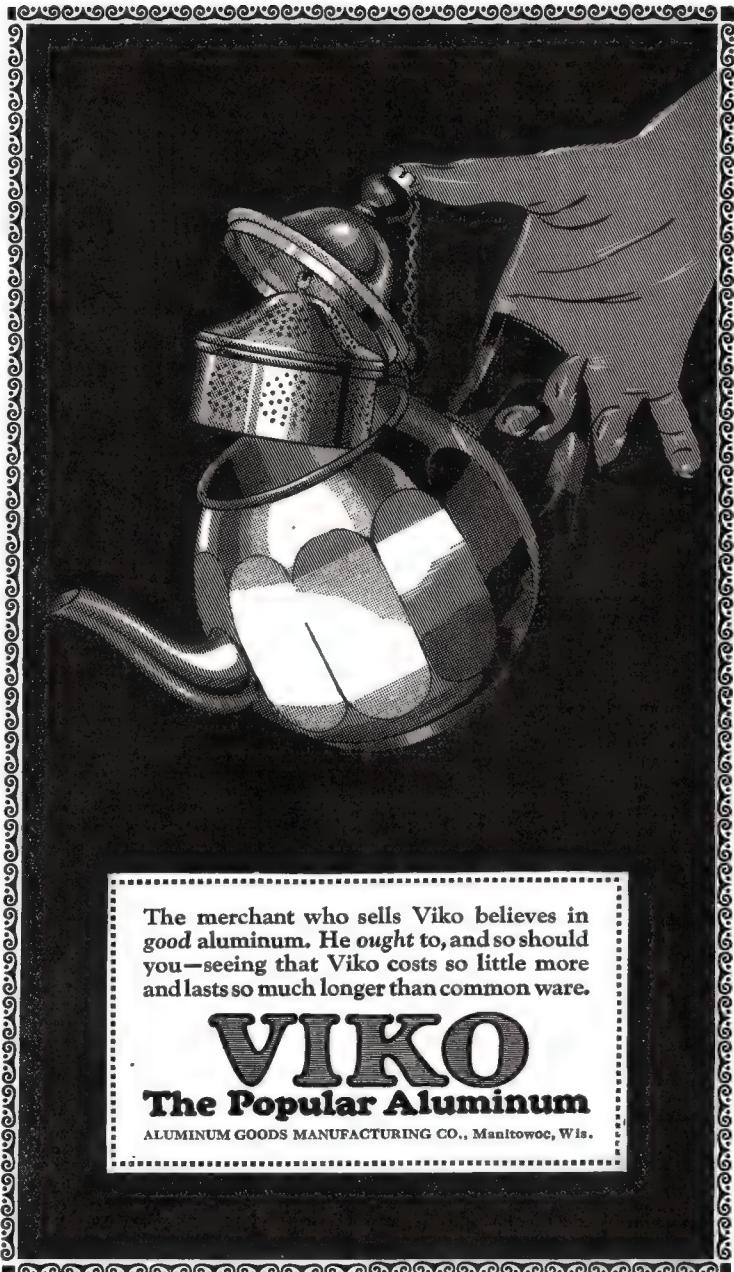
"I know. But I'm going."

His voice was obstinate. She stared at him apprehensively. "But Dan, I was coming to see you off, and—"

He interrupted. "You needn't. You'd be late getting home. There'd be no one to escort you."

He was already at the phone, calling for a taxi.

Her back was to the wall. She had gone too far with her desperate strategy. She had held him too long at arm's length. She had wanted him to learn about women, other [Turn to page 88]



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singers, dancers, Ziegfeld Follies girls, Keith circuit acrobats—for the diversion of his guests. For children's parties the star clown from a Broadway success is sometimes employed.

Most entertaining is done at home in the cottages, though there are Thursday night dances on the Horse-Shoe piazza of the Casino, and recently Mrs. Astor inaugurated weekly dances at the Country Club. The Casino is really a corporation with three hundred and eighty-seven shares of stock divided among a hundred and sixty-eight stockholders who represent about all America has in the way of ancient lineage. Beside the Country Club and the Casino there are Bailey's Beach, several historical, literary and art societies, and a Clambake Club where men of the colony hold dinners and banquets and an annual clay-shooting contest. And now there is the Embassy Club, started last year by a noted sportswoman in the recently defunct but once notorious and flourishing Canfield gambling house bordering upon the Casino grounds.

Over and above all these various means of entertainment, there is, nearly every year, some fairly diverting wedding. Last year witnessed the marriage of Miss Muriel Vanderbilt to Frederick Church, Jr., of Boston. This afforded a very special diversion because, up until the last moment, it was undecided whether the ceremony should be Protestant or Catholic. In the end the two families compromised by having first one ceremony and then, later, the other performed.

All summer, yachts are drifting in and out of Newport harbor, a nice old basin which still retains its Colonial flavor reminiscent of the time, long before the Revolutionary War, when the little town rivaled Boston as a seaport. The great modern castles along the shore are hidden amid parks of trees with green deserts of lawn between, so that, as you round the breakwater and come to anchor in the harbor, you see only the century-old houses along the water-front and rising behind them, thinly like a note of music, the beautiful white spire of Old Trinity. Here, at the time of the Astor Cup Races, assembles the white-winged fleet of the New York Yacht Club: yawls, schooners, sloops, fast clipper-bowed racing craft, with here and there among them some ocean-going ship such as Commodore Vincent Astor's "Nourmahal," Ogden Mills' "Alcada" or Miss Anne Morgan's great black "Corsair."

**Y**OU may recall that, in the opening stanzas of this article, the young lady of the diary referred to the yachts "moving north to their Maine *rendezvous*." That takes place at Bar Harbor. Not so long ago, Newport stood alone as the only smart Atlantic resort; but lately two rivals have arisen, Bar Harbor and Southampton, Long Island.

"So glad to see dear land again," writes our flapper diarist. "Steaming up Frenchman's Bay we passed two British cruisers and an American dreadnaught. Ashore and just in time for the International Maritime finals—our naval officers playing the officers of the British cruisers. Rather mild after Bill Tilden, but met so many people we know. After dinner to the Rockefeller's dance . . . ."

Bar Harbor too has its Tennis Week, enlivened with a masquerade and an Officer's Ball. Life here is more communal and less urban than at Newport, but, on the whole, the pastimes are as similar as the two colonies. Its colonists include, among others, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Edward B. McLean of Harding fame, Henry Morganthau, ex-ambassador to Turkey, Cortland Van Rensselaer; Frederick W. Vanderbilt; and Edsel Ford. There are, too, a great many resident, and from time to time visiting educators, writers and musicians. President Angell of Yale, President Lowell of Harvard, and Henry Van Dyke of Princeton spent last summer on the island. Arthur Train, Jane Addams, and Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony, are old colonists; and Fritz Kreisler and Ernest Schelling sometimes give recitals in the Greek temple of arts overlooking the Kebo Valley golf links. You can see that this is, if not a very, very exclusive, at least a very distinguished

crosswise. Then he walked with a hand on the bridle.

Jane saw him examining the ground, evidently searching for horse tracks. "Ha! here we are." And he led off in another direction through the cedars. Soon Jane espied her horse, calmly nibbling at the bleached grass. In a few moments she was back in her own saddle, beginning to recover somewhat from her distress. But she divined that as fast as she recovered from one set of emotions she was going to be tormented by another. "There's a good cold spring down here in the rocks," remarked Springer. "I think you need a drink, an' so do I."

They rode down the sunny cedar slopes, into a shady ravine, and up to some mossy cliffs from which a spring gushed.

Jane was now in the throes of thrilling, bewildering conjectures and fears. Why had Springer followed her? Why had he not sent one of the cowboys? Why did she feel so afraid and foolish? He had always been courteous and kind and thoughtful, at least until she had offended so egregiously. And here he was now. He had fought for her. Would she ever forget? Her heart began to pound. And when he dismounted to take her off her horse she knew it was to see a scarlet and tell-tale face, "Mr. Springer, I—I thought you were Tex—or somebody," she said.

He laughed as he took off his sombrero. His face was warm, and the cuts were still bleeding a little. "You sure can ride," he replied. "And that's a good little pony."

He loosened the cinches on the horses. "Won't you walk around a little? It'll rest you. We are fifteen miles from home."

## HIGH HAT BEACHES

[Continued from page 9]

colony, inhabited by well known men and women of affairs.

Unfortunate as it is that Bar Harbor has no real bathing beach—or rather that its only stretch of sandy shore is in the possession of a private person—nevertheless the need has been met by the Swimming Club's large salt water pool, where the facilities for diving and fast swimming are even better than on a shallow beach.

Horses—the riding, showing, and racing of them—play a much more important rôle here than at other shore resorts, largely because there are, on the island, over four hundred miles of splendid bridle-paths and back-woods wagon roads. The gymkhana and horse show are perhaps the most popular sporting features of the season. And although there is hurdle racing, open and bareback jumping, these people still take an interest in old-fashioned harness turnouts. Last year Henry Ford and his brother won a special gymkhana prize, dressed as farmers, driving a hayrick made expressly for the event. And exhibited at the horse show were sporty harness pairs, high rumble carts, little fast dogcarts, suave victorias, and dashing spider phaetons. Other popular sports among these hardy social lights are hiking, fishing, and mountain climbing. There's a large world on this island: sixteen mountains, twenty lakes, a hundred miles of mountain trails. And strange it is to see flappers and flapper matrons climbing, in the morning, up some raw precipice by means of spikes and hand rails and casting blithe laughter a thousand feet over their shoulders. These are the people who have learned, not how to make money, but, more difficult still, how to be rich. Sport is at once their bracer and their pleasure—a sort of medicine these bored babies cry for.

**W**E have now been pretty well through the summer season; there is remaining only one alternative to "roughing it" at some inland resort, languishing in New York, or shopping in Paris. That alternative is Southampton. In all probability our flapper friend, deserting Chauncey and the yacht, will skip down there for a week or so—just to finish her summer off with the September Carnival and the meeting of the Suffolk Hounds. Fan-shaped Southampton lies very near the remotest tip of Long Island. From New York it is reached by a drive—a fast drive—of a couple of hours and a half along a fine concrete speedway. You stop for luncheon or tea at the Canoe Place Inn, for years summer headquarters of the late Tammany boss, Charles F. Murphy, and his shrewd associates. It is an easy drive then to the Hamptons over a flat country fanned by salt winds that sweep to you from across the barren sand dunes. Crossing Suffolk Downs and driving in a wide circle, you flash past the million-dollar structure of white brick which, when finished, is to be Henry du Pont's summer home. And away off, lonely on the shore, you can see St. Andrew's Dune Church, once a life-saving station but now the colonist's place of worship, in which officiate, on summer Sundays, bishops and canons from distant cities.

The little village itself is the prettiest of all the resort towns—partly because it has no unsightly local business center such as Newport, and partly owing to the encouragement of the fashionable colony. Colonel Henry H. Rogers—famous for the daughter who married Count Salm—has done much for the town, contributing a library and an art museum. Southampton is the oldest English settlement in New York State—or so its local historians claim—and the streets bear them out with such names as Job's Lane, Gin Lane and Ox Pasture Road.

Now, early in September at the time of our hypothetical arrival, many chief features of Southampton's season are

## FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 56]

"So far?" Then presently he lifted her up and stood beside her with a hand on her horse. He looked up frankly into her face. The keen eyes were softer than usual. He seemed so fine and strong and splendid. She was afraid of her eyes and looked away. "When the boys found you were gone they all saddled up to find you," he said. "But I asked them if they didn't think the boss ought to have one chance. So they let me come."

Something terrible happened to Jane's heart just then. She was overwhelmed by a strange happiness that she must hide, but could not. It seemed there was a long silence. She felt Springer there, but she could not look at him. "Do you like it out here in the west?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, I love it! I'll never want to leave it," she replied, impulsively.

"I reckon I'm glad to hear that." Then there fell another silence. He pressed closer to her and seemed now to be leaning on the horse. She wondered if he heard the weird knocking of her heart against her side.

"Will you be my wife an' stay here always?" he asked, simply. "I'm in love with you. I've been lonely since my mother died . . . You'll sure have to marry some one of us. Because, as Tex says, if you don't, ranchia can't go on much longer. These boys don't seem to get anywhere with you. Have I any chance—Jane—?"

past. The tennis and golf matches have been played; the flower show is over. Five hundred little dogs have been put in cages, blue ribbons tied around some of their necks, and all taken home again. But we're in time, at any rate, for what is known variously as the Carnival, block party, and street fair. It is, in words of the goggle-eyed society reporter, the "crowning event of the season." The proceeds, some thirty thousand dollars, go to the Southampton Hospital. Several blocks along Main Street are fenced off with walls of oak leaves and laid out in little aisles of painted booths and canopied amphitheatres. In a large buying, selling, auctioneering, chattering crowd, you see faces of people who seem just to have stepped out of Sunday's brown rotogravure: Secretary Andrew Mellon of the Treasury; Clarence W. Mackay, who is not very proud, apparently, to be Irving Berlin's father-in-law; James A. Stillman, now reunited with his wife; Josiah Thaw; the Armours of Chicago; and the dozen and one "Vans," Vanderbilt, Vanderpoel, Van Rensselaer, Van Ingen, Van Lennep, and so forth.

The days and nights of the Carnival are laced with luncheons, dinners, and small informal dances. Each year one patroness imports a number of Coney Island features with all their paraphernalia and there is dancing, too, at the fair to the music of an orchestra from the "Lido Venice," one of New York's smartest supper clubs. After dark festoons of colored lights dim the stars over Southampton and the thunder of two more jazz bands drowns out the distant rumor of the surf. Groups of strolling singers, Gipsies and Italians, parade the streets; the gaiety reaches its height. And from a distance, what a strange night flower the Carnival appears, blooming down there amid the dunes and lonely night winds and emitting the drone of five thousand bees—gathering honey for the hospital!

There is, now, only one more event worthy of mention: twice a week, from now until the end of October, the Suffolk Hounds will meet on the farm of the Long Island squire who is Master-of-the-Hunt. When the huntsmen assemble the air will have an early morning, early fall, tang in it and words will make a little fan of frost before the speaker's lips. There will be thin little girls in loose habits, riding great snorting hunters; and handsome matrons who make their mounts prance and rear before the young men with sleek polished boots and sleeker, more highly polished hair. There will be, too, the old-timer smoking his pipe in no hurry, and the young first-timer, who wants the hunt to begin right away. Then there is invariably, the "lean, sun-burnt man of thirty-five," who looks as though he had just galloped out of the pages of some English novel; as well as the Mr. So-and-so who sits on his horse like a sack of meal. And, finally and lastly—there won't be any fox at all. Instead, one of the grooms will ride on ahead, dragging the mattress from a fox's bed in and out of all the places he thinks a normally intelligent fox might go if it were hotly pursued.

Presently the hounds are unleashed; they pick up the scent and the hunt is on. Right away, at the first fence, a few people fall off their horses—notably, with a great thud, Mr. So-and-so of the above paragraph. But the frail little flappers jump their hunters cleanly and gallop off across the meadow, coat-tails and bobbed hair flying behind them in the wind. Naturally, leading the field, is a sun-burnt sportsman and close behind rides a young matron with the same gleam in her eyes that the horses have in theirs. From time to time, tired riders drop out and half of them are already at table, when at last the hunt completes the circle in which the fox, very thoughtfully, has run. Breakfast is the important part of the hunt anyway. There are country sausages, waffles, steaming German coffee and hot biscuits.

Thus the season finally passes. The scene shifts from the great outdoors to the great indoors. The lean sportsman dons evening clothes; the little flapper writes in her diary: ". . . a duck of a summer! New York so dreary after it. Dear, dear! How thankful we'll be when things begin to happen down at Palm Beach!"

He possessed himself of her gloved hand and gave her a gentle pull. Jane knew it was gentle because she scarcely felt it. Yet it had irresistible power. She was swayed by that gentle pull. She was slipping sidewise in her saddle. She was sliding into his arms. A little later he smiled up at her and said: "Jane, they call me Bill for short. Same as they call me Boss. But my two front names are Frank Owens."

"Oh!" cried Jane, startled. "Then you—you—"

"Yes, I'm the guilty one," he replied happily. "It happened this way. My bedroom, you know, is next to my office. I often heard the boys poundin' the typewriter. I had a hunch they were up to some trick. So I spied upon them—heard about Frank Owens an' the letters to the little schoolmarm. At Beacon I got the postmistress to give me your address. An' of course I intercepted some of your letters. It sure has turned out great."

"I—I don't know about you or those terrible cowboys," replied Jane, dubiously. "How did they happen on the name Frank Owens?"

"Sure that's a stumper. I reckon they put a job up on me."

"Frank—tell me—did you write the—love letters?" she asked, appealingly. "There were two kinds of letters. That's what I could never understand."

"Jane, I reckon I did," he confessed. "Somethin' about your little notes just won me. Does that make it all right?"

"Yes, Frank, I reckon it does," she returned, leaning down to kiss him.

"Let's ride back home an' tell the boys," said Springer, gayly. "The joke's sure on them. I've corralled the little schoolmarm from Missouri."

## THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24—Col. 1]

recently thrown off its yoke, are still ostensibly Monarchies.

There is undoubtedly an element of truth in the cynical maxim that every country has the Government that it deserves. Dictatorships (if they are more than the sudden and transient creations of a military *coup d'état*) in countries which call themselves democracies, are the unmistakable signs of the bankruptcy, temporary, or permanent, of the parliamentary system. To speak quite frankly, these two great Latin peoples have resorted to Dictatorships because their electoral and parliamentary machines had degenerated into a caricature of representative government.

It is true that they are paying a

heavy price for the change. Order is maintained; but freedom is in chains. There are the gravest reasons for suspecting the fairness and impartiality of the administration of criminal justice. What is worse, because even more demoralizing, people are becoming accustomed to regard the use of physical force as incident to the normal procedure of a strong and effective Government.

There is a moral in all this for the free peoples of the world, who have been brought up to treat it as an axiomatic truth that absolutism is effete and obsolete, and that a representative system is as essential a part of the organism of civilized life as are the lungs and heart of a human body.

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 23—Col. 2]

some of the qualities of a great singer—perfect diction, for one thing, a diction so expressive and crystal-clear that although she sings in Spanish, she manages not only to convey the sense of the words, but to create a curious illusion in the listener's mind that he actually understands her language. On the other hand her voice, while true and clear, has not the external beauty of a great singing voice, nor are her methods of handling it those of a trained vocalist.

She may possibly be a great actress, but to call her one on the strength of her present performance seems unwarranted. It is true that she impersonates many characters in the course of an evening, but impersonation is not necessarily acting. A great actress is one who can create a character and then sustain it, not for five minutes, but for five hours if necessary. Whether or not Señorita Meller can do this no one knows.

Of the uncanny skill of her impersonations there is no possible doubt. Her program, as she presented it in New York, consisted of fourteen Spanish folk-songs, chosen at will from an extensive repertoire,

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24—Col. 2]

and the highest our hearts can hope for. God is fundamental to religion and to character. Ideas of God change, but the inward reality and meaning remain. By the same token, it is in the Church, the fellowship of those who are seeking to realize God, that we may hope to live the life of Christ; and therefore Dr. Shuter pleads for *loyalty to the Church*. "Here today we reaffirm our faith in the

## AS AN AMERICAN

[Continued from

loyalty to the God of Love, the Life of Christ, the Church of faith and hope and service, the land of liberty, and to all the revelations of God. We know that this involves patience and sacrifice, but we cannot stop. We must go on. It is for God. We do not count the cost or the time. The City must be built. God reigns, and discord will melt at last into Divine harmony."

## WOMAN SEES IT

page 22—Col. 3]

I wish that we over here could give effective expression to the admiration we feel for the courage and level-headedness shown by the British people in their dreadful emergency. They were the first to undertake to meet their financial obligations after the war and for four years British taxes have been considerably swollen because of the sums paid as installments of their debt to us. Would it not be possible for us to offer some alleviation at least for the next few years of the terms set for Great Britain?

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women. She guessed with whom he was going.

"But Dan—"

He kissed her—kissed her like a starved man stealing shamefully under the eyes of the owner. The bags were carried out. The boy slammed the door of the elevator. Her husband scarcely looked at her. Frightened longing in his eyes spoke loudly.

And he—all the way as he drove he was haunted, tormented by the sense of unavoidable tragedy; appalled by his heartsick madness.

The taxi pulled up. He masked his face with cheerfulness.

She was sitting in the back room where their affair had grown to its climax. It was in darkness; he could only just make out her shadow. He went over to her. He put his arms about her gently.

"My poor darling!"

She turned her face away when he attempted to kiss her. "You're frightened. Don't be frightened."

Her voice came to him low and steady. "I'm not frightened. I just don't care enough. I'm sorry. But it's the truth, Dan."

His arms dropped from her. "Birrel! You don't care!"

She slipped from him in the darkness and hurried over to the door. For a moment, as it opened, she halted looking back. "No, I'm not coming."

Left alone, he clenched his hands against his forehead. From the first, she'd only been killing time in his company! She'd flattered him up to a danger-mark for her own amusement. And the humiliation of it all was that he knew he deserved it. But that didn't excuse her. Aline was right—he'd known nothing about women. Why—why,

And then suddenly a quarter-mile away, from the direction of Corno, towards which they were so steadily falling back, came a pounding of hooves that swelled swiftly into a noise of thunder, and before any measures could be taken to meet this new menace, a fresh troop of horsemen were upon Theodore's rear. The blow now struck, heavy and unexpected, crumpled up Theodore's rear, clove through, driving his men right and left to sink to their waists in the marshes, and scattered such fear and confusion in those ahead, that their formation went to pieces.

Less than three hours that engagement lasted, and of all those who had taken the field with Theodore, saving perhaps a thousand who fled helter skelter towards Trino, there was not a survivor who had not yielded. Stripped of their arms, and deprived of their horses they were turned adrift, to go whithersoever they listed so long as it was outside Montferrat territory.

It was towards the third hour of that November night when the triumphant army returning from that stricken field, re-entered Casale, lighted by the bonfires that blazed in the streets, whilst the bells of Liutprand's Cathedral crashed out their peals of victory. Deliriously did the populace acclaim Bellarion, Prince of Valsassina, in its enormous relief at being saved the hardships of a siege and delivered from the possible vengeance of Theodore for having opened its gates to Theodore's enemies.

Theodore, on foot, marched proudly at the head of a little band of captives of rank, who had been retained by their captors for the sake of the ransoms they could pay. The jostling, pushing crowd hooted and execrated and mocked him as he passed by in his hour of humiliation.

He was conducted to the palace, to the very room whence for so many years he had ruled the State of Montferrat, and there he found his nephew and niece awaiting him. When he was brought in bareheaded, stripped of his armor, his tall figure bowed, he stood like a criminal before them whilst they remained seated on either side of the writing-table that once had been his own.

"You know your offence, my lord," Gian Giacomo greeted him, a cold, dignified and virile Gian Giacomo, in whom it was hardly possible to recognize the boy whom he had sought to ruin in body and in soul. "You know how you have been false to the trust reposed in you by my father. Have you anything to say in extenuation?"

He parted his lips, then stood there opening and closing his hands before he could sufficiently control himself to answer. "In the hour of defeat, what can I do, but cast myself upon your mercy."

They considered him, and found him a broken man, indeed. "It is not for me to judge you," said Gian Giacomo, "and I am glad to be relieved of that responsibility. For though you may have forgotten that I am of your blood, I cannot forget that you are of mine. Where is Bellarion?"

Theodore fell back a pace. "Will you set me at the mercy of that scoundrel?"

Bellarion came in supported by two of his Swiss, and closely followed by Stoffel. His armor had been removed, and the right sleeve of his leather hacketon as of the silken tunic and shirt beneath, had been ripped up, and now hung empty at his side, whilst his breast bulged where his arm was strapped to his body. He was very pale and obviously weak and in pain.

Valeria came to her feet at sight of him thus, and her face was whiter than his own. "You are wounded, my lord!"

He smiled, rather whimsically. "It sometimes happens when men go to battle. But I think my Lord Theodore here has taken the deeper hurt."

Stoffel pushed forward a chair, and the Swiss carefully lowered Bellarion to it. He sighed in relief, and leaned forward so as to avoid contact with the back.

"One of your knights, my lord, broke my shoulder in the last charge."

"I would he had broken your neck."

"That was the intention," Bellarion's pale lips smiled.

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 85]

this woman, whom he'd set up as an example to Aline, was no more than a sentimental pickpocket!

He let himself out. In the street the taxi, piled with luggage, was waiting. He stepped in. The driver leaned back for orders. To the man's repeated question, he replied angrily, "Drive anywhere. Don't you hear me? Anywhere from here, and do it quickly."

Thinking his fare was ill, the man drove him back to the address from which he had brought him.

As he entered the hall of his apartment he was surprised by the sound of music. The piano was being played weakly, by a poor amateur, but painstakingly. It was the tune of a French nursery rhyme that Aline used to whistle when she was happy—*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*. As his hand touched the door of the room, the piano stopped abruptly. He peered in. He felt like an intruder who had omitted the courtesy of knocking. She had risen from the piano and stood beneath the lamp, her hands spread out—her back to the wall.

They gazed at each other. It was he who broke the silence. "Aline, I've come back." She said nothing.

"Before I go away I've come back to tell you."

She stared at him.

"I've come back to you," he whispered hoarsely; "I've been a fool." When she still kept silence, he added, "I can go, if you don't want me. I shouldn't know where to go..."

She sank forward, her face in her hands. He stole timidly

### BELLARION

[Continued from page 28]

"But I am known as Bellarion the Fortunate."

"I am punished for my weakness," said Theodore. "I should have left Justice to wring your neck when you were its prisoner here in Casale."

"I'll repay the debt," Bellarion answered him. "Your own neck shall remain unwrung so that you withdraw to your Principality of Genoa and abide there. More or that tomorrow."

Peremptorily he waved him away, and Ugolino hustled him out. As the door closed again, Bellarion, relaxing the reins of his will, sank forward in a swoon.

When he recovered, he was lying on his sound side on a couch under the window, across which the curtains of painted and gilded leather had been drawn. An elderly, bearded man in black was observing him, and some one whom he could not see was bathing his brow with a cool aromatic liquid. As he fetched a sigh that filled his lungs, the man smiled. "There! It will be well with him now. But he should be put to bed."

"It shall be done," said the woman who was bathing his brow, and her voice, soft and subdued, was the voice of the Princess Valeria. "His servants will be below by now. Send them to me as you go."

The man bowed, and went out. Slowly Bellarion turned his head, and looked up in wonder at the Princess, with whom he was now alone. Her eyes, more liquid than their wont, smiled wistfully down upon him. "Madonna!" he exclaimed. "Do you serve me as a handmaid? That is not . . ."

"You are thinking it an insufficient return for your service to me. But you must give me time, sir, this is only a beginning."

"I am not thinking that at all."

"Then you are not thinking as you should. You are weak. Your wits work slowly. Else you might remember that for five years in which you have been my loyal, noble, unswerving friend, I immured in my stupidity, have been your enemy."

"Ah!" he smiled. "I knew I should convince you in the end."

"And you never doubted?" she asked him, wondering.

"I am too sure of myself," he answered.

"And Heaven knows you have cause to be, more cause than any man of whom ever I heard tell. Do you know, Lord Prince, that in these five years there is no evil I have not believed of you. I even deemed you a coward, on the word of that vain boaster Carmagnola."

"He was none so wrong, by his own lights. I am not a fighter of his pattern. I have ever been careful of myself."

"Your condition now proves that."

"Oh, this, to-day . . . That was the last throw. I had to take a hand, much though I dislike a rough-and-tumble. So that we won through, it would not much have mattered if the vanquished of that fellow's lance had brought up against my throat. There are no more fights for me, so what matter if I left my life in the last one."

"The last one, Lord Prince!"

"And that is not my title any more. I am a Prince no longer. I leave the rank behind with all the other vanities of the world."

"You leave it behind?" She found him obscure.

"When I go back to Cigliano, which will be as soon as I can move."

"What do you go to do at Cigliano?"

"What? Why, what the other brethren do. Pax multa in cella. The old abbot was right. There is yonder a peace for which I am craving now that my one task here is safely ended. In the world there is nothing for me. It is all vanity, all madness and greed."

"And your dominions, Gavi and Valsassina."

"I'll bestow them upon you, madonna, if you will deign

over and touched her. Her arms went about him. "You were—you were playing?"

She lifted her face from his shoulder, smiling in that quaint way women do when they are proud of their crying. "Oh Dan, I had to push you from me before we could ever come nearer." In that moment he understood, and yet not everything.

"But you were playing."

She lowered her eyes. "Not playing—only trying. I'm not clever. I wanted to learn for you. That was where I went," her voice sank to a murmur, "all the long while that we weren't together."

A lump grew up in his throat. He could scarcely see her, though their lips were almost touching. "At last I begin to know you—the real you, little Aline."

She laughed chokingly. "You think; but I wonder if you do. You—never knew anything about women. Wasn't that why I loved you? But you had to learn in order—"

He kissed her, finishing her sentence, "In order to know your worth. How soon can you pack?"

She eyed him whimsically. "Some women would take six months to think about it, and then wouldn't do it. They'd have to be clever women. But I—Oh, I guess, if anybody loved me, I could pack in an hour."

He lifted her off her feet. "Do it."

She smoothed out her dress demurely, running her little "white mice hands" over the places where he had ruffled it. Then, "Where are we going?"

"To Amboise," he whispered. "We always planned to go back."

to accept a parting gift from these hands."

Again there was a pause. Then she moved forward, rustling a little, and came directly into his line of vision. "I hear your servants I think. I will leave you now."

"I thank you, madonna. God be with you."

But she did not go. She stood there between him and the fireplace, slight and straight as on the first evening when he had seen her in her garden. She was dressed in a close-fitting gown of cloth of silver, over which she wore a loose shawl of sapphire velvet, reversed at throat and wide gaping sleeves with ermine. And there were jewels in the cloth that confined her abundant red-gold hair.

"Ay," he said wistfully, dreamily, "it was just so you looked, and just so will I remember you as long as I remember anything. It is good to have served you, lady mine. It has made me glorious in my own eyes."

"You have made yourself glorious, Lord Prince, in the eyes of all."

"What do they matter?"

Slowly she came back to him. She was very pale and a little frown was puckering her fine brows. Very wistful and mysterious as deep pools were those dark eyes of hers. She came back, drawn by the words he had used, and more than the words, by something odd in his gently musing tone. "Do I matter nothing, Bellarion?"

He smiled with an infinite sadness. "Must you ask that now? Does not the whole of my life in the world give you the answer, that never woman mattered more to a man?"

She stood above him, and her lips quivered. What she said when at last she spoke had no apparent bearing upon the subject. "I am wearing your colors, Bellarion."

Surprise flickered in his eyes, as they sought confirmation of her statement in the azure and argent of her wear. "And I did not remark the chance," he cried.

"Not chance. It is design."

"It was sweetly and generously courteous so to honor me."

"It was not only to honor you that I assumed these colors. Have they no message for you, Bellarion?"

"Message?" For the first time in their acquaintance she saw fear in his bold eyes.

"Clearly they have not; no message that you look for. You have said that you covet nothing in this world."

"Nothing within my reach. To covet things beyond it is to taste the full bitterness of life."

"Is there anything in the world that is not within your reach, Bellarion?"

He looked at her as she smiled down upon him through her tears. He caught his breath gaspingly. With his sound left hand, he clutched her left which hung at the level of his head. "I am mad of course," he choked.

"Not mad, Bellarion. Only stupid. Do you still covet nothing?"

"Ay, one thing!" his face glowed. "One thing that would change into a living glory the tinsel glitter of the world, one thing that would make life . . . O Heaven! What am I saying?"

"Why do you break off, Bellarion?"

"I am afraid!"

"Of me? Is there anything I could deny you, who have given all to serve me? Must I in return offer you all I have. Can you claim nothing for yourself?"

"Valeria!"

She stooped to kiss his lips. "My very hate of you in all these years was love disbanded. Because my spirit leapt to yours, almost from that first evening in the garden there. did it so wound and torture me to discover baseness in you. I should have trusted my own heart, rather than my erring senses, Bellarion. You warned me early that I am not good at inference. I have suffered as those suffer who are in rebellion against themselves."

He pondered her, very pale and sorrowful. "Yes," he said slowly, "I have the fever, as you said a while ago. It must be that."

[THE END]



"I HAD CHRONIC INDIGESTION and pimples on my face. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After about two months I found that the pimples had left my face. Now my indigestion has almost entirely disappeared and I look forward to meal time with pleasant expectancy. Yeast has been a wonderful blessing to me."

MRS. TRUMAN T. SMITH, Baltimore, Md.



"MY SKIN WAS IN A DISGRACEFUL CONDITION. I became aware that the disorder was in my system and decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time the pimples were drying up. Now my soft skin, free of blemishes, has been restored and constipation is a thing of the past."

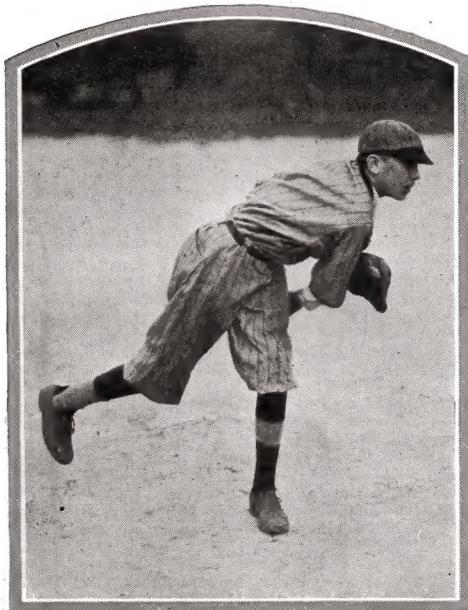
RUTH DORWART, West Philadelphia, Pa.

## HEALTH TRIUMPHANT

*They conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one natural food.*

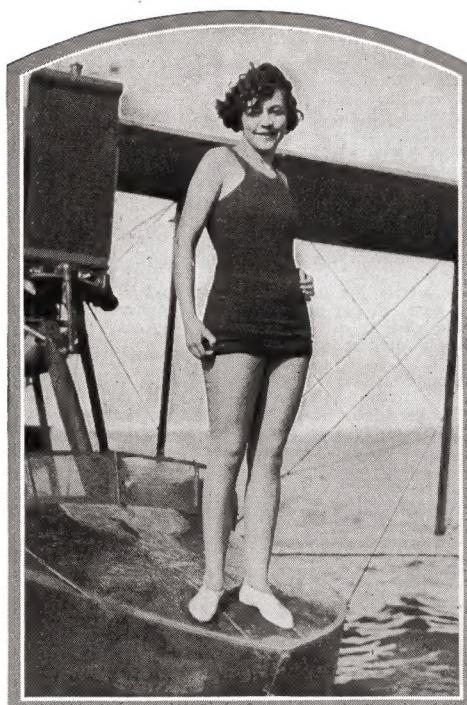
**N**OT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.



*Above: Son of Mrs. Jary*

"WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST my two boys aged fifteen and twelve go to school and get through the winters without even a headache. Also Yeast has made a new woman of me. I was run-down and suffered with that terrible gnawing which comes from undigested food. Now I eat, and feel fine." MRS. LUCY A. JARY, Detroit, Mich.



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run-down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."

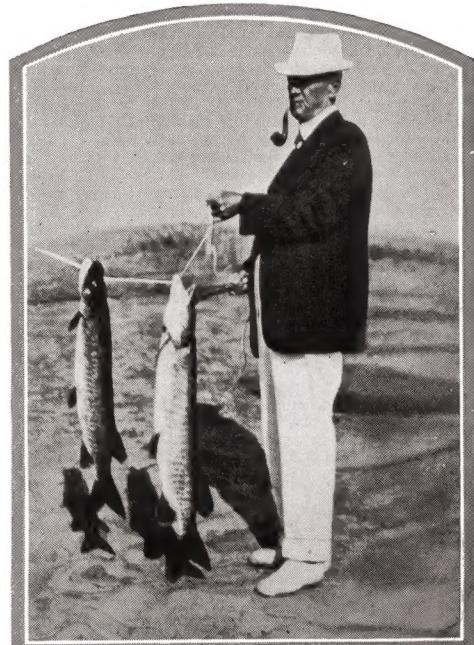
IDABELLE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—  
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

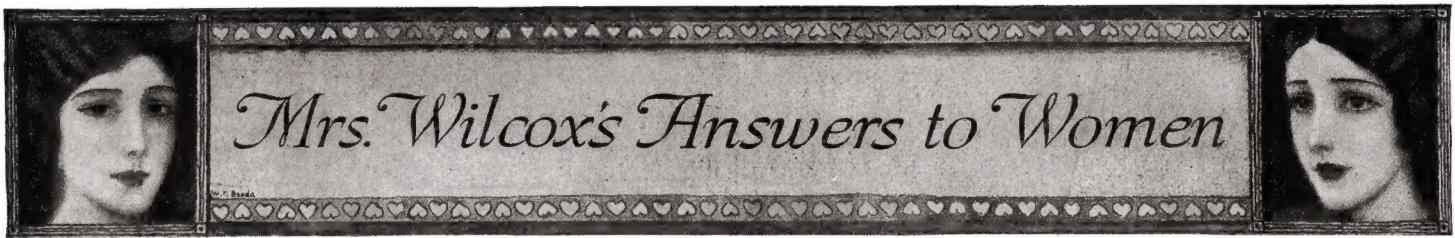
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT A YEAR AGO I was run-down. A friend suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I am convinced that it has been of much benefit to me. I know that my physical condition is improved and I expect to continue the use of the Yeast regularly for some time to come."

CHAS. W. HOLTCAMP, St. Louis, Mo.



HERE are many persons living today who were taught in their childhood that the interior of the earth is a seething, molten mass; persons who never have heard the new theory that the earth has a solid metal core.

With similar indifference to changing ideas, many women cling to outgrown theories of love and marriage. They are convinced that love is woman's whole and sole existence, and that marriage is her only dependable source of happiness. All the world's wonders they count as nothing and consequently, when love goes wrong, they suffer stupidly; they waste themselves after an antiquated fashion. And this is no particular credit to their intelligence in a century which offers to women endless opportunities for independence, contentment and joy.

Let's talk over a kind of emotional waste which was known of old and which has been fostered by tradition and convention. Let's try to get at some modern notions concerning the best ways of meeting and handling the ultimate worst in any woman's experience. Here's a form of the proposition. I select this letter from many similar ones.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** At twenty-six, married and the mother of two darling babies, I find that my husband is running around with girls; or rather, the girls will not let him alone.

Martin owns a garage. He is an expert mechanic. For four years after our wedding, I worked as a stenographer. We bought nice furniture and had a lovely time together until Baby Charles came. Eighteen months later, Sister arrived.

Now Mrs. Wilcox, if you tell me to cheer up and primp up and study my cook-book and be gay and sweet and win Martin back, I shall just scream and scream. Martin himself has a few duties in this marriage.

Sorrow has ruined my sleep. I have no clothes and no money for grooming. My health and beauty are knocked into a cocked hat. But Martin has money to spend on pretty girls. I have so grieved over his philandering that I am horribly unnerved and often I have to be grouchy to keep from crying.

**Dear Mrs. Wilcox,** I am asking you to talk over a very important subject. Many young mothers I know are in just about the state I am in. We don't want to lose our husbands, because we love them, and because they are the fathers of our precious babies. It nearly kills us to have them chasing around with girls. I could die when Martin is off having a gay time with a pretty doll while I sit at home with his children and not a single nice dress to my name. It's unfair, but I am helpless.

This is what I want to ask: Why can't there be a firmer and decent public opinion about these cases? Why not oust from social and business life the girl who tries to take another girl's husband from her? Where are the landladies who used to get rid of such boarders? And the hostesses who wouldn't invite them? And the matrons who drew their skirts aside?

Can't these good women see the present menace to us young mothers? Why not call Mrs. Grundy into being again? She certainly had the right idea about what fathers owe their children.

Please suggest something in *McCall's*. I do not want a personal reply because Martin gets the mail first, in order to grab his perfumed notes before I see them. Thank you.—Polly.

What wives can do to thwart the trespassers is a theme for future discussion. Opinions and suggestions are requested. Polly cannot change her man nor his environment, nor can she resurrect Mrs. Grundy, but she can change her reaction to a situation from which she cannot escape. How to do so is her imperative present problem. A similar appeal has the real modern slant:

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** I possess proof that my husband is disloyal to me. But I have three little children, therefore I cannot divorce him.

Now I know it is a sin to waste my health, my good looks, my very life for an unfaithful man, but unfortunately this affair has a viselike grip upon me. I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. I even dislike going among relatives and friends. It is torment to be a "one-man" woman.

Your page puts life squarely up to each of us. I think we take the ups and downs of existence in a more courageous spirit when we read how other wives meet and manage their problems.

Who can tell me how to end this waste of the best in me? I cannot change the man. Don't tell me that.—Irene.

Another wife has found for herself a formula for cure,

**LET'S Talk it Over!** For a woman to keep her troubles to herself. She moiled over them, never solved them, introspective, melancholy time to discover what parison can do to help hard knots? With here some woman some ience worth telling about, discouraged soul. To wants to know" in touch has found out" is the page. For immediate person address. Send enquiries and stories of experience to Winona Wilcox, *McCall's Magazine*, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



but she doesn't know how to follow it. She writes:

"A shattered romance is nothing compared to a shattered life. So I am trying to reconstruct my own existence. I demand something more of life than the knowledge that I am doing my duty. I am going to re-educate myself and adapt myself to conditions as they are. But how shall I proceed?"

There is a fact lately set down in books written by men which will save harassed wives much acute suffering if they will accept it. It is this:

A man's marital unfaith seldom is a serious matter to himself.

Now a wife who adores her husband never admits the above truth. Usually she assumes that he "falls in love" with the girl who amuses him. The wife is sure that the other woman acquires a tremendous permanent influence over a sentimental man. And this is about the biggest mistake she ever makes in her life. Concerning her conviction, I quote from letters from men:

"Invariably, the man will get over an infatuation; but a wife never, so long as she lives, will get over the shock of finding there is another woman in the case. That is the difference between men and women."

Another man says:

"The persistence with which women associate sex feelings with love places them in a position where they are sure to suffer when the end comes to an affair which a man forgets immediately. This is the great tragedy in the lives of wives."

"The man forgets—" What to the offender has a trivial transient significance, utterly destroys the offended wife. For our further enlightenment is this paragraph from a magazine article by George Jean Nathan:

"That sex is a relatively trivial and inconsequential event in life, that it is of infinitely less permanent significance in his scheme of things than his work in the world, however humble the nature of that work, or than his material welfare or his physical comfort or, as I have hinted, even certain other of his diversions, is clearly borne in upon him after a meditation of the history of sex life as it has directly concerned him."

Now I think that if all the distressed wives would get this idea firmly fixed in mind, it would lessen their woes. If nothing but this big truth survives the present open season of talk about sex; if women accept this truth and discard the unreasonable and illogical spiritual values or ideals which they always have attached to what concerns the senses, they will reduce enormously their present quota of wretchedness. The truth shall set you free.

Much keen satire directed against philandering is to be found in novels and dramas by the younger men writing in England and America. Their satire is founded on the new psychology, endocrinology, biology and other modern sciences. The particular truth above quoted is one for worried wives to weigh without prejudice. To make a revaluation of sex attraction also will greatly profit ambitious trespassers who fancy that they acquire any permanent power over men they take from wives.

Some straight thinking women who get the new idea find it enough to quiet their nerves and to set them to seeking a variety of satisfactions which they hitherto have ignored.

But the majority of wronged wives nag and plead and weep although they know well that such parade of indignation and hurt never gets a wife anything except wrath.

Whenever the sex impulse is thwarted or interfered with, pugnacity is aroused. A wife's hysteria not only annoys a man, it makes him stubbornly determined to follow desire.

Sometimes remonstrance leads to brutality. It never accomplishes what the wife expects. Many a wife has found this out. She will hold her tongue, she decides. Over and over she fails.

How can she refrain from nagging and recrimination?

Only by diverting her emotion in the beginning can she shape her behavior. Fear and hate and jealousy she then can control, but let her encourage them for a few minutes and they are bound to block reason; after which anything may happen.

But while her indignation is in its first stage, while she can reason as well as feel, then can she curb her tongue and her tears. An illustration:

A nervously unbalanced wife cannot do much at 2 A. M. to keep her stored up anger from exploding but she can prevent that futile and exhausting expenditure if all day she refrain from nursing her wrath. We must assume that an intelligent woman is able to direct her thoughts. "As a man thinketh, so is he." And so, too, he does.

Now for stories of attempts wives have made to adapt themselves to what they cannot change.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** The reason I did not break my heart over my once best beloved is this. He believes he is just a big boy who must be humored. He sees life only in terms of play. Love itself always has been play to him, but to me both serious and sacred. Now I see him as he is and it is no trick at all to wipe my tears. Now I put into our marriage as much as I get out of it, companionship, courtesy, sympathy and cooperation. But of the romantic love which he scatters here and there, I measure portion for portion. So only can I escape the bitterness arising from injustice. The result is that we get through life with considerable comfort and content.—Ellyn.

Life's chief satisfactions are rooted in the human relationships which are sincere and genuine. When a husband proves superficial and shallow, a wife can save herself from months or a lifetime of destructive emotions by looking around her and discovering other relationships which actually possess the quality of genuineness.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** This cure for the sorrow from which wives often suffer to the detriment of their morale, health and beauty, I have shared with many women. It never has failed. Whosoever uses this recipe will have to adapt it to her special need.

**This is it:** Get a new lover—LIFE! And before you know it, one young (or old) man will have the funniest look in his eyes and will perhaps pick up the end of an apron string in order to follow you as close as he can.

**Love "life,"** I said. I mean much more. For instance, there always is the dishwashing part of every job. That part of this particular job is the constant repression and final elimination of self-pity.

**Haul your "self" brusquely along by the bootstraps,** if necessary, whether your "self" wants to go or not. Take your "self" into a quiet room alone and tell your "self" to cry it out if it wants to. Afterward ask if it really feels any better and whether the condition has been helped one iota. Be kind, but masculinely firm with that self of yours.

**Next make yourself the best homemaker in the world.** After that, dress satisfactorily for that person who looks out of your mirror. A great part of her lives above the shoulders where the smiles begin. Tell her that if she does not smile, she probably will whine.

**While doing all this, learn to have a perfectly good time without—him!** Don't say it is impossible. Try! And try again! Remember that the other way brings only misery.

**There are infinite possibilities of enjoyment in the creation of a home, the company of little children, the study of a neighborhood, of a husband, and of that person you call "me."** None of this is commonplace, but remember that every business has its routine and gets revoltingly drab if we do not keep our heads above the clouds.

**Try this recipe and you will get affection but you won't want it.** You will have risen above its need. But you will have as a source of satisfaction, a new power over yourself.

**You may not accomplish this in a day or a month or a year, but you will discover quite unexpectedly that the rule works.** And you never will have the work to do over again, for your returned lover will be very jealous of the new person you have found within yourself. Once you have found her, once you have become conscious of her, you would no more revive that silly, hurt, tearful creature who once was, than he would.

**Sisters, remember that the old, old way brought only misery.** Is this way not worth a trial? Remember, it never has failed.—N. A. A.

# Sit down to breakfast with writers, opera stars, actresses and business women



"What do you eat for breakfast—and why?" . . . A long list of famous women recently answered these questions for a scientific institute, engaged in research on foods.

You'll find these women in the pages of "Who's Who in America." They are successful, renowned—yet

they work hard and steadily. And, through days crowded with many activities, they retain vigorous, radiant health.

How? . . . Their answer is "The right kind of food!" Carefully chosen meals—and particularly a small, well-balanced, highly nourishing breakfast.

## Famous women say that food like this is essential to health and achievement

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, like the women to whom the "breakfast questionnaire" was sent, doubtless eat a light or moderate breakfast. Most people do, nowadays. Modern conditions of living, and working have banished the Early American breakfast, probably forever! . . . But are you careful to see that the small amount of food you eat supplies you with a large amount of nourishment? It's the only safe plan!

For a happy and successful day, your body must be supplied with complete nourishment at the beginning of the day. All the vital elements of nutrition, in proper quantity and proportion, should be contained in the breakfast you eat.

That is why Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food. Served with milk or cream, it is an exceptionally well-balanced ration—and most delicious! It gives your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building;

and the essential vitamin-B a builder of the appetite.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special process which develops the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food particularly easy to digest—and makes it *crisp*. Ask your dentist what thorough chewing means to the health and beauty of your teeth and gums! As a nation, we are suffering from the prevalence of soft foods in our diet.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

Because this one food can do so much for your health—because it can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts" and two servings of Grape-Nuts

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director. © 1926, P. C. Co.

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# The dearest possession

## in all the world !

*Keep him clean --- Keep him comfortable --- Keep him healthy..  
...with IVORY*

**M**ILLIONS of precious babies ever since 1879 have had their first bath with Ivory. And from that first exciting moment, Ivory has helped keep them clean, comfortable and healthy—through babyhood, childhood, youth, and maturity.

What are Ivory's special qualities that make it the almost universal baby soap?

Purity. Mildness. Gentleness. These are the most important because they insure *safety*. Besides, Ivory lathers richly and rinses off quickly—important, because 's bath should be a quick bath. Finally Ivory floats, so it is always easy to find on top of the bath water and does not waste away at the bottom of the tub or bowl.

In cleansing the baby's clothes, Ivory is the accepted soap because it is not only safe, but thorough as well. Smith and Green, authors of *The Baby's First Two Years*, an authoritative treatise on baby care, say very frankly, "The flannels,

knitted band, undershirt, etc. should be washed without a washboard, by soft squeezing with the hands in warm Ivory Soap suds . . . The cotton garments should be washed with a washboard with Ivory and hot water."

### *Ivory Flakes for baby's clothes*

Ivory Flakes is genuine Ivory Soap, flaked for instant suds. It is wonderfully quick and convenient for the safe washing of both flannels and cotton garments. It comes in two generous sizes, the larger being the more economical.

### *FREE book on baby's care!*

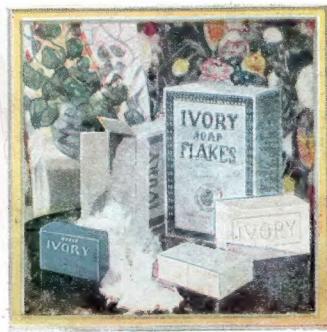
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